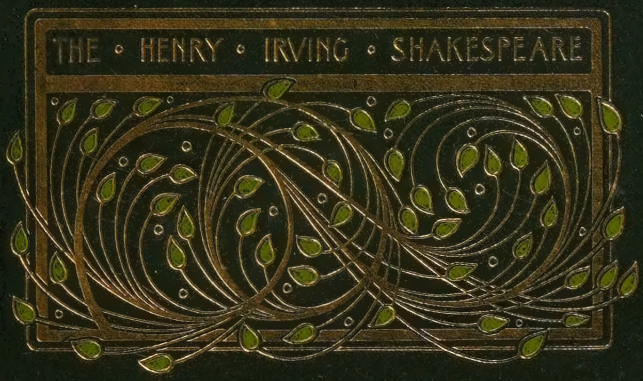
THE • HENRY • IRVING • SHAKESPEARE

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

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THE WINTER'S TALE

Act IV. Scene iv.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, BY CHARLES LESLIE, R.A.

THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL

VOLUME XIII

WITH MANY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY

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To be your prisoner should import offending.

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Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
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Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
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Instinctively have quit it.

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With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
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Act I. scene 2. line 387, . . . 211
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Act II. scene 2. lines 25–28, . . 218
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Act III. scene 1. lines 68–70, . . 223
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Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
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THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, } Four Lords of Sicilia.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady attending on the Queen.
MOPSA, DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE—Partly in Sicilia and partly in Bohemia.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Indefinite.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play, according to Mr. Daniel, comprises eight days represented on the stage, with intervals.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.
Day 2: Act II. Scene 1.—Interval of 23 days.
Day 3: Act II. Scenes 2 and 3; Act III. Scene 1.
Day 4: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval (Antigonus' voyage to Bohemia).
Day 5: Act III. Scene 3.—Interval (Act IV. Scene 1) of 16 years.
Day 6: Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3.
Day 7: Act IV. Scene 4.—Interval (the journey to Sicilia).
Day 8: Act V. Scenes 1, 2, 3.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The Winter's Tale was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it is placed last among the comedies. In the diary of Dr. Simon Forman, among the Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian, there is a curious reference to a performance of this play at the Globe in 1611:

"In the Winters Talle at the glob, 1611, the 15 of maye. Obserue ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with Ielosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contriued his death, and wold haue had his cupberer to haue poisoned, who gaue the King of bohemia warning ther-of, & fled with him to bohemia | Remember also howe he sent to the Orakell of appollo, & the Aunswer of apollo, that she was giltles, and that the King was Ielouse, &c, and howe Except the child was found Again that was loste, the Kinge should die with-out yssue, for the child was caried into bohemia, & ther laid in a forrest, & brought vp by a sheppard. And the Kinge of bohemia his sonn maried that wentch, & howe they fled in Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard hauing showed the letter of the nobleman by whom Leontes sent away that child, and the Iewelles found about her. she was knowen to be leontes daughter, and was then 16 yers old.

"Remember also the Rog. that cam in all tottered like coll pixci | and howe he feyned him sicke & to haue bin Robbed of all that he had, and how he cosened the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop sher with a pedlers packe, & ther cosened them Again of all ther money. And how he changed apparrell with the Kinge of bomia his sonn, and then how he turned Courtiar, &c | beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse" (Ashmole MSS. 208, pp. 201, 202).

This entry shows that the Winter's Tale was being played in the early part of 1611. A memorandum in the Office Book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, gives some ground for supposing that it was then a new play. The entry is as follows:

"For the King's players. An olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemmings his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge; and therefore I returned itt without a fee, this 19 of August, 1623."

Sir George Bucke, though he is known to have licensed plays at an earlier period, did not obtain his official appointment till August, 1610; so that it is not improbable that the play was licensed at the end of that year, or early in 1611.

A passage in the Induction to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, 1614, has been thought to be a side-hit at the Winter's Tale and the Tempest: "If there be never a servant-monster i' the Fair, who can help it? he says; nor a nest of Antiques. He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like drolleries." If this is really meant for Shakespeare, I fail to see anything at all spiteful in it; nor can the remark made to Drummond in 1619, and carefully noted down by that diligent person, be thought surprising, or even really ill-natured, from so scrupulous a preserver of the unities, and, in his own way, so thorough an artist, as Ben Jonson. "He said," Drummond notes, "that Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles."

The sources of Shakespeare's plot are to be found in a tale of Greene's, named in 1588,

when it was first published, Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, but re-christened in 1636, The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia. It was extremely popular, and was reprinted in edition after edition, till in 1735 it attained the seventeenth in the form of a chap-book. Its popularity was natural. The style is a modification of the fashionable euphuism of the day, sufficiently euphuistic to please by its ornamentation, but not so overloaded with conceits as to swamp the story. With the story itself, in its main outlines, we are all familiar. Shakespeare has followed the narrative, at all events the first part of it, very closely. Certain verbal resemblances will be pointed out in the notes; they are slight enough, and of little importance. As for human interest, the old story has but little of it, and at the most but scanty hints for the conception or development of the dramatis personæ. Words here and there in the speeches of Bellaria (Shakespeare's Hermione) may have thrown out a fructifying hint or two; and Pandosto affords some traits of Leontes. But practically, for all the characters as characters, and for the invention of Paulina and her husband, Autolycus and the shepherd's son, Shakespeare alone is responsible. In following the narrative with an almost conscientious exactness, adopting and dramatizing the smallest suggestion, he at the same time replaces several awkward contrivances of Greene by much more probable and dramatic expedients. The whole conclusion is entirely remodelled; Greene makes Pandosto first fall in love with his unrecognized daughter, and then, after the recognition has been happily effected, the reconciliation of the kings and the marriage of their children brought about, Pandosto, for no conceivable purpose, has a return of his moody madness, and kills himself, so "closing up the Comedie with a Tragicall stratageme." In Pandosto the injured queen really dies; and it is for this important modification of the original story that Shakespeare invented the character of Paulina. Autolycus, a roguish *deus ex machina*, is invented in order to bring about the final explanations, which in Pandosto are very tamely effected. Shakespeare has boldly accepted all Greene's anachronisms, and has even added to them. For some not very obvious reason he has exactly transposed the kings and kingdoms as we have them in the novel, so that Pandosto, king of Bohemia, becomes Leontes, king of Sicily, and Egistus, king of Sicily, appears as Polixenes, king of Bohemia.

STAGE HISTORY.

The first recorded performance of The Winter's Tale took place at the Globe Theatre, 15th May, 1611, when it was seen by Dr. Simon Forman, who, as in the case of Macbeth and Cymbeline, is at the pains to give the plot. Its first appearance on the stage probably belongs to the previous year. Sir Henry Herbert mentions it in the office-book under the date 19th Aug. 1623, as "an olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemmings his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge; and therefore I returned itt without a fee." Sir George Bucke, who obtained, in 1603, a reversionary grant of the office of the Master of the Revels, expectant on the death of Tylney, who died in 1610, "did not really succeed to the office, as is shown by documents at the Rolls, before August, 1610; in short, a few weeks previously to the decease of Tylney" (Halliwell-Phillipps, Outlines, ii. 300. Ed. 1886). As Deputy to the Master of the Revels, Sir George licensed dramas for publication some years previously, and probably for acting also. Mr. Fleay states that his powers to "allow" plays dated from 1607 onwards (Life of Shakespeare, 247). He does not dispute, nor does he mention, what Halliwell-Phillipps takes for granted, that the comedy was not produced until after the month of August, 1610. Mr. Fleay also believes it to be, with the Tempest, Shakespeare's last play, and adds, "He (Shakespeare) began his career with the Chamberlain's company (after his seven years' apprenticeship in conjunction with others, 1587–94) with a Midsummer Dream (*sic*), he finishes with a Winter's Tale, and so his play-wright's work is rounded; twenty-four years, each year an hour in the brief day of work, and then the rounding with a sleep" (ib. 249, 250).

No fact in connection with the performance, except that it took place at the "Glob," is chronicled by Forman, who little knew how future ages would grudge him his reticence. For a period of one hundred and thirty years we hear nothing further. In the revival of interest in things theatrical following the Restoration it had no share; it is unmentioned by Cibber in his "Apology" and by Pepys in his "Diary," and is not included among the revivals of Betterton. This neglect was probably due to the fact that the defiance of the unities was such as daunted the seventeenth-century sticklers for such observance. Not wholly loss is it, at least, that Dryden, D'Avenant, Tate, and Shadwell, and the entire crew of patchers, botchers, and manglers left it severely alone.

At Goodmans Fields on 15th Jan. 1741, Winter's Tale, written by Shakespeare, and announced as not acted one hundred years, was played, the tickets being advertised as one, two, and three shillings. Far from a strong cast was that assigned it. Goodmans Fields was a second-rate theatre, which had been transferred from Odell, the dramatist, to Giffard, had not yet been open more than a dozen years, and was to wait, in order to become famous, for the advent of Garrick. As the first-recorded cast, however, the names of the performers may be given in full. These were as follows:—

Leontes	=	Giffard (the manager).
Polixenes	=	Marshall.
Florizel	=	W. Giffard.
Camillo	=	Paget.
Antigonus	=	Walker.
Shepherd	=	Julian.
Autolycus	=	Yates.
Clown	=	Dunstall.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Giffard.
Perdita	=	Miss Hippisley.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Steel.
Emilia	=	Mrs. Yates.
Mopsa	=	Mrs. Dunstall.
Dorcas	=	Mrs. Jones.

With the exception of Giffard and his wife, who were respectable actors, and Yates, who, though destined to develop into an admirable comedian, was then in a chrysalis state, there is little in the performers to arrest attention, and nothing is known concerning a representation that should yet have had some interest if only on the score of novelty.

When once its merits received the illumination of the stage, the piece was not allowed to sleep. Writing forty years later, Tom Davies, while asserting the superiority of Shakespeare over Fletcher, and expressing the judicious opinion that, without considerable alterations, fine music, gay scenes, beautiful decorations, and excellent performers, he would not, in those "cultivated times," hazard The Faithful Shepherdess upon a London stage, says: "It will give strength to my argument in favour of the superior skill of Shakspeare to govern the spirit of the public, to observe, that the pastoral part of The Winter's Tale, Florizel and Perdita, without any assistance from the antients, or of modern Italy, perpetually triumphs over the passions of an English auditory" (Dramatic Miscellanea, ii. 401). It was of Garrick's adaptations from Shakespeare, however, rather than of the poet's own work, that Davies was speaking.

Covent Garden was not long in following the lead of Goodmans Fields. It produced The Winter's Tale on 11th Nov. 1741, and acted it on the four following days. Later in the season, 21st Jan. 1742, it was once more given. The cast of the first revival is not given. It probably did not differ greatly from that of the second, which, so far as it is preserved, was as follows:—

Leontes	=	Stephens.
Polixenes	=	Ryan.
Florizel	=	Hale.
Camillo	=	Bridgewater.
Antigonus	=	Rosco.
Clown	=	Hippisley.
Autolycus	=	Chapman.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Horton.
Perdita	=	Mrs. Hale.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Pritchard.

When first seen at Drury Lane The Winter's Tale was in Garrick's alteration. It was then, 21st Jan. 1756, announced as "A Comedy altered from Shakespeare, called The Winter's Tale, or Florizel and Perdita." To this version was prefixed a prologue by Garrick, written in that tone of mingled depreciation

of censure and eulogy of self which distinguishes the trespassers upon Shakespeare's domain, among whom Garrick ranks as a chief offender. After bidding the spectators welcome to a hostelry which he calls the "Shakespeare's Head," and poking some not very humorous fun at

> The learned Critics brave and deep
> Who catch at words and, catching, fall asleep,

he explains what has been his task in the following disingenuous lines:—

> The five long acts from which our three are taken,
> Stretched out to sixteen years, lay by forsaken.
> Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
> 'T is now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
> 'T is my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
> To lose no drop of that immortal man.
> —Poetical Works of Garrick, 1785, i. 142.

The sixteen years refers, of course, to the period over which the action of The Winter's Tale extends. As to losing no drop of Shakespeare Garrick spilled more than half of his work. Garrick, who played Leontes, spoke the prologue. The remainder of the cast was as follows:—

Florizel	=	Holland.
Polixenes	=	Havard.
Camillo	=	Davies.
Clown	=	Woodward.
Autolicus (*sic*)	=	Yates.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Pritchard.
Perdita	=	Mrs. Cibber.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Bennett.

The representation was a thorough success. Mrs. Cibber's singing as Perdita took the town. Mrs. Pritchard and Woodward were said to be excellent, and Yates almost ideal. Garrick's own acting, especially in the statue scene, is declared to have been masterly. Garrick's additions are, of course, contemptible. A verse of one of Perdita's songs supplies one of the most characteristic stories in Boswell's Johnson. The verse is as follows:—

> That giant ambition we never can dread,
> Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
> Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
> They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

Praising Garrick's talent for light, gay poetry, Mrs. Thrale repeated the poem from which the above is taken, and dwelt with emphasis on the line, which she misquoted,

> I 'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

"Nay, my dear lady," said Johnson, "this will never do. Poor David smile with the simple;—what folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich." The comment repeated to Garrick caused him considerable annoyance (see Boswell's Johnson, ed. Birkbeck Hill, ii. 79). The story is worth quoting as illustrative of the kind of tinsel with which Garrick would "gild" the "refined gold" of Shakespeare.

In Garrick's play the jealousy of Leontes, the death of Hermione, and the exposure of Perdita are narrated at the outset by Camillo. In an attempt at correctness the scene is changed from Bohemia to Bithynia.

Garrick had not been the first to hit upon the idea of shortening the story of The Winter's Tale. For Barry's benefit at Covent Garden on 25th March, 1754, The Sheep-shearing, or Florizel and Perdita, attributed to Macnamara Morgan, author of the tragedy of Philoclea, was produced. In this the action is principally concerned with the love-making between Florizel and Perdita and the rogueries of Autolicus (*sic*). The additions are in wretched taste, but the whole hit the public taste and was not infrequently revived. Barry was Florizel, Miss Nossiter Perdita, Shuter Autolicus, and Sparks Alcon. To finish with this mutilation it may be said that on 13th March, 1758, Mrs. Bellamy was Perdita to the Florizel of Barry, who the following day resigned the part to Smith. On 12th April, 1774, at Drury Lane, Cautherley was Florizel, King Autolicus, and Mrs. Canning Perdita. So Genest. It is not quite clear, however, that this was not Garrick's play. Moody was the Clown. On 11th Feb. 1790, at Covent Garden, Holman was Florizel, King (for his benefit) Autolicus, Aikin Polixenes, Hull Antigonus, Powell Camillo, Cubit Clown, and Miss Brunton Perdita. Miss Murray made at Covent Garden, 12th May, 1798, her first appearance on the stage as Perdita, Munden being Autolicus, Murray Polixenes, and Holman once more Florizel.

A fresh adaptation, with the same title, was acted once at the Haymarket in 1777. Edwin was Autolicus, Jackson Clown, Du Bellamy Florizel, Bannister Servant, Mrs. Collis Perdita, and Mrs. Poussin Paulina. It was reproduced, 20th Aug. 1783, with Mrs. Bannister as Perdita, Bensley as Polixenes, and Bannister, jun., in Florizel. To 1756, when it was printed in 8vo, belongs an alteration of The Winter's Tale by Charles Marsh. In this version, as in Garrick's, the first fifteen years of Shakespeare's action are cut off, and the scene is transferred from Bohemia to Bithynia. Some resentment against Garrick for preferring his own rendering is said to have been felt by Marsh. As his adaptation was never acted, Mr. Marsh may be left to the protection of his obscurity.

Before returning to Shakespeare's play the principal repetitions of Garrick's adaptation may conveniently be dismissed. It was revived at Drury Lane 27th Jan. 1762, with Garrick, Holland, Yates, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Cibber in their former characters, and King as the Clown; and produced for the first time at Covent Garden for Woodward's benefit, 12th March, 1774. Smith was the Leontes, Lewis Florizel, Bensley Polixenes, Hull Camillo, Woodward the Clown, and Quick Autolicus. Miss Dayes, an actress of little note, was Perdita, and "the beautiful" Mrs. Hartley Hermione. Mrs. Robinson played Perdita and Mrs. Hartley Hermione at Drury Lane 20th Nov. 1779; and eleven days later Miss Farren for the first time essayed Hermione. About this time the adaptation was at the height of its popularity. Henderson played Leontes for the first time at Covent Garden 19th May, 1783, with Aikin also for the first time as Polixenes, Lewis as Florizel, Edwin as Autolicus, Quick as Clown, Miss Satchell, subsequently Mrs. Elizabeth Kemble, as Perdita, and Mrs. Yates for the first time as Hermione. For Mrs. Wilson's benefit it was given at Drury Lane 1st May, 1788. Wroughton was Leontes, Bensley Polixenes, Barrymore Florizel, Dodd Autolicus, Suett Clown, Miss Farren Hermione, and Mrs. Crouch Perdita. It reappears at Covent Garden 11th May, 1792, with Harley as Leontes, Holman as Florizel, Munden as Autolicus, Quick as Clown, Mrs. Pope as Hermione, and Mrs. Mountain for the first time as Perdita, and at the same house disappears finally so far as records can be traced on 22nd December, 1795, when Pope was Leontes, Holman Florizel, Harley Polixenes, Mrs. Pope Hermione, and Miss Wallis Perdita.

Shakespeare's Winter's Tale, announced as not having been acted for thirty years, was revived at Covent Garden 24th April, 1771, the occasion being the benefit of Hull, who played Camillo and Chorus; Mrs. Hull was, "by particular desire," Paulina. Other features of interest were the Hermione of Mrs. Mattocks and the Perdita of Mrs. Bulkeley. Du Bellamy was Autolycus and Kniveton the Old Shepherd.

Another long pause appears to have occurred before, on 25th March, 1802, it was revived at Drury Lane by Kemble. An interesting cast may be given. It was as follows:—

Leontes	=	Kemble.
Florizel	=	C. Kemble.
Polixenes	=	Barrymore.
Camillo	=	Powell.
Antigonus	=	Dowton.
Autolycus	=	Bannister, jun.
Clown	=	Suett.
Old Shepherd	=	Waldron.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Siddons.
Perdita	=	Miss Hickes (her first appearance on any stage).
Paulina	=	Mrs. Powell.

Hermione was the last of Mrs. Siddons' new characters. She still had beauty enough left "to make her so perfect in the statue scene, that assuredly there was never such a representative of Hermione. Mrs. Yates had a sculpturesque beauty that suited the statue, I have been told, as long as it stood still; but when she had to speak, the charm was broken, and the spectators wished her back to her pedestal. But Mrs. Siddons looked the statue even to literal illusion; and, whilst the drapery hid her lower limbs, it showed a beauty of head, neck, shoulders, and arms, that Praxiteles might have studied. This statue scene has hardly its parallel for enchantment even in Shakespeare's theatre. The star of his genius was at its zenith when he composed it; but it

was only a Siddons that could do justice to its romantic perfection. The heart of every one who saw her when she burst from the semblance of sculpture into motion, and embraced her daughter, Perdita, must throb and glow at the recollection." Thus writes Campbell (Life of Mrs. Siddons, ii. 265, 266). In a similar vein Boaden writes: "She stood one of the noblest statues, that even Grecian taste ever invented. The figure composed something like one of the Muses in profile. The drapery was ample in its folds, and seemingly stony in its texture. Upon the magical words, pronounced by Paulina, 'Musick; awake her: strike,' the sudden action of the head absolutely *startled*, as though such a miracle had really vivified the marble; and the descent from the pedestal was equally graceful and affecting" (Life of John Philip Kemble, ii. 314). The same authority declares with faint praise that Mr. Kemble in Leontes "was every thing that either feeling or taste could require," states that the affection of Paulina never had a representative equal to Mrs. Powell, and credits the exponent of Perdita with being "a very delicate and pretty young lady." The Monthly Mirror, xiii. 282, declared Kemble remarkably great in Leontes, and lavished upon him terms of eulogy. Bannister's Autolycus is described to be exceedingly pleasant. The revival was on an elaborate scale, though little effort seems to have been made after archæological accuracy. It was followed with much interest and was accounted one of the most successful experiments in its class of the time. In playing Hermione Mrs. Siddons swept her skirts across the footlights. But for the promptitude of a carpenter, who crept on his knees and extinguished the flames which burned the bottom of her train without the knowledge of the actress, she must have been burned to death. She declared that in consequence of this experience she could never think of The Winter's Tale without palpitation of the heart.

Kemble revived The Winter's Tale at Covent Garden, 11th Nov. 1807, resuming the part of Leontes, and was once more supported by Mrs. Siddons as Hermione and Charles Kemble as Leontes. Pope replaced Barrymore as Polixenes and Munden Bannister as Autolycus. Miss Norton was Perdita, Mrs. Charles Kemble Paulina, Murray Antigonus, Creswell Camillo, Blanchard Old Shepherd, and Liston Clown. Upon a further revival, 28th Nov. 1811, Egerton was Antigonus and Fawcett Autolycus, Mrs. H. Johnston being Perdita and Mrs. Powell Paulina. An announcement was made that The Winter's Tale, *revised*, could only be had in the theatre. The "revisions" included the termination of Garrick's version, which was subsequently maintained by Macready. Genest witnessed a performance of The Winter's Tale in Bath, 27th April, 1813, with Bengough as Leontes, Stanley as Florizel, Chatterley as Autolycus, Woulds as Clown, Mrs. Campbell as Hermione, and Mrs. Weston as Paulina. He remarks Mrs. Siddons alone could have played Paulina better than "Mrs. Weston" (Account of the Stage, viii. 388).

Upon the revival of The Winter's Tale at Covent Garden, 7th Jan. 1819, Young was Leontes, Charles Kemble was again Florizel, and Egerton once more Polixenes, Liston, Fawcett, and Blanchard also reappearing respectively as Clown, Autolycus, and Old Shepherd; Abbott was Antigonus, Miss Somerville, subsequently Mrs. Bunn, Hermione, Miss Beaumont Perdita, and Mrs. Yates Paulina. It was twice acted. The Theatrical Inquisitor, which speaks of this as one of Shakespeare's least popular plays, says it was revived for the purpose of introducing Miss Somerville in the character of Hermione. Miss Somerville was, it states, "throughout dignified, commanding, and impressive; and in the scene where she appears as the statue, her fine figure produced a charming effect." Young's Leontes is said to have been "an admirable piece of acting," and Fawcett's Autolycus was "highly amusing." As Perdita Miss Beaumont displayed "a fascinating artlessness and naïveté," which recommend her greatly (vol. xiv. p. 74). Macready made at Drury Lane his first appearance as Leontes, 3rd Nov. 1823. The piece was then announced as not acted (at Drury Lane) for eighteen years. Archer was Polixenes, Wallack for the first time Florizel, Munden

Autolycus, Harley Clown. Miss Somerville (now Mrs. Bunn) Hermione, Mrs. W. West for the first time Perdita, and Mrs. Glover Paulina. This performance the Monthly Mirror, ix. 538, dismisses with short but eulogistic comment. "It has been attended with much success" (it was in fact acted twelve times), "Munden being rich in Autolycus, Mrs. Bunn dignified in Hermione, and Macready fervid and impetuous in Leontes. The statue scene is quite perfect." So completely overshadowed, however, was the revival by the production, a fortnight later (18th Nov.), of Knowles' tragedy of Caius Gracchus, that Macready abstains from any comment upon or mention of his own impersonation. One more revival of this play is chronicled by Genest. It took place at Covent Garden, 5th Dec. 1827. Young was again Leontes and Egerton Camillo. Diddear made as Polixenes his first appearance at Covent Garden, Bartley was Antigonus, Keeley the Clown, Mrs. Faucit Hermione, Miss Jarman Perdita, and Mrs. Chatterley Paulina. Kean was now at Covent Garden, and in the blaze of his popularity. This revival, like other representations on off-nights, attracted little attention.

On 30th September, 1837, Macready began with a revival of The Winter's Tale his management at Covent Garden. He played Leontes, according to his own declaration, "artist like, but not until the last act very effectively" (Reminiscences, ed. Pollock, ii. 90). Mr. Anderson, the well-known tragedian, made his debut as Florizel, and Miss Taylor, subsequently Mrs. Walter Lacy, was Perdita. Macready, with characteristic reticence, mentions none of the actors except himself. In May, 1843, Macready once more revived the play, Miss Helen Faucit being assumably the Perdita. Phelps produced The Winter's Tale, 19th November, 1845, during the second year of his tenure of Sadler's Wells. He acted Leontes, George Bennett was Antigonus, Henry Marston Florizel, A. Younge Autolycus, Mrs. Warner Hermione, Miss Cooper Perdita, and Mrs. Henry Marston Paulina. Mrs. Warner had previously revived The Winter's Tale during her management of the Marylebone Theatre, and her Hermione had attracted an unusual class of spectators. The part of Hermione was also played by Miss Glyn and Miss Atkinson during Phelps' management at Sadler's Wells.

Charles Kean's revival of The Winter's Tale was one of the most ambitious of his Shakespearean experiments, and may perhaps be regarded as the most famous representation ever given of the play. It was exhibited 28th April, 1856. The version was Shakespeare's, Charles Kean having contented himself with necessary excisions and re-arrangement. Somewhat pedantically, however, he adhered to Hanmer's suggestion, and transferred to Bithynia the portion of the action supposed to pass in Bohemia. The views in Syracuse were especially picturesque and elaborate; a large amount of dancing and pageantry was introduced; and a "classic allegory" representing the course of Time formed a much-discussed feature. Thanks to these attractions rather than to any supreme merit of interpretation the revival had a success then regarded as "phenomenal," the play being given over one hundred times. A large number of supernumeraries was concerned in the production. Charles Kean's Leontes was a careful and an adequate performance. Like most of his Shakespearean impersonations it came short of greatness, but it had picturesqueness, variety, and intelligence, and a certain measure of fire. Mrs. Charles Kean's Hermione had an engaging womanliness. The actress was no longer young, but her appearance in the statue scene was effective and justified the customary allusions to "the chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles." A feminine representative was found for Florizel in the person of Miss Heath, subsequently Mrs. Wilson Barrett, Perdita being played by Miss Carlotta Leclercq. Mr. Ryder was a stalwart Polixenes.

The twelfth season of Chatterton's management of Drury Lane opened 28th September, 1878, with The Winter's Tale. Miss Wallis was the Hermione; Mrs. Hermann Vezin the Paulina, a character in which in recent years she has had no equal; and Miss Emily Fowler the Perdita. Charles Dillon was a

melodramatic Leontes; Cowper, Edgar, Compton, and Ryder also took part in the interpretation.

Many other revivals might be dragged from their obscurity. One only calls, however, for mention. During her tenure of the Lyceum Miss Mary Anderson revived The Winter's Tale, 10th September, 1887. On this occasion she ventured upon a unique and dangerous experiment which nothing short of success could have justified. This consisted in doubling the rôles of Hermione and Perdita. That gain as well as loss attended this experiment must be owned. The resemblance between Hermione and Perdita, amounting practically to identity, simplifies the action. It is difficult to conceive what Shakespeare would have held concerning such treatment of his play, but pardonable to think he would pardon a procedure the result of which was to secure for the play a triumph and a run greater than it had previously known. Experiments of the kind were unheard of in Shakespeare's days. Modern sticklers for the text are bound to resent what has been done. With memories of the grace and beauty of the representation still fresh it is difficult to be stern in condemnation. Comparatively little meddling with the text was involved, and it was only in the last act that it was necessary to resort to the clumsy expedient of a double. Miss Anderson's performance of Hermione had a full measure of dignity and some intensity. In tenderness it failed. Her Perdita meanwhile was bewitching. The virginal grace and charm of Miss Anderson told with singular effect. Nothing could be more beautiful than the pastoral scenes; and the dance of the shepherdesses, led off by the actress, dwells caressingly in the memory. Mr. Forbes Robertson depicted in excellent fashion the soul-consuming jealousy of Leontes; Miss Sophie Eyre was Paulina, a part in which she was after a time succeeded by Mrs. Billington; Mr. F. H. Macklin was Polixenes; Mr. Fuller Mellish, Florizel; Mr. J. Maclean, Camillo; Mr. W. H. Stephens, the Old Shepherd; Mr. Charles Collette, Autolycus; Mr. George Warde, Antigonus; and Mr. J. Anderson, a brother of the exponent of Hermione and Perdita, the Clown. To such small characters as Mopsa and Dorcas, agreeably played by Misses Tilbury and Ayrton, the care of the management extended. For some hundreds of nights in England and America Miss Anderson repeated her double performance.

A revival of The Winter's Tale at the Theatre Metropole, London, on May 6th, 1895, was one of considerable interest. Mr. Henry Brodribb Irving played Leontes, Miss Beatrice Lamb, Hermione, Miss Winifred Fraser, Perdita, Miss Dorothea Baird (Mrs. H. B. Irving), Emilia; and Mr. Frank Rodney was the Florizel.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The Winter's Tale is a typically romantic drama, a "winter's dream, when nights are longest," constructed in defiance of probabilities, which it rides over happily. It has all the license and it has all the charm of a fairy tale; while the matters of which it treats are often serious enough, ready to become tragic at any moment, and with much of real tragedy in them as it is. The merciful spirit of Shakespeare in his last period, grown to repose now after the sharp sunshine and storm of his earlier and middle years—the delicate art which that period matured in him, seen at its point of finest delicacy in this play and in The Tempest, alone serve to restrain what would otherwise be really painful in the griefs and mistaken passions of the perturbed persons of the drama. Something—the very atmosphere, the dawning of light among the clouds at their blackest—at first a hint, then, distinctly, a promise, of things coming right at last, keeps us from taking all these distresses, genuine as they are, too seriously. It is all human life, but life under happier skies, on continents where the shores of Bohemia are washed by "faery seas." Anachronisms abound, and are delightful. That Delphos should be an island, Giulio Romano contemporary with the oracles, that Puritans should sing psalms to hornpipes, and a sudden remembrance call up the name of Jove or Proserpina to the forgetful lips of Christian-speaking characters—all this is of no more importance than a trifling error in the count of miles traversed by a witch's broom-

stick in a minute. Too probable figures would destroy the illusion, and the error is a separate felicity.

It is quite in keeping with the other romantic characteristics of the play, that, judged by the usual standard of such a Romantic as Shakespeare himself, it should be constructed with exceptional looseness, falling into two very definite halves, the latter of which can again, in a measure, be divided. The first part, which takes place in Sicilia, is a study of jealousy; the whole interest is concentrated upon the relations of the "usual three—husband and wife and friend"—Leontes, Hermione, and Polixenes. The jealousy is in possession when we first see Leontes: it bursts out, comes to a climax, almost at once: in its furious heat runs through its whole course with the devouring speed of a race-horse: and then has its downfall, sudden and precipitate, and so dies of its own over-swiftness. Act iii. scene 2 ends the first part of the play; and with the third scene begins part ii., taking us from Sicilia, where the widowed and childless king is left mourning, to Bohemia, where the children, not long born when we last saw Sicilia, are now come to years of love. Then, all through the fourth act, we are with Florizel and Perdita—a sweet pastoral, varied with the dainty knaveries of a rogue as light-hearted as he is light-fingered; that too, the pastoral, coming to a sudden and disastrous end, not without a doubtful gleam of hope for the future. With act v. we return to Sicilia, having from the beginning a sense that things are now at last coming to a desired end. Leontes' proved faithfulness, his sixteen years' burden of "saint-like sorrow," gives him the right, one feels, to the happiness that is so evidently drawing near. All does, indeed, fall well, as the whole company comes together at the court of Sicilia, now re-united at last, husband with his lost wife (another Alcestis from the grave), father and mother with child, lover with lover (the course of true love smooth again), friend with friend, the faithful servants rewarded — with each other, the worthless likeable knave, even, in a good way of getting on in the world.

The principal charm in The Winter's Tale, its real power over the sources of delight, lies in the two women, true mother and daughter, whose fortunes we see at certain moments, the really important crises of their lives. Hermione, as we have just time to see her before the blow comes, is happy wife, happy mother, fixed, as it seems, in a settled happiness. Grave, not gay, but with a certain quiet playfulness, such as so well becomes stately women, she impresses us with a feeling, partly of admiration, partly of attraction. It is with a sort of devoted reverence that we see her presently, patient yet not abject, under the dishonouring accusations of the fool her husband. "Good my lords," she can say—

> I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
> Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
> Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
> That honourable grief lodged here which burns
> Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
> With thoughts so qualified as your charities
> Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
> The king's will be perform'd!

All Hermione is in those words, no less than in the calm forthrightness of her defence, spoken afterwards in the Court of Justice. She has no self-consciousness, is not aware that at any time in her life she is heroic; "a very woman," merely simple, sincere, having in reverence the sanctity of wifehood and in respect the dignity of queenship. In Perdita, the daughter so long lost and in the end so happily restored to her, we see, in all the gaiety of youth, the frank innocence and the placid strength of Hermione. She is the incarnation of all that is delightful and desirable in girlhood, as her mother incarnates for us the perfect charm of mature woman. And, coming before us where she does, a shepherdess among pastoral people, "the queen of curds and cream," she seems to sum up and immortalize, in one delicious figure, our holiday loves, our most vivid sensations of country pleasures. It is the grace of Florizel that he loves Perdita; he becomes charming to us because Perdita loves him. In these young creatures the old passion becomes new; and for an hour we too are as if we had never loved, but are now, now, in the first moment of the unique discovery.

This charm of womanhood, this purely delightful quality, of which the play has so much, though it remains, I think, the predominant feeling with us after reading or seeing the course of action, is not, we must remember, the only quality, the whole course of the action. Besides the ripe comedy, characteristic of Shakespeare at his latest, which indeed harmonizes admirably with the idyl of love to which it serves as background, there is also a harsh exhibition, in Leontes, of the meanest of the passions, an insane jealousy, petty and violent as the man who nurses it. For sheer realism, for absolute insight into the most cobwebbed corners of our nature, Shakespeare has rarely surpassed this brief study, which, in its total effect, does but throw out in brighter relief the noble qualities of the other actors beside him, the pleasant qualities of the play they make by their acting. With Othello there is properly no comparison. Othello could no more comprehend the workings of the mind of Leontes than Leontes could fathom the meaning of the attitude of Othello. Leontes is meanly, miserably, degradedly jealous, with a sort of mental alienation or distortion—a disease of the brain like some disease of vision, by which he still "sees yellow" everywhere. The malady has its course, disastrously, and then ends in the only way possible—by an agonizing cure, suddenly applied. Are those sixteen years of mourning, we may wonder, really adequate penance for the man? Certainly his suffering, like his criminal folly, was great; and not least among the separate heartaches in that purifying ministry of grief must have been the memory of the boy Mamillius, the noblest and dearest to our hearts of Shakespeare's children. When the great day came (is it fanciful to note?) Hermione embraced her husband in silence; it was to her daughter that she first spoke.

The end, certainly, is reconciliation, mercy—mercy extended even to the unworthy, in a spirit of something more than mere justice; as, in those dark plays of Shakespeare's great penultimate period, the end came with a sort of sombre, irresponsible injustice, an outrage of nature upon her sons, wrought in blind anger. We close The Winter's Tale with a feeling that life is a good thing, worth living; that much trial, much mistake and error, may be endured to a happier issue, though the scars, perhaps, are not to be effaced. This end, on such a note, is indeed the mood in which Shakespeare took leave of life—in no weakly optimistic spirit, certainly, but with the air of one who has conquered fortune, not fallen under it—with a genial faith in the ultimate result of things.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.—(Act i. 1. 6–8.)

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Antechamber in Leontes' palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed— 10

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely. 19

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhood; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed[1] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves! 35

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note. 40

[1] *Attorneyed*, performed by proxy.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. 50

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A state-room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star[1] hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one "We-thank-you" many thousands moe
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance 11
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping[2] winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly:" besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's, then: and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world, 20
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction 31
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure 38
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let[3] him there a month behind the gest[4]
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar[5] o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's "verily" is 50
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees[6]
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread "verily,"
One of them you shall be.

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[1] *The watery star, i.e.* the moon. [2] *Sneaping,* nipping.

[3] *Let,* hinder. [4] *Gest,* stopping-place, limit. [5] *Jar,* tick. [6] As debtors did.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But you kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys: 61
You were pretty lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending.—(Act i. 2. 56, 57.)

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine[1] of ill-doing, nor dream'd 70
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.[2]

[1] *Doctrine* should be pronounced as a trisyllable.
[2] "Not guilty," setting aside original sin.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to 's; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.
Her. Grace to boot![3] 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;

[3] *Grace to boot! i.e.* God help us!

The offences we have made you do, we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What! have I twice said well? when was't before? 90
I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O would her name were Grace! 99
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."
Her. 'T is Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.
Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me; my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty 112
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort[1] o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
[*Leon.* I' fecks![2]
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose? 121
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.]
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash,[3] and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130
That will say any thing: [but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,[4] as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.] Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin[5] eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't be?—
Affection![6] thy intention stabs the centre:
[Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?— 140
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 't is very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.]
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord!
Leon. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?
Her. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction: 149
Are you mov'd, my lord?

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[1] *Mort*, death. [2] *I' fecks!* In faith!
[3] *Pash*, head. [4] *Blacks*, mourning garments.
[5] *Welkin*, blue, or heavenly.
[6] *Affection*, natural instinct.

Leon. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts[1] I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[2] this gentleman. Mine honest friend, 160
Will you take eggs for money?
Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.
Leon. You will? why, happy man be 's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all: 168
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
[Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:]
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now, 180
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[How she holds up the neb,[3] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been, 190
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open 'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none; 200
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!
Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.]
What, Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord. 210
Leon. Go, play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man. [*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.
Leon. Didst perceive it?—
[*Aside*] They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,
"Sicilia is a—so-forth:" 't is far gone,

[1] *Methoughts, i.e.* methought, by false analogy from *methinks*
[2] *Squash,* an unripe peascod.
[3] *Neb,* mouth.

When I shall gust[1] it last. How came 't,
Camillo,
That he did stay?
[*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's be 't: "good" should be
pertinent; 221
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:[2] not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think most
understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha!
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?] 231
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd 240
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes[3] honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be
counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful; 250
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out 260
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.
Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
[But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—] or heard,—
For, to a vision so apparent, rumour 270
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
[To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts-to
Before her troth-plight: say 't, and justify 't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin 283
As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web,[4] but theirs, theirs
only, 291
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is
nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
nothings,
If this be nothing.]

[1] *Gust*, taste. [2] *Blocks*, blockheads.
[3] *Hoxes*, houghs, hamstrings.
[4] *Pin and web*, diseases of the eye.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.
Leon. Say it be, 't is true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: [were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee.—(Act i. 2. 299, 300.)

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal,[1] hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who,] if I 308
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash[2] potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work 320
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot

[1] *Her medal, i.e.* a medal (portrait) of her.

[2] *Rash*, hasty.

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint[1] myself in this vexation; [sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;] 329
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?[2]
Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he 's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.
Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord, 342
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.
Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me, 351
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows: if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one, 360
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him 370
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me. 'T is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be 382
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better 389
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry[3] than our parents' noble names,
In whose success[4] we are gentle,—I beseech you,

[1] *Appoint*, attire.
[2] *Blench*, start or fly off.
[3] *Gentry*, rank as gentlemen.
[4] *Success*, succession.

If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer,
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man 400
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel, 408
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter 't, or both yourself and me
Cry "lost," and so good night!
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice[1] you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to 420
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over[2]
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue 430
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I 'm sure 't is safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.
If, therefore, you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city: for myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I 442
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy 451
Is for a precious creature: as she s rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd[3] to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if 461
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

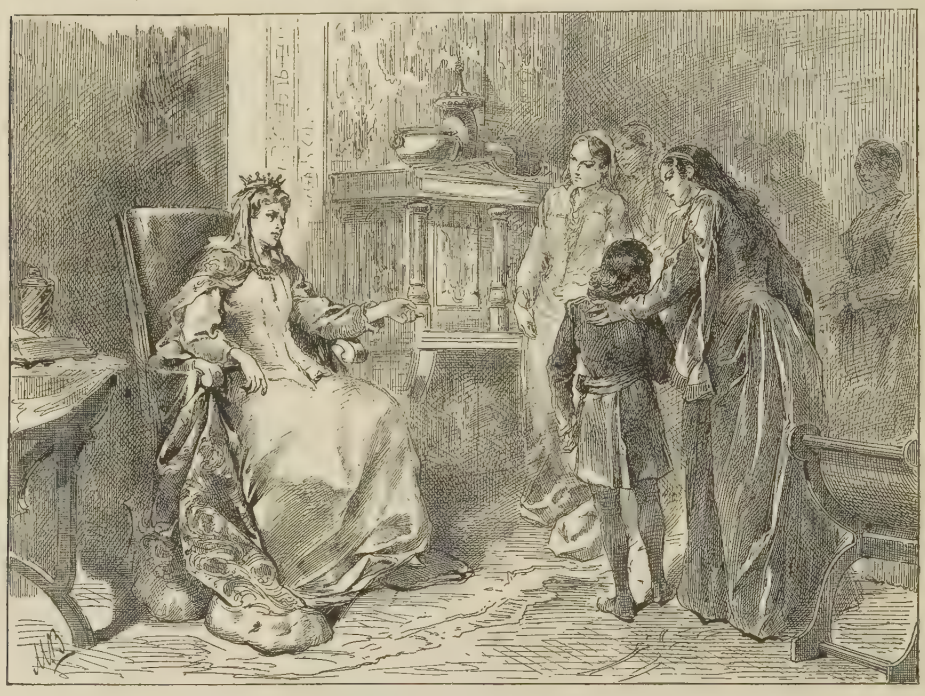
[1] *Vice,* screw, force.
[2] *Swear . . . over, i.e.* overswear.
[3] *Profess'd, i.e.* professed friendship.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'T is past enduring.
First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I 'll none of you.
First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You 'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.
Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because



Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'T is past enduring.—(Act ii. 1. 1, 2.)

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?
First Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I 've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
[*First Lady.* Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!]

Her. [What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now 21
I am for you again:] pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly; 30
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and Guards.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure,[1] in my true opinion!
Alack for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present 42
The abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
[Camillo was his help in this, his pander:]
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I 50
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?
First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.
Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
[Away with him! and let her sport herself 60
With that she 's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
Her. But I 'd say he had not,
And I 'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon.] You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, "She is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'T is pity she 's not honest, honourable:"
[Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which, on my faith, deserves high speech, and straight 70
The shrug, the hum, or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said "she 's goodly," come between,
Ere you can say "she 's honest:" but] be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.
Her. [Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd[2] villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing! 82
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She 's an adulteress; I have said with whom:]
More, she 's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary[3] with her; [and one that knows,

[1] *Censure,* judgment.

[2] *Replenish'd,* complete, consummate.
[3] *Federary,* confederate, accomplice.

What she should shame to know herself 91
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles;] ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, if I mistake 100
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. Away with her, to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspéct more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords, 112
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress 119
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exeunt Hermione, guarded, and Ladies.*

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer, 128
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

[*Ant.* If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on[1] 141
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine and some five;
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they 149
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.]

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord, 158
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

---

[1] *Putter-on*, instigator.

Leon. [Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupefied
Or seeming so in skill,[1] cannot or will not
Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wish, my liege, 170
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.[2]
Leon. How could that be?]
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
[Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation[3]
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,]—doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180
For, in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild,[4] I have dispatch'd in post[5]
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?
First Lord. Well done, my lord.
Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise[6] us all.
Ant. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Skill*, cunning. [2] *Overture*, disclosure.
[3] *Approbation*, attestation. [4] *Wild*, *i.e.* rash.
[5] *In post*, in haste, as we say now *post-haste*.
[6] *Raise*, *i.e.* rouse.

Scene II. *A prison.*

Enter Paulina, *a Gentleman, and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.
Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Gaol. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.
Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from 10
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.
[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*
Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, 20
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."
Paul. I dare be sworn:

These dangerous unsafe lunes[1] i' the king, beshrew them! 30
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence 41
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."—(Act ii. 2. 26-29.)

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there 's no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammered of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 50
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't,
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bless'd for it!
I 'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

[*Paul.* You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence 60
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to

[1] *Lunes*, frenzies.

The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Gaol. I do believe it.]
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and Servants.*

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—[part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank[1]
And level[2] of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me:] say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who 's there?
First Serv. My lord?
Leon. How does the boy?
First Serv. He took good rest to-night;
'T is hoped his sickness is discharged. 11
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Servant.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, 20
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That 's enough.
Sec. Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded 31
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference 40
About some gossips[3] for your highness.
Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. La you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient councillor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting[4] your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen; 59
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.

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[1] *Blank*, the white or bull's-eye of a target; mark.
[2] *Level*, aim.
[3] *Gossips*, sponsors.
[4] *Comforting*, encouraging.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.
[*Lays down the Child.*

Leon. [Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest 70
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
[*To Antigonus*] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd,[1] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt 80
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat[2] 90
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:]
Hence with it; and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse. [Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley, 100
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!]

Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy—something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you, 120
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her

[1] *Woman-tir'd,* henpecked. [2] *Callat,* trull.

A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you. 129
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
[My child? away with it! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours.—(Act ii. 3. 125, 126.)

With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands 140
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.]
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
First Lord. We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You 're liars all.
First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services 150
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now

Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
[You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard 's gray,—] what will you adventure 162
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much:
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it: [seest thou? for the fail 170
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon.] We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune 179
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely[1] to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing 190
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss![2]
[*Exit with the Child.*
Leon. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have 200
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A town in Sicilia.*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION, *attended.*

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

[1] *Commend it strangely, i.e.* commit it as a stranger.

[2] *Loss,* casting away.

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle, 9
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses! 21
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A court of justice.*

Enter LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers.*

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even[1] to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.
Offi. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence! 10

Enter HERMIONE, *guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.
Offi. [*Reads*] "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence[2] whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night." 22

[1] *Even*, equal, impartial. [2] *Pretence*, design.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that 23
Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do, 30
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. [For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe[3]
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, 40
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear.] For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter[4] so uncurrent I 50
Have strain'd,[5] to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!
[*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.
Her. That 's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of

[3] *Owe*, possess.
[4] *Encounter*, behaviour or intercourse.
[5] *Strain'd*, swerved.

Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not 61
At all acknowledge.] For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke, 70
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know what 79
You 've underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
[My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.]

Leon. [Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.] As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact[1] are so,—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; [for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so] thou 90
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug[2] which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:[3]
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort, 99
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: [myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion;] lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else 113
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'T is rigour, and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt some Officers.*

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding 121
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

First Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read. 132

Offi. [*Reads*] "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

First Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down. 140

[1] *Those of your fact, i.e.* those who have done as you have done. [2] *Bug,* bugbear. [3] *Commodity,* profit.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

A Servant rushes in.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?
Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit[1] and fear
Of the queen's speed,[2] is gone.
Leon. How? gone?
Serv. Is dead.

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down,
And see what death is doing.—(Act iii. 2. 149, 150.)

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*]
How now there!
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down, 149
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.
[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison 161
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with

[1] *With mere conceit, i.e.* with the mere conception.
[2] *Speed,* fortune.

Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended, 170
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Through my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,— 181
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine,—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses, 190
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry "woe!"—the queen, the queen, 201
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead; and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.
First Lord. The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say she 's dead; I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture[1] or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them, 220
I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman! he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord, 231
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long 242

[1] *Tincture*, colour.

I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with the Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect,[1] then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee. 9
Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow 21
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia, 31
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more." And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40
I will be squar'd[2] by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character:[3] there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed[4] thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch, 49
That, for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; [for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—] Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne;[5] a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder! A pretty

[1] *Perfect,* well assured.

[2] *Squar'd,* regulated.
[3] *Thy character, i.e.* the writing concerning thee.
[4] *Breed,* keep.
[5] *Barne, i.e.* bairn, child.

one; a very pretty one: [sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here.] I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa! 80

Shep. What, art so near? [If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,] come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it

Shep. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne!—(Act iii. 3. 69-71.)

is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it? 88

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest[1] and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather. 104

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man! 111

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side,

[1] *Yest*, foam.

to have help'd her: there your charity would have lack'd footing. 114

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[1] for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What's within, boy? 123

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next[2] way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home. 131

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,[3] but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground. 141

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.

Enter Time, *the Chorus.*

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself. Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues,
I list not[4] prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,[5]
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say 31
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.*

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween[6] to think so, which is another spur to my departure. 10

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not

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[1] *Bearing-cloth, i.e.* christening-cloth.

[2] *Next,* nighest, nearest. [3] *Curst,* savage.

[4] *I list not, i.e.* I do not choose to.

[5] *Allow,* approve. [6] *O'erween,* presume.

out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: [the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.[1]] Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues. 32

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage. 50

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question[2] with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy[3] to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command. 60

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Friendships,* friendly services.
[2] *Question,* conversation.
[3] *Not uneasy, i.e.* easy, not difficult

SCENE III. *A road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging[4] tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts, 11
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile;[5] but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget, 20
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus; who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. [With die and drab I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat.] Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize! 32

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

[4] *Pugging,* thievish.
[5] *Three-pile, i.e.* three-pile velvet.

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man songmen[1] all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means[2] and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies; mace; dates, none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun. 52

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[*Grovels on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me!

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions. 61

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman. 68

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

[1] *Three-man songmen, i.e.* singers of catches in three parts. [2] *Means,* tenors.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee. 83

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want:

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.—(Act iv. 3. 79, 80.)

offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you? 90

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames:[3] I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide. 99

[3] *Troll-my-dames,* Fr. *trou-madame,* an old game.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion[1] of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig,[2] for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel. 111

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way? 122

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd,[3] and my name put in the book of virtue! 131

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way, [*Sings.*
And merrily hent[4] the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.
Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me:
O, pardon that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing,[5] and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd[6] up: but that our feasts 10
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.
Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident, 19
Should pass this way as you did: O the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
[Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.]
Per. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, 40

[1] *Motion,* puppet-show. [2] *Prig,* thief.
[3] *Unroll'd,* struck off the roll of thieves.
[4] *Hent,* clear.

[5] *Wearing,* dress. [6] *Prank'd,* drest.

With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50
We two have sworn shall come.
Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised; Clown,* MOPSA, DORCAS, *and other Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. [*To Polixenes*] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me 71
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Camillo*] You 're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. [Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season 81
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For[1] I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art 91
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors, 98
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 't were well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.] Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

---

[1] *For*, because.

Per. Out, alas! 110
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; [and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:] O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils, 118
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!
Flo. [What, like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on; 130
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.] Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.
Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you 140
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.
Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is 160
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up!
[*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!
Mop. Now, in good time![1]
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up!]
[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*
Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:[2] but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it; 170
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,

[1] *In good time!* à la bonne heure.
[2] *A worthy feeding, i.e.* a valuable pasturage.

That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of. 180

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?—(Act iv. 4. 166, 167.)

it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably. 190

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: [he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man." 201

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv.] He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles,[1] caddises,[2] cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses [; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't]. 212

[1] *Inkles*, tapes. [2] *Caddises*, worsted laces.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in; and let him approach singing. 214

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to[1] think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow; 220
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle[2] bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: 231
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

[*Mop.* I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars. 240

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle-off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'T is well they are whispering: clamour[3] your tongues, and not a word more. 251

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge. 261

Clo.] What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a-life,[4] for then we are sure they are true.

[*Aut.* Here 's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.[5]

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old. 270

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name to 't, one Mrs. Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let 's first see moe ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.]

Aut. Here 's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: [it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her:] the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another. 290

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man:" there 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 't is my occupation: have at it with you!

Song.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go 303
Where it fits not you to know.

[1] *Go about to, i.e.* am going to.
[2] *Bugle,* bead of black glass.
[3] *Clamour,* stop.
[4] *A-life, i.e.* of life, of all things in life.
[5] *Carbonado'd,* cut in slices for broiling.

Dor. Whither? *Mop.* O, whither? *Dor.* Whither?
Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
Dor. Me too, let me go thither.
Mop. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:
Dor. If to either, thou dost ill. 310
Aut. Neither. *Dor.* What, neither? *Aut.* Neither.
Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad[1] talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let 's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. 320

[*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money 's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. 330

[*Exit.*

[*Re-enter Servant.*

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry[2] of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 339

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[3]

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now. 351

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.
[*To Camillo*] Is it not too far gone? 'T is time to part them.
He 's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd 360
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted[4] with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd 369
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that 's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear 379
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:

[1] *Sad*, serious.
[2] *Gallimaufry*, medley.
[3] *Squire*, foot-rule.
[4] *Marted*, traded.

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service 388
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!—(Act iv. 4. 394.)

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor shall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. [Pray you, once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear? 410
Know man from man? dispute[1] his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial:] reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this; 421
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prithee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contrâct.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Throws off his disguise.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor, 431
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—
Shep. O my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession; 440
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far[2] than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. [Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee 451
As thou art tender to 't.] [*Exit.*
Per. [Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.] [*To Florizel*] Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,— 459
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.
[*Cam.* Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. [*To Florizel*] O sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. [*To Perdita*] O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure 470
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*]
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard, delay'd,

[1] *Dispute,* discuss.

[2] *Far, i.e.* O.E. *ferre,* comp. = farther.

But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
[More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it. 483
I think, Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 't were known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within!] Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father, I 491
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am, and by my fancy:[1] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hides 501
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea 509
With her who here I cannot hold on shore;
And most oppórtune to her need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need!
Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Draws her aside.*
[*To Camillo*] I 'll hear you by and by.
Cam. He 's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia, 522
And that unhappy king my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious[2] business that
I leave out ceremony.
[*Cam.* Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving 537
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens forfend!—your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.]
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:

[1] *Fancy*, love.

[2] *Curious*, requiring care.

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess 550
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness, 560
As 't were i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down: 571
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain 578
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But, as you shake off one to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loth to be: besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in[1] the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo, 590
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear 'our[2] birth.

Cam. I cannot say 't is pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord, 600
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word. [*They talk aside.*

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,[3] brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remember'd. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes[4] till he had both tune and words;

[1] *Take in*, subdue.
[2] *Rear 'our*, a contraction for *rear of our*.
[3] *Pomander*, a ball of perfumes.
[4] *Pettitoes*, literally pigs' feet.

which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; [you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse;] I would have fil'd keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there 632
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. [*Sees Autolycus*] Who have we here?
We 'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging. 640

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore disease thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.[1] 651

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it. 660

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*Florizel and Autolycus change garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. 670
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*
Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review[2] Sicilia, for whose sight 680
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more

[1] *Some boot, i.e.* something to boot.

[2] *Review,* see again.

knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession. 699

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then. 709

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law. 721

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel[1] will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace. 731

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,[2] breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover. 742

[*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

[1] *Fardel,* bundle. [2] *Having,* property.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie. 749

Clo. Your worship had like to have given

Aut. Let me pocket up my pedler s excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound? —(Act iv. 4. 733-736.)

us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.[3]]

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure[4] of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy busi-

[3] *With the manner,* in the fact.
[4] *Measure,* stately tread.

ness, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

[*Clo.* [*Aside to Shepherd*] Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.] 771

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. [*Aside to Shepherd*] This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. [*Aside to Clown*] His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. [*Aside to Shepherd*] He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box? 782

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief. 792

Shep. So 't is said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,[1] let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir? 799

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane[2] to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir? 811

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps' nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it. 829

Clo. [*Aside to Shepherd*] He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold: and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, "ston'd," and "flay'd alive."

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir. 841

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

[*Clo.* [*To Shepherd*] Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter

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[1] *Hand-fast*, custody. [2] *Germane*, akin.

nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. 854

Aut. I will trust you.] Walk before towards the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. 861

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him [: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it]. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and Servants.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man 11
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleon. Not at all, good lady: 20
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. [What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well? 30
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall, 40
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care not for issue;

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.]
Leon. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione, 50
I know, in honour, O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips,—
Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: [one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we 're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so. 62
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift[1] to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife:]
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave? 70
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront[2] his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy 80
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen 's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance[3] and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd 91
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
[*Paul.* O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;"—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 't is shrewdly ebb'd, 102
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon;
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

[1] *Rift*, split [2] *Affront, i.e.* confront. [3] *Out of circumstance*, without ceremony.

Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.]
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
Still, 't is strange
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure, 120
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish[1] me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you, 127
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might have thus stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something seiz'd 142
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.
Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150
Of my behindhand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure[2] of her person.
Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.
Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?
Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence, 160
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.
Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy[3] father,
A graceful[4] gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin: 172
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir, 180

[1] *Unfurnish,* deprive.

[2] *Adventure,* hazard. [3] *Holy,* virtuous, blameless. [4] *Graceful,* gracious.

Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach[1] his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.
Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?—(Act v. 1. 207, 208.)

Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.
Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.
Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question.[2] Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth; 199
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

[1] *Attach*, arrest. [2] *In question*, under examination.

Leon. That "once," I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth[1] as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Leontes' palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

[1] *Worth, i.e.* worthiness of descent, high birth.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance[2] were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that happily[3] knows more. The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. [How goes it now, sir? this news which is call'd true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion:] has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection[4] of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown

[2] *Importance,* import.
[3] *Happily, i.e.* haply.
[4] *Affection,* disposition.

another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. [There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.[1]] Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; [then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he] thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. [I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.] 63

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers? 74

Third Gent. Wrackt the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted. 88

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, [and that which angl'd for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish,] was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confess'd and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "Alas," I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. [Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.] 100

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, [who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer:—] thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup. 112

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. [Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.] 133

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

[1] *Favour, i.e.* face.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born. 138

Clo. You are well met, sir. You deni'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy. 149

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister call'd my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are. 159

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. 170

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins[1] say it, I 'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands. 181

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Chapel in Paulina's house.*

To Hermione, like a statue, curtained, enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content 11
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 't is well. 20

[*Paulina draws back a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege:
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!

[1] *Franklins,* yeomen.

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence; 30
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and 40
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on, 49
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy 60
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me, 79
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted 90
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Act V. Scene III, lines 79-80

Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir: nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione steps from her pedestal.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then

Paul. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.—(Act v. 3. 120, 121.)

You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?
Leon. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art 110
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead.
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady; 120
Our Perdita is found.
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle

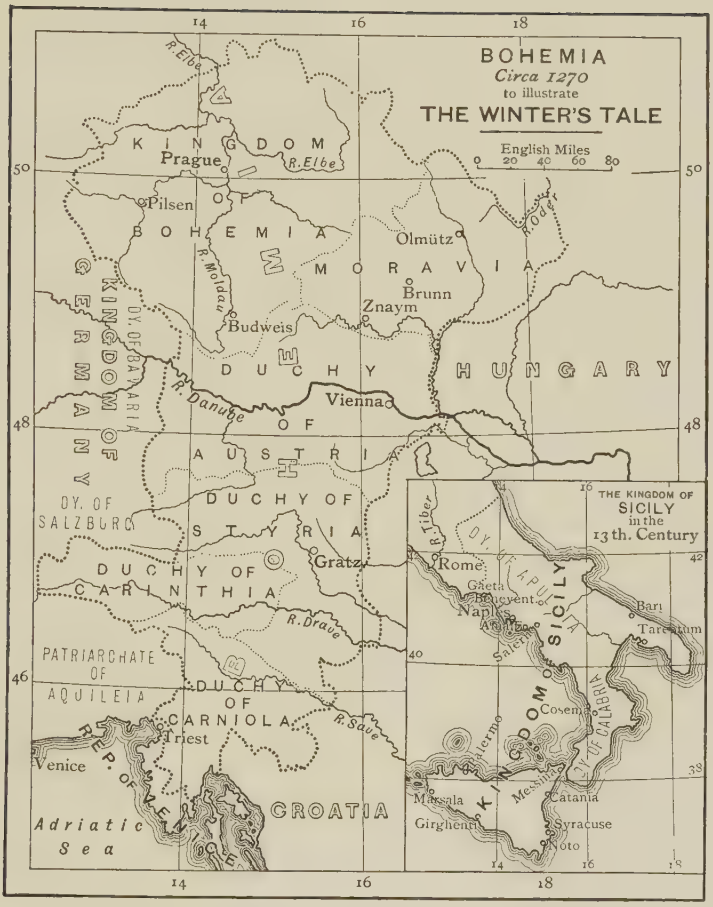
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push[1] to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake[2] to every one. I, an old turtle, 132
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons, 147
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Push,* impulse, suggestion.
[2] *Partake,* impart.



NOTES TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Lines 29, 30: *their encounters, though not personal,* HAVE *been royally attorneyed.*—F. 1 prints *hath.* The correction is made in F. 2.

2. Line 33: *shook hands, as over* A VAST.—So F. 1; the later Ff. read *a vast sea.* The reading of F. 1 is confirmed by a passage in Pericles, iii. 1. 1:

> Thou god of this great *vast,* rebuke these surges;

where *vast* is unmistakably used for the boundless sea. Henley observes, in reference to the words quoted from the text, with the latter part of the clause (*and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds*), that Shakespeare may have had in mind "a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country."

3. Line 43: *one that, indeed,* PHYSICS *the subject.*—Compare Cymbeline, iii. 2. 34:

> Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
> For it doth *physic* love;

and Macbeth, ii. 3. 55:

> The labour we delight in *physics* pain.

Medicine, as a verb, is used in just the same sense in Cymbeline, iv. 2 243: "Great griefs, I see, *medicine* the less;" and in Othello, iii. 3. 332.

ACT I. Scene 2.

4. Lines 12, 13:

THAT *may blow*
No SNEAPING *winds at home.*

That is apparently used for *O that*, as in the passage cited by Farmer from The Two Noble Kinsmen, iii. 1. 12:

In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought!

Sneaping (*i.e.* checking or nipping) is used in Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 100: "an envious *sneaping* frost;" and in Lucrece, 333:

And give the *sneaped* birds more cause to sing.

5. Line 41: *gest.*—This word (from O. Fr. *giste*) means a stage or stopping-place in a journey; commonly used of the royal progresses. Steevens quotes Webster, The White Devil, 1612:

Do, like the *gests* in the progress,
You know where you shall find me.

6. Line 42: *good deed*, meaning *indeed* (the *good* being simply an expletive), may be compared with such a phrase as "in good sooth" (Tempest, ii. 2. 150).

7. Line 43: *a jar o' the clock; i.e.* a tick of the clock. Holt White cites from Heywood, Troia Britannica, 1609, c. 4, st. 107:

He hears no waking-clocke nor watch to *jarre.*

Compare Richard II. v. 5. 51, 52:

My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they *jar*
Their watches on unto mine ears.

8. Line 44: *What lady* SHE *her lord.*—Schmidt renders this curious expression, "*i.e.* a woman that is a lady." Collier and Dyce read *should* instead of *she*, taking the *she* of the Ff. to be a misprint for the abbreviation *shd.* But compare "my *she*," iv. 4. 360, below. Compare, too, Massinger, The Bondman, i. 3:

I'll kiss him for the honour of my country,
With any *she* in Corinth

and Middleton, Women beware Women, ii 1:

Sir, I could give as shrewd a lift to chastity
As any *she* that wears a tongue in Florence.

9. Line 62: *lordings.*—*Lording*, the diminutive of *lord*, is found in The Passionate Pilgrim, xvi.: "It was a *lording's* daughter." *Lordings* is frequently used in Chaucer, often at the beginning of a speech, in the sense of "Sirs," See Canterbury Tales, Prologue (ed. Morris, Clarendon Press, 1879), l. 761:

And sayde thus: "Lo, lordynges, trewely
Ye ben to me right welcome hertely;"

and again, l. 788 below: "'*Lordynges*,' quoth he."

10. Lines 69–71:

we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did.

The later Ff. read *The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd*, and some editors have accepted this attempt to amend the metre. *Doctrine* ought, of course, to be pronounced as a trisyllable, and the stress to be laid (as it should be) on *ill* rather than on *doing*—a point of metre which may be illustrated from Mr. Swinburne's Songs of the Springtides, p. 8:

And he that much less loves it than he hates
All *wrong-doing* that is done
Anywhere, always underneath the sun
Shall live a mightier life than time's or fate's.

11. Lines 95, 96:

ere
With spur we HEAT *an acre.*

Heat seems to be used here in the same sense as "a *heat*" in running. Mr. Hudson in his edition of the play says: "Mr. Joseph Crosby, in a letter to me, justly observes that 'the accompanying words, 'to th' goal,' show that the metaphor is from the race-course.' And he adds that '*heat* is not simply the distance run, but the sporting-term for the race itself; 'winning the heat,' 'running the heat,' &c." Collier's Corrector very unnecessarily alters *heat* into *clear.*

12. Line 104: AND CLAP *thyself my love.*—F. 1 has *A clap*, a misprint corrected in the later Ff. To *clap* hands over a bargain is still no uncommon expression (though *strike* is now the more usual word); compare Henry V. v. 2. 133: "and so *clap* hands and a bargain." Malone says that to *clap hands* was a common part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, and he gives an instance of the phrase from Middleton, No Wit, No Help like a Woman's, 1657, iv. 1. 155:

There these young lovers shall *clap hands* together.

13. Line 113: *bounty, fertile bosom.*—I fail to see how this expression is improved, as many editors think, by Hanmer's emendation, *bounty's fertile bosom.* There is a slight difference in the form of the words, and that is all: the original reading being the more poetical. Steevens well compares Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 177–179:

Common mother, thou,
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all.

14. Line 115: *paddling palms.*—See the passage in Othello, ii. 1. 259–265, where *paddling* "with the palm of his hand" is explained by Iago, in all its significance, as a patent sign of Desdemona's fondness for Cassio.

15. Lines 117, 118:

and then to sigh, as 't were
THE MORT O' THE DEER.

This has almost always been explained as a flourish upon the horn, blown at the death of the deer, which makes, certainly, a curious simile. In a letter to the Academy, of October 29, 1887, Prof. Skeat puts forward an explanation which harmonizes very much better with the context, and is probably the true one. "The fact is," he says, "that *mort* just seems 'death;' neither more nor less, 'la mort, sans phrase.' The sigh is that of the exhausted and dying deer; and the simile is natural and easy. The commentators wanted to air their learning, and Steevens quotes from Greene: 'He that bloweth the *mort* before the death of the buck, may very well miss of his fees;' see this quotation, and another like it, duly entered in Nares. Again, Steevens refers to the oldest copy of 'Chevy Chase'—'The [they] blewe a *mort* uppone the bent;' and so, indeed, the line appears in Percy's *Reliques.* I regret to say I have fallen into the trap myself. I have so printed the line in my *Specimens of English*, part iii. p. 68, l. 16. But I honestly collated the text with the

MS., and duly made a note that the MS. reading is *mot*. And *mot* happens to be quite right. The careful Cotgrave duly explains the French *mot* as 'the note winded by a huntsman on his horne,' and it is the true and usual word. We have Chaucer's authority for it in the *Book of the Duchesse*, l. 376. In the 'Treatise on Venery,' by Twety, printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 153, we read: 'And when the hert is take, ye shal blowe foure *motys*.' It is clear that the phrase 'to blow a mot' was turned into 'to blow a *mort*' by that powerful corrupter of language, popular etymology." Collier, in his edition of Shakespeare privately printed in 1876, explains the term correctly: "the '*mort*' o' the deer is the death of the deer, when it heaves its last sigh."

16. Line 123: *We must be* NEAT; *not neat, but cleanly, captain.*—"Leontes," says Johnson, "seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, 'We must be neat:' then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned cattle*, he says, 'not neat, but cleanly.'"

17. Line 125: *Still* VIRGINALLING.—Steevens compares Dekker's Satiromastix, 1602: "When we have husbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they must rise or fall to our humours, else they'll never get any good strains of music out of one of us." Compare in this connection Sonnet cxxviii., where the idea in the text is developed. The *virginal* was a sort of rectangular or oblong spinet, of the same shape as the clavichord, and with the same arrangement of keyboard. An ancient inscription on a wall of the Manor House of Leckington, Yorkshire, said to be as old as the time of Henry VII., reads:

> A slac stryngé in a Virginall soundithe not aright,
> It doth abide no wrestinge, it is so loose and light;
> The sound-borde crasede, forsith the instrumente,
> Throw misgovarnance, to meke notes which was not his intent.

Compare Blount, Glossographia, 1656: "Virginal (virginalis), maidenly, virginlike, hence the name of that musical instrument called Virginals, because maids and virgins do most commonly play on them." Another explanation of the name is that keyed stringed instruments were used to accompany the hymn "Angelus ad Virginem," as similar instruments without keys, the psaltery for instance, had been before them. From Henry VII.'s time to nearly the close of the 17th century, *Virginal* in England included all quilled keyboard instruments, the harpsichord and trapeze-shaped spinet, as well as the rectangular spinet. I take these particulars from Mr. Barclay Squire's article, *Virginal*, in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, vol. iv.

18. Lines 131, 132:

> *false*
> *As o'er-dyed* BLACKS.

Blacks was a term used for mourning garments. Compare Massinger and Middleton, The Old Law, ii. 1:

> I would not hear of *blacks*, I was so light,
> But chose a colour orient like my mind:
> For *blacks* are often such dissembling mourners,
> There is no credit given to 't; it has lost
> All reputation by false sons and widows.
> Now I would have men know what I resemble,
> A truth, indeed; 't is joy clad like a joy;
> Which is more honest than a cunning grief,
> That 's only faced with sables for a show,
> But gaudy-hearted.

19. Line 137: *my collop!*—Compare I. Henry VI. v. 4. 18:

> God knows thou art a *collop* of my flesh;

and see the note on that passage.

20. Line 148: LEON. *What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?*—Hanmer gives this line to Polixenes, and the change has been adopted by most editors—even the Cambridge. It seems to me unnecessary. Leontes wants to say something, because he sees Polixenes and Hermione are observing his altered looks, and so, in answer to the former's *How, my lord!* he replies with a counter-question, in which one may even see a touch of his uneasy suspicion, to which he cannot help giving vent in indirect ways. It will be noticed that Leontes, a little below, calls Polixenes *brother*, as in this line; and again, a little below that, he speaks to Hermione of "our *brother's* welcome."

21. Line 149: *you look as if you held a brow of much distraction.*—This line is printed by most editors as two, *you look* being joined, metrically, with the preceding line; an arrangement which does not result in harmony. It is evident that the printers of the Folio set the line in its present form advisedly, for in the original copy the catch-word *Leo.* is moved back so as to get room for the whole line.

22. Lines 161, 162:

> *Will you take eggs for money?*
> Mam. *No, my lord, I 'll fight.*

To take eggs for money was a proverbial phrase, meaning to put up with an affront, or to act in a cowardly manner. Boswell quotes Robert Dallington, A Method for Travell, 1593: "L'infanterie Francoise escaramouche bravement de loin et la Cavallerie a une furieuse brutée a l'affront, puis apres q'elle *s'accomode.*" Reed gives a translation of this sentence, occuring in Relations of the most famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thorowout the World, 1630: "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat they will *take eggs for their money*" (p. 154).

23. Line 163: *happy man be's dole!*—A proverbial expression. See Taming of the Shrew, note 38.

24. Line 177: APPARENT *to my heart; i.e.* next to my heart. Compare the French *apparenté*, related, or of kin; from which our phrase, the heir *apparent*, is derived.

25. Line 183: *How she holds up the* NEB, *the bill to him!*—*Neb*, used generally of a bird's bill, is Anglo-Saxon for face, mouth, beak. Skeat, in his Etymological Dictionary, quotes the Ancren Riwle (Camden Society ed.): "Ostende mihi faciem, sheau thi *neb* to me" (p. 73). Ogilvie, Imperial Dictionary, quotes Scott: "the *neb* o' them's never out of mischief." Boyer, French Dictionary, has "The Nib of a bird, *Bec d'oiseau.*" Steevens quotes from the story of Anne of Hungary in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1566: "the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the *nebs* of their forked heads."

26. Line 209: *I am like you,* THEY SAY.—This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 has *say*.

27. Line 217: *rounding.*—"To *round* in the ear" is a familiar phrase; compare King John, ii. 1. 566, 567:

rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer;

and Browning, Luria, act ii.:

Oh, their reward and triumph and the rest
They *round* me in the ears with, all day long.
—Works, 1879, vol. v. p. 63.

The word to *round* is derived from the German *runen*.

28. Line 226: *some severals.*—This is the only instance of the noun *severals*, meaning single individuals; the word is twice used for that which concerns an individual person or thing: Henry V. i. 1. 86, 87:

The *severals* and unhidden passages
Of his true title to some certain dukedoms;

and Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 179, 180:

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,

29. Line 227: *lower messes.*—That is, persons of inferior rank, who had their place below the salt, at the lower end of the table. See, on the original meaning of *mess*, note 128 to Love's Labour's Lost (vol. i. p. 62). Collier mentions that each four diners at an inn of court is still said to constitute a *mess*, and has a separate supply of food.

30. Line 244: *Which* HOXES *honesty behind.*—To *hox*, or "hough," or "hock," was to hamstring. Nares quotes Knolles' History of Turks: "recovering his feet, with his faulchion *hoxed* the hinder legs of the mare whereon the sultan rid" (p. 83); and Lyly's Mother Bombie, iii. 4: "I thrust my hand into my pocket for a knife, thinking to *hox* him."

31. Lines 256, 257:

if INDUSTRIOUSLY
I play'd the fool.

This is the only use of the word *industriously* in Shakespeare, and it is here used in somewhat different sense from the usual one, as "deliberately" or "on purpose," the Latin *de industria*.

32. Lines 271, 272:

for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not THINK.

Hanmer reads *think't*, and Theobald *think it*. Certainly one must either understand the line in this way, or else (and perhaps that would be better) as Malone takes it, connecting *think* with the next line, *My wife is slippery*, the object of the verb *thought* above.

33. Line 276: *My wife's a* HOBBY-HORSE.—Ff. print *Holy Horse*. The correction is Pope's.

34. Lines 290, 291:

and all eyes
Blind with the PIN AND WEB.

The *pin and web* (sometimes *pin* only) is the name of a disease of the eye, something of the nature of cataract. The Encyclopædic Dictionary defines it "an obstruction of vision depending upon a speck in the cornea." Florio, World of Words, ed. 1611, has "Cataratta, a dimness of sight, occasioned by humours hardened in the eye, called a cataract, or a *pin and a web*." Compare Lear, iii. 4. 120–123: "This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks at first cock; he gives the *web and the pin*, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip."

35. Line 304: *wife's.*—Ff. misprint *wiues*. The correction was made by Rowe.

36. Line 307: *Why, he that wears her like her medal; i.e.* her portrait in a locket. Malone well compares Henry VIII. ii. 2. 31–33:

a loss of her
That, *like a jewel*, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

and he quotes another close parallel from Gervais Markham, Honour in Perfection, 1624, p. 18: "He hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, *like a rich jewel*."

37. Line 316: BESPICE *a cup.*—Steevens cites from Chapman's translation of the Odyssey, book x., a similar use of the word *spice* in the sense of poison:

With a festival
She'll first receive thee, but will *spice* thy bread
With flowery poisons.

38. Line 317: *To give mine enemy* A LASTING WINK.—Compare Tempest, ii. 1. 285-287:

whiles you, doing thus,
To the *perpetual wink* for aye might put
This ancient morsel.

39. Line 326: *To* APPOINT *myself in this vexation.*—Compare Much Ado, iv. 1. 146, 147:

For my part, I am so *attir'd* in wonder,
I know not what to say;

and Twelfth Night, iv. 3. 3:

And though 't is wonder that *enwraps* me thus.

40. Line 378: *Be* INTELLIGENT *to me.*—Shakespeare used *intelligent* in this sense (giving intelligence) only here and in three passages of Lear, iii. 1. 25; iii. 5. 12; and iii. 7. 12: "Our posts shall be swift and *intelligent* betwixt us."

41. Lines 392–394:

which no less adorns
Our GENTRY *than our parents' noble names,*
In whose SUCCESS *we are* GENTLE.

That is, "which no less adorns our rank as gentlemen than the noble names of our parents, in succession to whom we are of gentle birth." Compare *gentry* in Lucrece, lines 568, 569:

She cónjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, *gentry*, and sweet friendship's oath;

and for *gentle*, in this sense, see Henry V. iv. line 45 of Chorus, "mean and *gentle* all." *Success*, meaning succession, is used in one other place, II. Henry IV. iv. ii. 47–49:

And so *success* of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.

42. Lines 415, 416:

an instrument
To VICE *you to't.*

Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 125, 126:

And that I partly know *the instrument*
That screws me from my true place in your favour.

43. Lines 418, 419:

my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!

The allusion is of course to Judas Iscariot. *Best* is spelt in the Ff. with a capital letter, to point its significance.

Douce mentions that there was a clause in the sentence against excommunicated persons: "let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ. Amen."

44. Lines 426, 427:

you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon.

Douce compares The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 71, 72:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height.

45. Lines 445, 446:

Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

This is Capell's rearrangement of the lines printed in the Ff. in an obviously unmetrical form: the second line beginning with *thereon.*

46. Lines 458–460:

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion.

I fail to see any particular obscurity in this passage, though Dyce echoes Warburton and Johnson in declaring it "hopelessly corrupted." If any paraphrase is necessary, Malone's is quite sufficient to the purpose: "Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion."

ACT II. Scene 1.

47. Line 11: *Who taught you this?*—This is Rowe's emendation, or rather expansion of F. 1's contraction *Who taught 'this?*

48. Lines 39–45:

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, &c.

There was formerly a notion that spiders were venomous. Malone quotes from a pamphlet of 1632 entitled Holland's Leaguer: "like the *spider*, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth." Henderson mentions that one of the witnesses against the Countess of Somerset in the famous Overbury case said, "The Countess wished me to get the strongest poison I could. . . . Accordingly I bought seven great *spiders* and cantharides." Compare the story of Shah Abbas, thus told in Browning's Ferishtah's Fancies, pp. 14, 15:

He too lived and died
—How say they? Why, so strong of arm, of foot
So swift, he stayed a lion in his leap
On a stag's haunch,—with one hand grasped the stag,
With one struck down the lion: yet, no less,
Himself, that same day, feasting after sport,
Perceived a spider drop into his wine,
Let fall the flagon, died of simple fear.

49. Line 51: *a pinch'd thing.*—Perhaps this means treated as a mere puppet, pinched and moved as others please. Several contemporary instances of the use of the word *pinched* are given in the Variorum Shakspeare, vol. xiv. p. 278, but they may be said to need rather than to give explanation.

50. Lines 73, 74:

calumny will SEAR
Virtue itself.

Compare All's Well, ii. 1. 175, 176:

my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise.

51. Line 79: *The most* REPLENISH'D *villain in the world.*—Compare Richard III. iv. 3. 18, 19:

The most *replenished* sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.

52. Line 90: *A* FEDERARY *with her.*—This is probably only another form of the word now usually spelt *feodary,* which is printed *fedarie* in the F. 1 text of Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 122; *Fœdarie* in Cymbeline, iii. 2. 21. See note 105 on Measure for Measure.

53. Lines 104, 105:

He who shall speak for her is AFAR OFF *guilty*
But that he speaks.

This of course means, in Johnson's words, "guilty *in a remote degree.*" Malone compares Henry V. i. 2. 239, 240:

Or shall we sparingly show you *far off*
The Dauphin's meaning?

54. Lines 134, 135:

I'll keep MY STABLES *where*
I lodge my wife.

Collier's sensitive Corrector altered *my stables* into *me stable;* and Collier observes that Antigonus "means merely that he will take care to keep himself constantly near his wife,—'I'll keep *me stable* where I lodge my wife,'—in order that she may not offend in the way unjustly charged against Hermione." The change seems quite uncalled for, though it certainly renders the passage much more elegant. Grant White very well says: "The meaning of the passage seems so plainly 'I will degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel,' that had there not been much, quite from the purpose, written about it, it would require no special notice. The idea of horses and dogs being once suggested by the word 'stable,' the speaker goes on to utter another thought connected with it: 'I'll go in couples,' &c."

55. Line 136: THAN *when I feel and see her no further trust her.*—Ff. print *Then,* but the two words were spelt interchangeably. Pope made the correction in his second edition.

56. Line 141: *some putter-on.*—The meaning of *putter-on* is here evidently instigator; in Henry VIII. i. 2. 23–25, the same word is used of one who sets measures on foot, or causes them:

they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as *putter-on*
Of these exactions.

57. Line 143: *I would* LAND-DAMN *him.*—This strange word, *land-damn,* has given rise to endless conjectures, the most recent and plausible of which—indeed the *first* that can be called plausible—is one contained in Notes and Queries, iii. 464 (June 12, 1875), in a letter signed "Thorncliffe," and dated from Buxton. The writer states that forty years ago an old custom was still in use in these parts of punishing detected slanderers or adulterers "by the rustics traversing from house to house along the

country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles:[1] when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed;" and they were said to be *land-damned*, or, as it was pronounced, *landanned*. It is suggested in a later number of Notes and Queries (July 3, 1875), that *landan*, like the Gloucestershire word *randan* (used in a similar sense), is an imitative word, intended to represent the confused and continued noise of the process.

58. Lines 149, 150:

> *And I had rather* GLIB *myself than they*
> *Should not produce fair issue.*

Glib, we are told by Steevens, is still used in some parts in the sense of castrate, and he quotes Shirley, St. Patrick for Ireland, 1640: "If I come back, let me be *glib'd*." The word seems to be akin to the more general word *lib*, itself a provincialism in the North. Boyer renders it by "châtrer."

59. Line 153: *As you feel doing thus.—Thus* is generally supposed to be grasping Antigonus' arm; perhaps so, perhaps otherwise; the matter is uncertain, and of little consequence.

60. Line 157: *the whole dungy earth.*—This elegant epithet occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 35, 36:

> our *dungy earth* alike
> Feeds beast as man.

61. Lines 169, 170:

> *The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all*
> *Properly ours.*

This metrical arrangement is Theobald's. The Ff. begin line 170 at "Is."

62. Line 172: *Without more* OVERTURE.—Shakespeare generally uses *overture* in the sense of proposal, much as we use it nowadays; here, and in Lear, iii. 7. 89, he seems to give the word rather the signification of disclosure.

63. Lines 181, 182:

> *'twere*
> *Most piteous to be* WILD.

That is, no doubt, to be rash; as in iv. 4. 577, 578, below:

> a *wild* dedication of yourselves
> To unpath'd waters, &c.

64. Line 185: *Of stuff'd sufficiency.*—Compare Much Ado, i. 1. 56: "*stuff'd* with all honourable virtues;" and Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 183: "*Stuff'd* . . . with honourable parts." Consequently the meaning appears to be, of full or complete sufficiency (that is, ability); not, as Johnson says, "of abilities *more than* enough."

ACT II. Scene 2.

65. Line 30: *These dangerous unsafe* LUNES *i' the king.*—Cotgrave has "*Lune*, folie. Les femmes ont des *lunes* dans la tete. Richelet." Steevens compares Cyril Tourneur, The Revenger's Tragedy, iii. 1, 1608:

> I know 't was but some peevish *moon* in him.

The French still say, of a man of capricious temper, "il a ses *lunes*" or "il est bien (ou mal) *luné*." The expression given by Theobald—"il y a de la *lune*"—is now obsolete. There is an old French proverb that "les femmes ont trois quartiers de la *lune* dans la tête," and in Pantagruel there is some talk of a voyage to the moon to verify the fact. The word is found in modern editions of Shakespeare in Merry Wives, iv. 2. 22, and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 139, where the Ff. have *lines*; some editors introduce it also in Hamlet, iii. 3. 7, in place of the Ff. *lunacies*.

66. Line 49: *Who but to-day* HAMMERED *of this design.*—See Two Gent. of Verona, i. 3. 18, and the note on the passage.

ACT II. Scene 3.

67. Line 4: *the* HARLOT *king.*—The word *harlot* was formerly used of men as well as of women. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 204, 205:

> This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
> While she with *harlots* feasted in my house.

The word originally meant a youth; it then came to be used of persons of low birth, and then persons of low conduct. The French use of the word *fille* (originally and literally meaning daughter) may be quoted as a similar example of a word's degradation, having come to mean now, when used by itself—*une fille*—precisely what the English word in question means to-day. Compare Chaucer, Prologue, lines 647, 648:

> He was a gentil *harlot* and a kynde;
> A betre felawe shulde men noght fynde.

It is said of the Sompnour, who does not seem to have been a person of good conduct.

68. Lines 5, 6:

> *out of the* BLANK
> *And* LEVEL *of my brain.*

Both these terms of gunnery or archery are often used by Shakespeare; as, for example, Othello, iii. 4. 128: "stood within the *blank* of his displeasure;" All's Well, ii. 1. 158, 159:

> I am not an impostor, that proclaim
> Myself against the *level* of mine aim;

and, *level* being used adverbially, in a passage which combines and illustrates both words, Hamlet, iv. 1. 42, 43:

> As *level* as the cannon to his *blank*,
> Transports his poison'd shot.

69. Lines 19–21:

> *The very thought of my revenges that way*
> *Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,*
> *And in his parties, his alliance.*

Malone quotes from Shakespeare's original, Greene's Dorastus and Fawnia: "For Pandosto although he felt that revenge was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies proffereth steele, yet he saw, that Egisthus was not onely of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but had also many Kings of his alliance to ayde him, if neede should serve: for he married the Emperours daughter of Russia" (Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, part I. vol. iv. pp. 32, 33). It will be seen that Shakespeare has caught at the hint afforded by the words "Emperours daughter of Russia" to give Hermione an added dignity and a sharper contrast at her trial. In Greene it is Polixenes' wife, not Leontes', who is thus referred to.

70. Line 39: WHAT *noise there, ho?*—So the later Ff.; F. 1 has *Who*.

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1 Compare Cotgrave, "Charivaris des poelles, The carting of an infamous person, graced with the harmony of tinging kettles and frying-pan Musicke."

71. Line 56: *in* COMFORTING *your evils.*—That is, in abetting or encouraging your evil practices. Compare Lear, iii. 5. 21: "If I find him *comforting* the king," where the context shows that something more than merely consoling is meant. In Wiclif's version, "be strong in the Lord" (Ephesians vi. 10) is rendered "be *comforted* in the Lord."

72. Line 67: *A* MANKIND *witch!*—Compare Coriolanus, iv. 2. 16, where Sicinius says to Volumnia, sneeringly, "Are you *mankind?*" Singer quotes Abraham Fleming, Junius' Nomenclator, 1585, where "virago" is defined: "A manly woman, or a *mankind* woman." The word was frequently used in this sense; as in Massinger, The City Madam, iii. 1:

> you brache!
> Are you turn'd *mankind?*

and in Fletcher, The Woman-hater, iii. 1: "Are women grown so *mankind*, must they be wooing?"

73. Line 68: *intelligencing.*—This word is used by Shakespeare only here, where it evidently means one who acts the part of a go-between; somewhat similar uses of *intelligencer* will be seen in II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 20, and Richard III. iv. 4. 71.

74. Line 74: *thou art* WOMAN-TIR'D.—To *tire* was used in falconry for "to tear with the beak;" so that the expression is closely allied in meaning with the modern *henpecked.* Compare Venus and Adonis, 55, 56:

> Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
> *Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.

75. Line 75: *dame Partlet.*—For the story of dame Partlet see Chaucer's Nonne Prestes Tale, where "damoysele Pertelote" or "dame Pertelote" is the favourite of the "sevene hennes" composing the harem of "a cok, hight chauntecleer."

76. Line 76: *crone.*—This word originally meant a toothless old ewe; it came to have its present sense at least in Chaucer's time: *e.g.* Man of Lawes Tale, line 432 (MS. Harl. 7334):

> This olde sowdones this cursed *crone.*

Shakespeare only uses the word in this passage, but it is frequently to be met with in the dramatic literature of his time.

77. Line 90: *A callat.*—Compare II. Henry VI. i. 3. 86:

> Contemptuous base-born *callat* as she is;

III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 145:

> To make this shameless *callet* know herself;

and Othello, iv. 2. 120, 121:

> He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
> Could not have laid such terms upon his *callat.*

Compare, too, Burns, The Jolly Beggars: "Here's our ragged brats and *callets!*" The etymology of the word is uncertain. The New English Dictionary quotes, among other references, Holland's Livy, 1600, i. lviii. 41: "Any unhonest woman or wanton *callot* [*impudica*]"; and Stanyhurst, Description of Ireland in Holinshed, vi. 52: "Let us . . . leave lieing for varlets . . . scolding for *callets.*"

78. Line 106: *No* YELLOW *in't.*—Compare Nym's figurative language in Merry Wives, i. 3. 111: "I will possess him with *yellowness;*" *i.e.* jealousy.

79. Line 109: *lozel,* or losel, is defined by Verstegan (Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, 1605, p. 335, cited by Reed) as "one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." See Glossary of Yorkshire Words and Phrases, 1856. Compare Spenser, View of the State of Ireland (quoted in Latham's Johnson). "Such *losels* and scatterlings cannot easily, by any sheriff, be gotten, when they are challenged for any such fact." The word is still occasionally met with, as in Browning, Sordello, bk. iii. line 789:

> Keeping, each *losel,* through a maze of lies,
> His own conceit of truth."

80. Line 148: *beseech you.*—This is Rowe's expansion of the reading of F. 1, *beseech'.* The later Ff., as usual, disregard altogether the mark of contraction.

81. Line 162: *So sure as* THIS *beard's gray.*—Some editors have emended *this* into *thy;* without need, I think, for though Leontes certainly means the beard of Antigonus and not his own, he may, as Malone suggested, lay hold of Antigonus' beard (just above he has said "Come you hither," so that it would probably be within reach); or if he merely pointed to it, at close quarters, he might have said *this.* But Leontes had shown himself capable of acts quite as unkingly as pulling an old man's beard.

82. Line 168: *Swear by this sword.*—In the knightly days oaths were frequently taken on the cross-shaped hilt of a sword. The practice is often alluded to by Shakespeare. Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 154, 160, where Hamlet makes his friends swear upon his sword.

83. Line 192: *Poor thing, condemn'd to* LOSS!—Compare iii. 3. 49–51, below:

> poor wretch,
> That, for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
> To *loss* and what may follow!

Halliwell cites Baret, Alvearie, 1580: "*Losse,* hurt, properly things cast out of a shippe in time of a tempest."

ACT III. SCENE 1.

84.—The stage-direction to this scene is given in the Cambridge Shakespeare "A seaport in Sicilia" (after Theobald's "A part of Sicily near the seaside"). But, as the Old-Spelling editors point out, "line 21 ['fresh horses!'] implies that the riders had brought in tired horses, and had not just landed."

85. Line 2: *the* ISLE.—Shakespeare follows Greene in speaking of Delphi as an island: "they [*i.e.* the messengers selected by Pandosto] willing to fulfill the Kinges command, and desirous to see the situation and custom of the *Iland,* dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage." Warburton suggests, with some probability, that the original cause of the mistake was a mental confusion between "Delphos" and "Delos."

ACT III. SCENE 2.

86.—There are in this scene several specially close parallels between the language of Greene's narrative and that of Shakespeare's play. Compare, for instance, with this

passage from the tale: "and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault,"—lines 55–58:

> I ne'er heard yet
> That any of these bolder vices wanted
> Less impudence to gainsay what they did
> Than to perform it first.

There is again considerable similarity between Hermione's protestations of the innocence of her love for Polixenes and Bellaria's declarations of her blameless affection for Egistus. For example: "What hath past betwixt him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale: that I loved Egistus I can not denie: that I honored him I shame not to confess: to the one I was forced by his vertues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope my selfe to be found without spot: for Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not privie to his departure, and that this is true which I have heere rehearsed, I referre myselfe to the devine Oracle" (Hazlitt, p. 42). Compare specially lines 62–78. And in lines 112–115:

> if I shall be condemn'd
> Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
> But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
> 'T is rigour, and not law—

we have an absolute quotation: "therefore if she were condemned without any further proofe, it was rigour, and not Law" (p. 38). Polixenes' remorseful and penitent words after his folly has been at last brought home to him (154 *et seq.*) are closely modelled upon Greene. The text of the oracle (133–137) is copied with but a few variations from Greene: "Suspition is no proofe: jealousy is an unequall judge: Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse: Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous: his babe an innocent, and the king shall live without an heire: if that which is lost be not founde" (p. 40, where it is printed in sm. caps.).

87. Line 10: *Silence!*—F. 1 prints *Silence* in italics, as if it were a stage-direction. Capell assigned it to a crier, and he is followed by Dyce. It seems the simplest plan to do as Rowe has done, and allow the officer to command silence.

88. Line 34: *Who.*—Ff. print *Whom.* The correction was made by Rowe.

89. Lines 50, 51:

> *With what* ENCOUNTER *so* UNCURRENT *I*
> *Have* STRAIN'D, *to appear thus.*

Encounter may here be used in the general sense of behaviour (*e.g.* Taming of Shrew, iv. 5. 54), or in the more derogatory sense in which it occurs in Much Ado, iv. 1. 94 ("the vile *encounters* they have had"). *Uncurrent* means, evidently enough, "unwarrantable." *Strain'd* seems to have the signification of "swerved," as the participle is used in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 19:

> Nor aught so good, but, *strain'd* from that fair use,
> Revolts, &c.

Thus Dyce's paraphrase gives the simplest and most natural explanation of the passage: "With what unwarrantable familiarity of intercourse I have so far exceeded bounds, or gone astray, that I should be forced to appear thus in a public court as a criminal."

90. Line 82: *My life stands in the* LEVEL *of your dreams.*—See note 68 above, on *level;* Hermione means here that her life is within the range of his idle suspicions.

91. Line 86: *Those of your* FACT *are so; i.e.* those who have done as you have done. Compare the use of the same word in precisely the same sense, in note 86 above, in the quotation from Greene. *Fact* seems to be always used in Shakespeare in this unfavourable sense, meaning not merely a deed (the Latin *factum*), but an evil deed.

92. Line 93: *The* BUG *which you would fright me with I seek.*—*Bug* was used in Shakespeare's time for what we now (to avoid misunderstandings) call more lengthily "bugbear." Compare Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 211:

> Tush, tush! fear boys with *bugs;*

and Hamlet, v. 2. 22:

> With, ho! such *bugs* and goblins in my life.

In Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 117, "Thessal *bugs*" is given by Abr. Fleming as the translation of Horace's "*portenta*que Thessala;" and in the same book, p. 153, the word is used as the generic name of a congeries of portents, the list of which is interesting enough to quote here: "They [our mothers' maids] have so fraied us with bull beggers, spirits, witches, urchens, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylens, kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changelings, *Incubus,* Robin good-fellowe, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell waine, the fierdrake, the puckle, Tom thombe, hob gobblin, Tom tumbler, boneles, and such other *bugs,* that we are afraid of our owne shadowes."

93. Line 94: *To me can life be no* COMMODITY.—Schmidt enters *commodity* as used in this line under the head of "convenience;" surely it belongs rather with his second division, "profit, advantage," as in King John, ii. 1. 573, 574:

> That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling *commodity,*
> *Commodity,* the bias of the world.

Grant White quotes The Haven of Health, 1584: "And therefore seeing all my trauaile tendeth to common *commoditie,* I trust euerie man will interpret all for the best" (sig. ¶ ¶ 4b.).

94. Line 100: *Starr'd most unluckily.*—There are several astrological allusions in this play, i. 2. 201, 363 ("Happy star reign now!"); and one might perhaps add the reference to the "influences" of the stars in lines 424–426 of the same scene.

95. Line 146: *Of the queen's* SPEED.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 139: "happy be thy *speed!*" In Cymbeline, iii. 5. 167, 168, there is a quibble upon this and the more customary meaning of the word:

> This fool's *speed*
> Be cross'd with slowness!

96. Lines 169, 170:

> *Which you knew great, and to the hazard*
> *Of all incertainties,* &c.

The editor of F. 2 inserted the word *certain* before *hazard,* a very plausible emendation. I can quite fancy that it may have been what Shakespeare wrote, but in the absence

of anything more than a doubtful probability (for the authority of F. 2 is to my mind of the smallest) I hesitate to admit the word into the text.

97. Line 187: *That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant.*—Several absurd emendations of this line have been proposed, where none was needed. The obvious meaning is, as Coleridge well put it, "show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy." Compare Phaer's Aeneid:

When this the yong men heard me speak, *of* wild they waxed wood.

98. Line 188: *And* DAMNABLE *ingrateful.*—Adjectival forms of adverbs are frequently met with in Shakespeare. Compare, for this very word, All's Well, iv. iii. 31, 32: "Is it not meant *damnable* in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?"

99. Line 189: *Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour.*—"How should Paulina know this?" as Malone acutely remarks. "No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance." A precisely similar oversight (for so it seems) occurs in iii. 3. 111, where the shepherd speaks of Antigonus as "the old man," though he has never seen him, and his son has not said that he was old.

100. Line 199: *his gracious* DAM.—*Dam* is several times used by Shakespeare for mother, but always, save here, as a term of contempt. Paulina, as we know, was not a squeamish person; and it is quite characteristic of her to use a word of this sort affectionately.

101. Line 206: TINCTURE *or lustre in her lip.*—Shakespeare only uses *tincture* in the sense of colour, as in Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 4. 160: "the lily-*tincture* of her face."

102. Line 232: *take your patience to you.*—Compare Henry VIII. v. 1. 105–107:

you must *take*
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower.

103. Line 244: To *these sorrows.*—This is the reading of the Ff. S. Walker proposes *Unto*, which is plausible. The Cambridge editors adopt this reading in the Globe Edition. Collier is wrathful with those who adopt this reading, "against every authority, and to the ruin of the beauty of the close of this grand and pathetic scene."

ACT III. Scene 3.

104. Lines 1, 2:

Thou art PERFECT, *then, our ship hath touch'd upon*
The deserts of Bohemia?

Perfect is used two or three times by Shakespeare for "certain," "fully aware," as in Cymbeline, iii. 1. 73–75:

I am *perfect*
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms;

and Cymb. iv. 2. 118: "I am *perfect* what." The idea of a maritime Bohemia, that stumbling-block to precisians, is taken from Greene. "Egistus, King of Sycilia, who in his youth had bene brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tracte of time, nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navie of ships, and *sayled into Bohemia* to visit his old friend and companion" (Hazlitt, p. 24). It will be remembered that Shakespeare has transposed the two kingships.

105. Lines 21, 22:

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd and so becoming.

Certain commentators (such as the too ingenious Mr. W. N. Lettsom, from whose persistent passion of emendation no Shakespearian idiom was safe) have objected to the idea of a *vessel*, or even of a woman, being *becoming*. The suggested substitution of *o'errunning* would, as Singer justly says, "spoil an image of rare beauty. Antigonus describes an expression which only the greatest masters have realized in art: grief the most poignant rather enhancing the beauty of a countenance than deforming it."

106. Lines 54, 55:

thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough.

Compare in Greene: "shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy lullabie?" (p. 36).

107. Lines 59, 60: *I would there were no age between* TEN *and three-and-twenty.*—Capell suggested that *ten* might be a mistake for *thirteen;* and the Cambridge editors very justly add that if written in Arabic numerals 16 would be more likely to be mistaken for 10 than 13, and would suit the context better.

108. Line 63: *the ancientry.*—This word occurs in only one other passage, Much Ado, ii. 1. 80, where it means "*pertaining* to age."

109. Lines 66–69: *They have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which I fear the* WOLF *will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side,* BROWSING OF IVY.—This is taken from Greene: "It fortuned a poore mercenary Sheepheard, that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his living by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert, that was hard by, sought diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either the *Wolves* or Eagles had undone him (for hee was so poore, as a sheepe was halfe his substaunce), wandered downe toward the sea cliffes, to see if perchaunce the sheepe was *browsing on the sea Ivy*, whereon they greatly doe feede, but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke, hee heard a child crie" (p. 45).

110. Line 71: *A boy or a* CHILD.—It is evident that *child* is used here for a girl: and Steevens says that he is *told* the word is still in use in the midland counties. Most of the editors have simply copied this statement; in Latham's Johnson it is said that *child* as girl is "common as a *provincialism;* especially in Warwickshire, where it has probably been most carefully noticed." Halliwell, in his Archaic Dictionary, quotes from Hole's MS. Glossary of Devonshire Words, collected about 1780: "A *child*, a female infant." In Notes and Queries, 5th series, vol. v. May 6, 1876, Mr. Charles Thiriold sends the very apt parallel from Beaumont and Fletcher, Philaster, ii. 4:

Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth; if he have any *child*,

It shall be crossly matched; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt *her* lord and *her*.

One correspondent states that in some parts of Lancashire the inquiry, apropos of a baby, "Is it a lad or a *child?*" is still common; another assigns the same usage to Gloucestershire; Mr. W. Rendle, in the same volume, and in vol. vi., states that his elder relatives in Cornwall were familiar with the expression, "Is it a boy or a cheeld?" Grimm, in his Deutsches Worterbuch, Band 5 (Leipsic, 1873), p. 713, *s.v. Kind*, mentions a similar use of *buben* and *kindern* (in the sense of boys and girls) in Switzerland.

111. Line 100: *how the sea* FLAP-DRAGON'D *it; i.e.* swallowed it like a *flap-dragon* (now known as *snap-dragon*). See Love's Labour's Lost, note 152.

112. Line 124: *You're a* MADE *old man.*—This is Theobald's emendation (after a conjecture of "L. H.") of the Ff. reading *mad*. The word is countenanced, not only by the sense of the context, but by a passage in Dorastus and Fawnia: "The goodman . . . desired her to be quiet . . . if she could holde her peace, they were *made* for ever" (Hazlitt, p. 47).

ACT IV. Scene 1.

113. Line 2: *make and unfold.*—Ff. print *makes, and vnfolds*, which some editors retain. The correction, which seems to be required, was made by Rowe.

114. Lines 4–6:

Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years.

Sir Philip Sidney, in his Apologie for Poetrie, 1595, complains that the dramatic authors of his time are "faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of corporall actions. . . . For ordinary it is that two young Princes fall in love. After many trauerces, she is got with childe, deliuered of a faire boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falls in loue, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine, and Arte hath taught, and all auncient Examples iustified" (Arber's Reprint, pp. 63, 64). A similar lamentation is raised by Whetstone in the preface to his Promos and Cassandra.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

115. Line 4: *It is* FIFTEEN *years since I saw my country.*—This is probably a slip of Shakespeare's, and as such I refrain from altering it; that he intended the number of years to be *sixteen* is evident not merely from Time's speech in the prologue to this act, but from v. iii. 31, 50.

116. Lines 5, 6: *though I have for the most part been* AIRED *abroad.*—I think Rolfe is right in explaining the word *aired* as "lived, breathed the air, or been in the air—in distinction from being in the grave, which, as Polonius says (Hamlet, ii. 2. 211), 'is out o' the air.'"

117. Line 22: *heaping* FRIENDSHIPS.—*Friendship* is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of "friendly service." Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 169:

To buy his favour, I extend this *friendship;*

where Shylock is referring to "the bond."

118. Line 35: *I have* MISSINGLY *noted.*—Schmidt takes *missingly* to mean with regret ("so as to feel and regret the absence"). Steevens thinks it means at intervals; and Richardson, in his dictionary, explains the phrase, "observing him to be *missing*, to be absent, [I have] noted"—which seems the most probable hypothesis.

119. Line 52: *but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither.*—So the Ff., which print "I fear" in brackets. The Old-Spelling Shakespeare reads, "But I feare the Angle." The use of *but* rather than "and" in such a clause seems rather singular.

120. Line 56: *I think it* NOT UNEASY.—Shakespeare uses the word *uneasy* in the sense of "not easy," *i.e.* difficult, in one other passage (Tempest, i. 2. 450–452):

but this swift business
I must *uneasy* make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

In the modern sense of uncomfortable the word is used in two, and only two, other places: II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 10, 31.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

121. Line 2: *the* DOXY.—A cant word for strumpet, given by Boyer, in his French Dictionary, as equivalent to "trull." Compare Middleton, The Roaring Girl, i. 1:

Moll. Sirrah, where's your *doxy?* halt not with me.
Omnes. Doxy! Moll, what's that?
Moll. His wench.

Compare Burns, The Jolly Beggars:

And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our *doxies* on the hay.

Aunts, line 11 below, has the same meaning, as is very distinctly set forth in a passage quoted by Steevens from Dekker's Honest Whore, i. 2: "to call you one o' mine *aunts*, sister, were as good as call you arrant whore." Compare Middleton, Michaelmas Term, iii. 1: "She demanded of me whether I was your worship's *aunt* or no. Out, out, out!" (Works, x. 470); and Parson's Wedding, iii. 1: "Yes, and follow her, like one of my *aunts*" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, xiv. 448).

122. Line 4: *For the red blood reigns in the winter's* PALE.—This probably means paleness, as in Venus and Adonis, 589–591:

a sudden *pale* . . .
Usurps her cheek.

It may allude to pale, an inclosure—probably enough combines both meanings.

123. Line 7: *Doth set my* PUGGING *tooth* ON *edge.*—Ff. print *an*, which was modernized by Theobald. Steevens quotes from Middleton and Dekker's Roaring Girl, v. 1, a passage in which the word *puggards* occurs in list of various classes and conditions of thieves:

and know more laws
Of cheators, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, curbers,
With all the Devil's black-guard.
—Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 546.

Steevens also tells us that *pugging* is "used by Greene in one of his pieces," but he gives no reference.

124. Line 10: *With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay.*—This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 reads:

With heigh, the Thrush and the Iay.

125. Line 20: *budget.*—It is as well to say, for the credit of Shakespeare's rhymes, that *budget* in the Ff. is spelt *Bowget*, and is thus a very fair rhyme for *avouch it. Budget*, which the principles of modernization oblige one to substitute, is of course no rhyme at all. Probably Shakespeare deliberately misspelt the word for the sake of the rhyme.

126. Line 24: *My father nam'd me Autolycus.*—Autolycus was the son of the light-fingered god Mercury, and his career seems to have reflected great credit on the paternal training.

127. Line 28: *my revenue is* THE SILLY CHEAT.—Steevens says that the *silly cheat* is one of the technical terms belonging to the art of coney-catching or thievery mentioned by Greene in his treatise on that art.

128 Lines 33, 34: *every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling.*—Malone says in his note on this passage: "Dr. Farmer observes to me, that to *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool. . . . The meaning, therefore, of the Clown's words is: 'Every eleven wether tods; *i.e. will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool.'" Ritson notes, on the authority of Stafford's Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye, 1581, p. 16, that the price of a tod of wool was at that period twenty or two-and-twenty shillings; so the medium price was exactly "pound and odd shilling."

129. Line 39: *our sheep-shearing feast.*—In some parts of Somersetshire and Dorset—perhaps elsewhere—sheep-shearing time is still kept with festivities. Steevens quotes, as an illustration of the frequent complaints as to the expense of these feasts, Questions of profitable and pleasant Concernings, &c., 1594: "If it be a *sheep-shearing feast*, Maister Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three shepheards' wages, spent on fresh cates, besides *spices* and *saffron* pottage."

130. Line 45: *three-man songmen all; i.e.* singers of catches in three parts. In the first edition of Dekker's Shoemaker's Holiday, 1600, two "*Three-men's Songs*" are printed at the beginning, without any definite indication as to their position in the play.

131. Line 48: *the warden-pies.*—A large cooking pear is, or was, known as *warden.* The word is in Walker's Dictionary, ed. 1837; in later editions I do not find it. Ogilvie, Imperial Dictionary, defines it as "a kind of pear chiefly used for roasting or baking: so called because it keeps long before it rots," and cites Beaumont and Fletcher: "I will have him roasted like a *warden.*' Steevens cites a quibble on the name in Ben Jonson's Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed: "A deputy tart, a church-*warden* pye."

132. Line 49: *that's out of my* NOTE.—Grant White is probably correct in explaining *out of my note*, "not among the matters of which I am to take note;" it is indeed improbable that Shakespeare could have intended to represent a fellow like the worthy "clown" as a reader of manuscript. Rolfe bids us see Twelfth Night, v. 1. 299, where another "clown" is to be found reading from a paper; but in that case the clown was a professional jester attendant on a lady of rank, not a simple rustic.

133. Line 54: *I' the name of me!*—This is usually printed with Rowe's punctuation: *I' the name of me*—: the Ff. have a full stop after *me.* A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, cited by the Cambridge editors, suggests that the clown was going to say *I' the name of mercy!* when he was interrupted by Autolycus. Steevens compares the form of interjection *Before me* (as in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 194), and says that *I' the name of me* is a vulgar exclamation which he has often heard. It does not seem to me entirely unfamiliar; so I have replaced the mark of interruption by a note of exclamation.

134. Line 88: *that kills my heart.*—Compare Henry V. ii. 1. 92: "The king has *kill'd his heart.*"

135. Line 92: *troll-my-dames.*—This is an old game, called in French *trou-madame*, and sometimes known as pigeon-holes, a description of which is quoted by Farmer from Dr. Jones' Benefit of the Ancient Bathes of Buckstone: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, and maydes, may in one of the galleries walke: and if the weather bee not agreeable to their expectacion, they may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, into the whiche to trowle pummates, or bowles of leade, bigge, little, or meane, or also of copper, tynne, woode, eyther vyolent or softe, after their owne discretion; the pastyme *troule-in-madame* is termed." Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "Troll-madam, *subst.* (*or* Pigeon-holes, a sort of game) *Trou-madame*, sorte de Jeu." Another name for it was "trunks."

136. Line 101: *he hath been since an* APE-BEARER.—The *ape-bearer* was an important functionary of the time. Compare Ben Jonson, Induction to Bartholomew Fair: "He has ne'er a sword-and-buckler man in his fair; nor a juggler with a well-educated *ape* to come over the chain for the King of England, and back again for the prince." Compare, too, Massinger's Bondman, iii. 3, where "Enter Gracculo, leading Asotus in an ape's habit, with a chain about his neck." The early part of the scene may be consulted for indications of the professional duties of apes.

137. Lines 102, 103: *then he compass'd a* MOTION *of the Prodigal Son.*—*Motion* was used in Shakespeare's time in the sense of puppet-show. Compare Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, v. 1: "O, the *motions* that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to since my master, Pod, died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh and the City of Norwich and Sodom and Gomorroh."

138. Line 108: *prig.*—This cant term for a thief is still in familiar use as a slang verb—to *prig.* Ogilvie, Imperial Dictionary, quotes De Quincey, who refers to "all sorts of villains, knaves, *prigs*, &c."

139. Line 132: *Jog on, jog on*, &c.—These lines are part of a catch printed in An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches, 1661, p. 69. The melody is given in The Dancing Master, 1650, under the title of "Jog on, my honey." Knight gives the air in his Pictorial Shakespeare.

140. Line 133: *And merrily* HENT *the stile-a.—Hent,* meaning to take hold of, and so here, no doubt, to clear, occurs again in another sense still, in Measure for Measure, iv. 6. 14, and, as a noun, in Hamlet, iii. 3. 88:

> Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid *hent.*

The word is from the Anglo-Saxon *hentan.* Compare Chaucer, Prologue, 696–698:

> He seide, he hadde a gobet of the seyl
> That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
> Uppon the see, till Jhesu Crist him *hente.*

Steevens quotes Spenser, Faerie Queene, bk. iii. canto vii.

> Great labour fondly hast thou *hent* in hand.

In the 1729 edition of Boyer's French Dictionary the participle *hent* (meaning "caught") is given, but marked as obsolete.

141. Lines 134, 135:

> *A merry heart goes all the day,*
> *Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

Compare what seems like a reminiscence of this in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, i. 4: "I may curse the time that e'er I knew my father; he hath spent all his own and mine too; and when I tell him of it, he laughs, and dances, and sings, and cries, '*A merry heart lives long-a.*'"

ACT IV. Scene 4.

142. Line 9: *a swain's* WEARING.—Compare Othello, iv. 3. 16: "my nightly *wearing,*" the only other instance of the word.

143. Line 12: *Digest* IT. — This word, which seems equally necessary for sense and for rhythm, was added in F. 2.

144. Lines 13, 14:

> *sworn, I think,*
> *To show myself a glass.*

This evidently means, as Malone took it, that the prince seems, by his rustic disguise, as if he had sworn to show her, as in a glass, how she herself ought to have been attired. Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 67–70:

> And, since you know you cannot see yourself
> So well as by reflection, I, *your glass,*
> Will modestly discover to yourself
> That of yourself which you yet know not of.

Hanmer changed *sworn* to *swoon* (after a conjecture of Theobald's), a reading which, like many of Hanmer's, produces an easy text at the cost of all its pith and character.

145. Lines 25, 26:

> *The gods themselves,*
> *Humbling their deities to love, &c.*

Compare Dorastus and Fawnia: "The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Sibilla, Jupiter Io, and why not I Fawnia? one something inferiour to these in birth, but farre superiour to them in beautie. . . . And yet Dorastus shame not at thy shepheards weede: the heavenly godes have sometimes earthly thoughtes: Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a Bul, Apollo a shepheard, &c." (Hazlitt, pp. 55, 62).

146. Line 46: *Be merry,* GENTLE.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 15. 47: "*Gentle,* hear me;" and Measure for Measure, i. 4. 24:

> *Gentle* and fair, your brother kindly greets you.

147. Lines 60–62:

> *her face o' fire*
> *With labour, and the thing she took to quench it*
> *She would to each one sip.*

This is the punctuation of the Ff. The Cambridge editors take away the poor woman's character by the simple transposition of a comma, thus:

> her face o' fire
> With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
> She would to each one sip.

The Ff. are far from saying that her face was inflamed with drink; it is a trait of politeness that they emphasize. Where the character of a lady depends on a single comma, no gentleman can hesitate which reading to adopt.

148. Lines 74–76: *For you there's rosemary and rue,* &c.—Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 175, 176; and see the note on that passage.

149. Line 82: *gillyvors.*—That is, the flower commonly known as "gillyflower," the carnation. The word is from "caryophyllum," through the French "girofle." Steevens supposes "gill-flirt," a wanton, to be derived from *gillyvor,* "which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female." Douce reasonably infers that the bad character of gilly-flowers comes from their resemblance to a "painted woman." "The gillyflower or carnation," he reminds us, "is streaked with white and red. In this respect it is a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman, and therefore Perdita declines to meddle with it. She connects the gardener's *art* of varying the colours of the above flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time. This conclusion is justified by what she says below" (lines 101–103: "were I *painted,*" &c.).

150. Lines 105, 106:

> *The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun*
> *And with him rises weeping.*

This, says Ellacombe, Plant-Lore of Shakespeare (cited by Rolfe), is probably the "garden marigold" (*Calendula officinalis*), which was formerly much used in gardens. "It was the 'heliotrope' or 'solsequium' or 'turnesol' of our forefathers, and is often alluded to under these names." Grant White cites Coghan, The Hauen of Health, 1584, p. 68: "*marigoldes* are hoate and drye, an herbe well knowen and as usual in the kitchin as in the hall: the nature of [?them] is to open at the Sunne rising, and to close up at the Sunne setting."

151. Lines 116–118:

> *O Proserpina,*
> *For the flowers now, that frighted thou lett'st fall*
> *From Dis's wagon!*

It is evident from Venus and Adonis that Shakespeare had read Ovid, probably both in the original when at school and afterwards in Arthur Golding's translation (1567). The lines here are an evident reminiscence of the passage in the 5th book of the Metamorphoses:

ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissi;

which Golding renders:

And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,
By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her flowers went.

Halliwell quotes from Barnes, Divils Charter, 1607, the expression "the *wagon* of black *Dis.*" *Wagon* is used for carriage in All's Well, iv. 4. 34: "Our *wagon* is prepar'd."

152. Line 122: *pale primroses.*—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 221: "The flower that's like thy face, *pale primrose.*" Milton's "rathe primrose that forsaken dies" (Lycidas, 142) is a less evident echo of Shakespeare's diviner verse than the passage as it originally stood:

Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,
Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love.

153. Line 126: *The crown imperial.*—This flower (the *Fritillaria imperialis*) was originally a native of the East.

154. Line 127: *The flower-de-luce.*—Compare Henry V. v. 2. 223, 224: "what sayest thou, my fair *flower-de-luce?*" Ellacombe quotes a number of passages bearing on the question whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris. It is not of much consequence, but it seems probable that he was botanically wrong.

155. Line 142: *Nothing but that; move still, still so.*—Rolfe quotes an ingenious defence of the rhythm of this line from Cowden Clarke: "The iteration of *still* in the peculiar way that Shakespeare has used it conjoinedly with the two monosyllables *move* and *so*, gives the musical cadence, the alternate rise and fall, the to-and-fro undulation of the water—the swing of the wave—with an effect upon the ear that only a poet gifted with a fine perception would have thought of." I suppose no one will deny that Shakespeare was a poet gifted with a fine perception.

156. Lines 147, 148:

but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't.

Is this a reminiscence of Hero and Leander, third sestiad, lines 39, 40:

Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep.
With damask eyes *the ruby blood doth peep?*

Shakespeare quotes directly from the poem in As You Like It, iii. 5. 82, 83:

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
"Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"

The "dead shepherd's" immortal "saw" is in sestiad 1, line 176. It should be noticed that in order to get the proper rhythm in line 148 it must be read with a strong accent on the word *true*, a lesser accent having been laid on the first word of the line. Perhaps there is some corruption in the text.

157. Line 160: *That makes her blood look* OUT.—Ff. read *on't*, which is an evident misprint for the word substituted by Theobald, *out.*

158. Line 169: *a worthy* FEEDING.—Steevens quotes Drayton, Polyolbion, vi.: "their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility." Compare As You Like It, ii. 4. 99, where *feeder* is used for shepherd, one who *feeds* the flocks.

159. Line 192: *milliner.*—Shakespeare uses this word only here and in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 36: "perfumed like a *milliner.*" Schmidt defines *milliner* "a man who deals in fancy articles," and this, rather than the purely modern meaning, is the sense in both passages. *Milliner* is generally supposed to have originally meant one who deals in Milan wares, but, says Wedgwood, Dictionary of English Etymology, no positive evidence has been produced in favour of the derivation.

160. Line 195: *burdens of* DILDOS *and* FADINGS.—*Dildo* and *fading* are both burdens frequently met with in old ballads, as in songs cited by Malone, the burden of one (from The Choice Drollery, 1656, p. 31) being:

With a *dildo, dildo, dildo,*
With a *dildo, dildo,* dee;

and of another (from Sportive Wit, 1656, p. 58): "with a *fading*, with a *fading.*" A *fading* is said to be an old Irish dance, and as such is referred to by Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher. There is a lengthy note on the name and character of the dance in the Variorum Shakspeare, xiv. 429, 430, part of which, a description of the Irish dance, still (or at least in 1803) to be met with "on rejoicing occasions in many parts of Ireland. 'The dance is called *Rinca Fada*, and means literally 'the long dance.' . . . A king and queen are chosen from amongst the young persons who are the best dancers, the queen carries a garland composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribbands; you have seen it, I daresay (writes Malone's Irish correspondent), with the May-maids. Frequently in the course of the dance the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under; all the rest of the line linked together follow in succession: when the last has passed the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions; this is often repeated during the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent."

161. Lines 200, 201: "*Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*"—In The Famous History of Friar Bacon, says Farmer, there is a ballad to the tune of "Oh! do me no harme, good man." The tune is preserved in a collection of Ayres, to sing and play to the Lvte and Basse Violl, with Pauins, Galliards, Almaines, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl, by William Corbine, 1610.

162. Line 204: *Has he any* UNBRAIDED *wares?*—*Unbraided wares* may mean, as Steevens suggests, anything besides laces which are *braided*—the principal commodity of pedlars; it has been thought, from a passage in All's Well, iv. ii. 73, where *braid* is used for deceitful (A. S. *brægd*, deceit), that *unbraided* may more probably mean not counterfeit, genuine, as in Steevens' quotation from Anything for a Quiet Life: "She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided ware*, and that you give not London measure." Schmidt suggests that *unbraided* may be the clown's blunder for "embroidered."

163. Line 208: *inkles.*—See Love's Labour's Lost, note 69.

164. Line 208: *caddises.*—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 79: "*caddis*-garter." *Caddises* were "worsted tapes or bindings, used for garters, &c." (New English Dictionary).

Compare Lyly, Euphues (ed. 1868, p. 220): "The country dame girdeth herselfe as straight in the waste with a course *caddis*, as the Madame of the court with a silk riband.'

165. Line 211: *the sleeve-hand.*—Cotgrave defines "*Poignet de la chemise,*" "the wristband or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt.

166. Line 212: *the square; i.e.* the square cut on the bosom. Tollet cites Fairfax, Godfrey of Bulloigne, xii. 64:

> Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives
> Her curious *square*, emboss'd with swelling gold.

Tasso says simply *la vesta.*

167 Line 221: *Cyprus.*—See Twelfth Night, note 123. There, however (ii. 4. 53), the word seems to mean the cypress wood; here it is obviously used for a sort of crape. The word is rendered *byssus crispata* by Minsheu, who describes it as "a fine curled linen." Nares quotes two interesting allusions to it from Jonson, Every Man in his Humour, i. 3: "And shadow their glory as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn, or a black *cyprus;*" and Epigram 73:

> Your partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn
> In solemn *cyprus*, th' other cobweb lawn.

The word, in the sense of mourning, occurs in the first stage-direction to the Puritan: "Enter the Lady Widow Plus, Frances and Moll, Sir Godfrey with Edmond, all in mourning; the latter in a *cyprus* hat."

168. Line 228: *poking-sticks of steel.—Poking-sticks* were instruments something like curling-tongs, used, when heated, for adjusting the plaits of ruffs. Compare Middleton, Blurt Master Constable, iii. 3 (cited by Steevens): "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your lily sweating hands." For a description of *poking-sticks* see Stubbes, The Second Part of the Anatomie of Abuses (no date): "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as siluer, yea and some of siluer it selfe, and it is well, if in processe of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt, or a squibbe, which little children vsed to squirt out water withall, and when they come to starching, and setting of their ruffes, than must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe. For you know heate will drie, and stiffen any thing. And if you woulde know the name of this goodly toole, forsoothe the deuill hath given it to name a putter, or else a putting sticke, as heare say" (sig. F 2, back). Stubbes inveighs against ruffs and all their appurtenances at great length, and with awful solemnity.

169. Line 247: *kiln-hole.*—Here, and in Merry Wives, iv. 2. 59, where the word also occurs, *kiln* is spelt *kill*, in the Folio, following, no doubt, the common pronunciation. It is not certain whether it means the mouth of an oven or the opening under a stove. Harris says that "*kiln-hole* is pronounced *kill-hole* in the midland counties, and generally means the fire-place used in making malt, and is still a noted gossiping place."

170. Line 250: CLAMOUR *your tongues.*—Grey suggested that *clamour* is a misprint for "charm" (*i.e.* silence), and the emendation was introduced into the text by Hanmer. Grant White, in adopting it, thinks it "impossible to resist the conclusion that the word in the Folio" is a misprint, and quotes Taming of the Shrew, iv. 2. 58: "To tame a shrew, and *charm* her chattering tongue," &c. Collier, noting the conjecture and Gifford's approval of it, thinks "it may be doubted nevertheless." Hunter quotes Taylor the Water-Poet:

> *Clamour* the promulgation of your tongues.

Hudson is of opinion that there is some connection between the word and the provincialism *clam* or *clem*, sometimes called *clammer*, *i.e.* literally to stop up, and so, figuratively, to stop. Perhaps this may be the right interpretation of a somewhat puzzling expression.

In Notes and Queries, 2nd Series, No. 83, Aug. 1, 1857, Mr. Thomas Keightley remarks, in reference to this passage: "Taylor, I believe, printed his own poems, and such a 'perversion' could hardly have escaped his eye; and I think that both he and Shakespeare used a verb pronounced like *clamour*, but which should be spelt *clammer*, and signified to press or squeeze; so that *clammer your tongue* is the same as *hold your tongue.* It is true *clammer* is not in use, but *clem* (i.q. *clam*) is. I myself have heard a peasant in Hants say 'his stomach was *clemmed* with fasting,' *i.e.* squeezed, pressed together; and Massinger uses it exactly in the same sense:

> When my entrails
> Were *clemmed* with keeping a perpetual fast.
> —Roman Actor, ii. 1.

where Coxeter and M. Mason read *clammed*, as it is in the passage from Antonio and Mellida, quoted in Mr. Wright's Dictionary, s.v. *Clam.*" In Notes and Queries, 6th Series, vol. vi. July 8, 1882, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson assigns yet another meaning to the word, which, however, arrives at pretty much the same general sense. He quotes from Holyoke Rider's English-Latin Dictionary: "the apparently then semi-obsolete verb 'to *clamme*, v. stoppe.'" "Again, in W. Dickinson's Dialect of Cumberland (E. D. S., 1878) I found (says Dr. Nicholson), '*Clammers*, S.W., a yoke for the neck of a cow to prevent her leaping hedges' (*i.e.* a contrivance to stop or restrain her, a stopper). The bucolic clown, therefore, using a bucolic figure, said: '*Clammer* [*i.e.* put the *clammers* on] your tongues, and let them not be unruly; not a word more.' Shakespeare, had he but once heard this verbal form of the phrase, would have been struck with its difference from, its almost opposition to, the ordinary *clamour*, and have remembered it the more readily." It will thus be seen that we have in evidence two verbs to *clammer*, both having practically the same signification. It seems unnecessary to alter the spelling, so variable a thing in those days.

171. Line 253: *a tawdry-lace.*—A *tawdry lace*, sometimes known as a *tawdry*, was a ribbon for the head or neck. The word is supposed to be derived from St. Audrey, according to some because it could be bought at St. Audrey's fair, according to others because the saint died of a swelling in the throat, which she regarded as a judgment for her having been too much addicted to the particular vanity of necklaces. In Latham's Johnson there is a quotation from Drayton:

Not the smallest beck,
But with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for her neck.

Compare too Spenser, The Faithful Shepherdess:

The primrose chaplet, *tawdry lace* and ring.

172. Line 253: *a pair of sweet gloves.*—See Much Ado, note 242.

173. Line 271: BLESS ME FROM *marrying a usurer!*—Compare Much Ado, v. 1. 145: "God *bless me from* a challenge!"

174. Line 279: *Here's another ballad of a fish*, &c.—Malone quotes from the Stationers' Register, 1604, the following entry: "A straunge reporte of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waist upward, seene in the sea." In Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, under date A.D. 1180, it is said: "This year also near unto Oxford in Suffolk, certain fishers took in their nets a fish, having the shape of a man in all points, which fish was kept by Bartholomew de Glandeville in the castle of Oxford six months and more." Halliwell refers to a number of "ballads, broadsides, and fugitive pieces on all kinds of wonders." The present dialogue, he says, "seems to be a general, not a particular, satire; but it may be curiously illustrated by an early ballad of a fish, copied from the unique exemplar preserved in the Miller collection, entitled,—'The discription of a rare or rather most monstrous fishe, taken on the east side of Holland the xvij. of November, anno 1566.' . . . In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a register of all the shows of London from 1623 to 1642, is 'a license to Francis Sherret to shew a *strange fish* for a yeare, from the 10th of March, 1635."

175. Line 316: SAD *talk.*—For *sad*=serious, see Twelfth Night, note 202.

176. Line 330: *That doth* UTTER *all men's ware-a.*—*Utter* is used two or three times in Shakespeare in the sense of sell, or more strictly, "cause to pass from one hand to another" (Schmidt). See Romeo and Juliet, note 205.

177. Lines 333, 334: *men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers.*—A dance of satyrs was a frequent part of mediæval entertainments. Hudson quotes Bacon, Essay 37, who says of antimasques: "They have been commonly of fools, *satyrs*, baboons, wildmen, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, cupids, statues moving, and the like." One of the most famous, for the consequences it was like to have brought, was that in which Charles VI. nearly lost his life. See Froissart, book iv. ch. 53 (Johnes' translation, ed. 1839, vol. ii. pp. 550–552). There is a print of the masque, from a fifteenth-century MS., on p. 551. The Variorum Shakspeare gives another print, vol. xiv. p. 372.

178. Line 335: *a gallimaufry.*—This word is used again by Pistol in Merry Wives, ii. 1. 119. Steevens cites Cockeram, Dictionary of Hard Words, 1622: "*Gallimaufry*, a confused heape of things together." Boyer gives it as the equivalent of "hotch-potch." The word is from the French *galimafrée*, a hash. Ogilvie, Imperial Dictionary, quotes Spenser: "They have made our English tongue a *gallimaufry* or hodge-podge of all other speeches."

179. Line 348: *by the squire.*—*Squire* or *squier*, from the O. Fr. *esquierre*, means the square, or foot-rule; as in Stanyhurst's Preface to his translation of the first four books of the Æneid, 1582: "hauing no English writer beefore me in this kind of poëtrye with whose *squire* I should leauel my syllables." The word is used in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 474; see note 198.

180 Line 363: *marted.*—Compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 11:

To sell and *mart* your offices for gold;

and Cymbeline, i. 6. 151.

181. Line 372: *who.*—Ff. read *whom*, as in 434 below.

182. Lines 375, 376:

the FANN'D SNOW *that's bolted*
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 141, 142:

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' *snow*,
Fann'd with the eastern wind.

183. Line 411: *dispute his own estate.*—That is, as Steevens paraphrases it, "reason upon his own affairs." Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 63:

Let me *dispute* with thee of thy *estate.*

184. Line 439: *That thou no more shalt see this knack as never*, &c.—Ff. have:

That thou no more shalt *neuer* see this knacke, (as neuer), &c.

The reading in the text is Rowe's, now universally adopted. The Cambridge editors very justly defend the emendation as follows: "1. The misprint is of a very common sort. The printer's eye caught the word at the end of the line. 2. The metre is improved by the change. The line was made doubly inharmonious by the repetition of 'never.' 3. The sense is improved. Polixenes would rather make light of his son's sighs than dwell so emphatically upon their cause."

185. Line 442: *Far than Deucalion off.*—*Far* is printed in the Ff. *farre, i.e.* the old form of the comparative, *ferre*=farther. Compare Chaucer, Canterbury Tales, Prologue, 48 (ed. Morris, Clarendon Press):

And there to hadde he riden, noman *ferre.*

Deucalion, the Noah of the Greek Deluge, is alluded to again, much as here, in Coriolanus, ii. 1. 102: "worth all your predecessors since Deucalion."

186. Line 450: HOOP *his body.*—This is Pope's correction of the Ff.'s misprint or variation of spelling, *hope.*

187. Line 457: *Looks on alike.*—Rolfe well observes that this mode of expression "does not differ essentially from *look on*=be a looker-on, which is still good English. We say now 'I stood looking on' (Taming of Shrew, i. 1. 155) though we have ceased to use *look upon* in the same way; as in Troilus and Cressida, v. 6. 10: 'He is my prize; I will not look upon.' . . . See also v. 3. 100 below. Dyce says that these passages are 'not akin to the present.' But *look upon* as there used *implies* an object as it does here; the only difference being that in the one case the omission of the object is the rule, while in the other it is the exception."

188. Line 469: *Where no priest shovels in dust.*—Till the reign of Edward VI. it was customary in burial services

for the priest, in saying "earth to earth," to cast the first earth upon the coffin.

189. Lines 472, 473:

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

Compare Macbeth, ii. 3. 96, 97:

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time.

190. Line 478: *You know* YOUR *father's temper.*—F. 1 has *my*, which is obviously wrong. The correction is made in F. 2.

191. Line 511: *And most opportune to* HER *need.*—This is the reading of F. 1, which has been all but universally abandoned (even by the Cambridge editors) in favour of Theobald's very plausible emendation *our*. Boswell defends the original reading on the ground that "*her* need" = the need we have of her, *i.e.* the vessel—which does not seem to me at all reasonable. I think, though for a very different reason, that *her* is not improbably right. Florizel's main thought is of Perdita, and by saying "*her* need" he shows how completely she has absorbed his thoughts to the exclusion even of himself.

192. Line 524.—*Now, good Camillo;*—I have adopted here the punctuation of the Cambridge editors—a semicolon instead of the usual comma after *Camillo*. Malone inserted a stage-direction, "going," at the close of Florizel's present speech. The Cambridge editors remark: "We think Malone's stage-direction 'going' was inserted under a mistaken view of Florizel's meaning. He apologizes to Camillo for talking apart with Perdita in his presence. At the commencement of this whispered conversation he said to Camillo, 'I'll hear you by and by,' and at the close of it he turns again to him with 'Now, good Camillo;' &c."

193. Line 525: *curious.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 70, the only other passage in which the word is used in this particular sense.

194. Lines 549, 550:

But as the unthought-on accident is GUILTY
To *what we wildly do.*

Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 168:

But, lest myself be *guilty to* self-wrong.

195. Line 560: *asks thee* THE *son forgiveness.*—The first two Ff. have *there* instead of *the*, which is the reading of the later Ff. and probably right. The Old-Spelling editors contrive to preserve the words of F. 1 by a very ingenious change of punctuation, thus:

Asks thee there, "Sonne! forgiuenesse!"

I do not think, however, that Shakespeare could have written so jerky a line as this makes, or used so curious a construction as *asks* with an exclamatory sentence depending on it.

196. Line 588: *But not* TAKE IN *the mind.—Take in* is used several times in Shakespeare for subdue, conquer. Compare Coriolanus, i. 3. 23–25:

our aim; which was,
To *take in* many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

See also Massinger, A New Way to Pay Old Debts, v. 1. 235:

An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
To *take in* Dunkirk.

197. Lines 594, 595:

Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

F. 1 reads thus:

Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks.

The later Ff. have a full-stop after this. The reading in the text (Hanmer's) seems to give better sense than if we take it, as some editors do, with "I'll blush you thanks" in a separate clause. F. 1 favours either reading, so that an editor is free to follow his own preference.

198. Line 609: *pomander.*—A *pomander* was a ball composed of perfumes, worn to sweeten the breath and preserve from infection. Steevens gives a recipe for making it from Lingua, 1607, iv. 3: "Your only way to make a good *pomander* is this: Take an ounce of the purest garden mould, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water. Then take the best labdanum, both storaxes, amber-gris and civet and musk. Incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog." Halliwell, in his Folio ed. (vol. 8) covers pp. 228–234 with accounts and illustrations of *pomanders*. Another recipe may be quoted which he gives from Markham's English Housewife, ed. 1675, p. 109: "*To make Pomanders.*—Take two penny-worth of labdanum, two penny-worth of storax liquid, one penny-worth of calamus aromaticus, as much balm, half a quarter of a pound of fine wax, of cloves and mace two penny-worth, of liquid aloes three penny-worth, of nutmegs eight penny-worth, and of musk four grains: beat all these exceedingly together till they come to a perfect substance, then mould in any fashion you please, and dry it."

"In Lord Londesborough's museum," says Halliwell, p. 229, "is preserved a fine and very curious specimen . . . which includes an original perfume ball . . . that still retains a faint scent. It consists of a small case of copper gilt, which opens on a hinge in the centre. It has a ring above for suspension, the surface being covered with geometric tracery which is perforated for the escape of the scent inside. This takes the form of a compact ball, moulded in lines across it, through which a wire passes forming a loop above to secure it inside the metal case, and to the lower part of the wire a small silver knob is attached."

199. Line 624: *I would have* FIL'D *keys* OFF.—So F. 3 and F. 4. F. 1 has *fill'd Keyes of.*

200. Lines 654, 655: *the gentleman is half* FLAY'D *already.*—Ff. print the word *fled*. In Boyer's French Dictionary we find "To Flea, *Verb Act.* (*or* pull the skin off) *Escorcher*," and "Flead, *Adj. Escorché.*"

201. Line 668: *For I do fear eyes over.*—So Ff. Rowe added *you*, and Dyce reads *over's*. It is probably an elliptical expression for overseeing eyes.

202. Line 680: *I shall* REVIEW *Sicilia.*—Shakespeare only uses *review* in one other place, Sonnet lxxiv. 5, 6:

When thou *reviewest* this, thou dost *review*
The very part was consecrate to thee.

In both places it is used in its primary meaning, to see again.

203. Line 728: *fardel.*—Cotgrave has "Fardeau: a *fardle*, burthen, trusse, packe, bundle." Compare More's Utopia (Ralph Robinson's translation, 1551): "I caste into the shippe in the steade of marchandise a prety *fardel* of bookes" (p. 119, ed. Arber). *Fardel*, though used six times in this play, occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare but in Hamlet, iii. i. 76.

204. Line 731: *Pray heartily he be* AT PALACE.—In F. 1 the reading is *at ' Pallace*, the later Ff. omitting the apostrophe. Rowe prints *at the palace*, which is of course what the Clown should have said, but not so certainly what he did say. The Cambridge edd. suggest that "perhaps the Clown speaks of the King being 'at palace' as he would have spoken of an ordinary man being 'at home;'" but it seems to me more probable that the apostrophe is used to indicate a very rapid pronunciation of the word *the*, such as is common now in the North, where a countryman would certainly speak of being *at t' palace.*

205. Line 734: *my pedler's* EXCREMENT.—See Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 110, note 159 (vol. i. p. 65), and compare Dekker, The Gull's Hornbook, 1609, ch. iii.: "But, alas, why should the chins and lips of old men lick up that *excrement* which they violently clip away from the heads of young men?"

206. Line 741: *of what* HAVING.—Compare Merry Wives, iii. 2. 73: "The gentleman is of no *having*," &c.

207. Lines 743–746: *Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie*, &c.—Rolfe very well explains this passage, in defending it against a suggested emendation of Mr. Daniel's: "When [Autolycus] said that *tradesmen* 'often give us soldiers the lie,' he probably meant that they did it by lying about their wares (a trick that he was sufficiently familiar with); but, he adds, 'we pay them for it with stamped coin, not with stabbing steel'—as they deserve, or as you would suppose"

208. Line 751: *with the manner.*—See Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 204, note 15 (vol. i. p. 54).

209. Lines 759, 760: *Think'st thou, for that I insinuate*, OR TOAZE *from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?*—F. 1 reads *at toaze*, which the later Ff. render *or toaze.* Both form and meaning of the word are uncertain. The Cambridge edd. even suggest that Autolycus may have "coined a word to puzzle the clowns, which afterwards puzzled the printers." It seems probable that *toaze* is a variant, perhaps intentional, upon *touze*, for which, perhaps, it may be merely a misprint. *Touze* or *tease* means to pull or draw, and is thus, as Henley remarks in an excellent note, the precise opposite to *insinuate.* "The [latter] signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the former to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense:

—close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded.
—Paradise Lost, bk. iv. l. 347.

—coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to *teaze* the housewife's wool.
—Comus, l. 749."

210. Lines 768, 769: *Advocate's the court-word for a* PHEASANT.—Kenrick unnecessarily suggests that *pheasant* should be *present.* As Steevens very sensibly says: "As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant.*" Halliwell quotes from the Journal of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665: "I gave to Mr. Cripps, Solicitor, for acting for me in obtaining my qualifications, and effecting it, £1. 10*s.*; and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon, and presenting my lord with *two brace of pheasants*, 10*s.*"

211. Line 780: *by the picking on 's teeth.*—Compare King John, i. 1. 190:

He and his *toothpick* at my worship's mess;

where the Bastard is describing, and satirizing, the habits of a man of elegance, one who "moved in the best society."

212. Line 813: *'nointed over with honey*, &c.—Reed quotes a description of a similar mode of torture from a contemporary work, The Stage of Popish Toyes, 1581, p. 33: "he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with *hony*, forced him naked to enter in it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on him; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life."

213. Line 825: *being something gently* CONSIDER'D.—Steevens quotes The Ile of Gulls, 1633, iii. 1. [p. 65, Bullen's reprint]: "Thou shalt be well *considered;* there's twentie Crownes in earnest." Scott, in The Fortunes of Nigel, represents the old miser Trapbois as having the word *consideration* (in precisely its present sense) constantly upon his lips. Grant White quotes Shirley, School of Complement, iii.: "Roundelaye's very good; here is moneyes and *considerations*, looke ye" (ed. 1637, p. 35).

ACT V. SCENE 1.

214. Line 12: Paul. TRUE, *too true, my lord.*—The first *True* in the Ff. is added to the foregoing speech. Theobald was the first to correct an evident transposition of the printer's.

215. Line 30: *the former queen is* WELL.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 31–33:

Mess. First, madam, he is *well.*
Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are *well.*

Henley suggests that the expression is derived from 2 Kings iv. 26.

216. Lines 57–60:

would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"

The Ff. read:

> would make her Sainted Spirit
> Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage
> (Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
> And begin, why to me?

The anonymous conjecture adopted in the text has been finally received by the Cambridge editors, and appears in the Globe Shakespeare. The passage is perhaps corrupt: nothing, at all events, can be said quite certainly about it. But the emendation we have accepted seems to do less violence to the original text than any other of the numerous attempts that have been made to patch up a confessedly doubtful text. Malone suggests that *Why to me?* may be supposed to mean "Why to me *did you prefer one less worthy?*" Boswell conjectures: "Why such treatment to me? when a worse wife is better used." If the text here is correct, Leontes is probably meant to break off his sentence, whatever it may have been, abruptly, which he is much in the habit of doing.

217. Lines 60, 61:

> *Had she such power,*
> *She had just cause.*

The first two Ff. read "She had iust *such* cause," which the Old-Spelling editors, who adopt this reading, explain by taking *just such* as="even such." The later Ff. omit *such*, and I think rightly. While it is barely possible that F. 1 is right, there are such strong reasons for thinking it is wrong that one need not hesitate to prefer the later reading. As for the metre, that is not better one way than the other, but the sense is vastly improved by the omission of *such*, and nothing could be more probable than the supposition that the word *such* in the previous line caught the compositor's eye and was inserted here by mistake.

218. Line 66: *Should* RIFT *to hear me.*—*Rift* is used as a verb only here and in Tempest, v. 1. 45. *Rive* is used several times. Skeat, Etymological Dictionary, states that the word *rift* (spelt *ryft*) occurs in Palsgrave's Lesclaircissement de la Langue Francoyse, 1530.

219. Line 75:

> Cleo. *Good madam,—*
> Paul. *I have done.*

I have adopted Capell's emendation. The Ff. give the whole line to Cleomenes: "Good Madame, I haue done;" a reading which seems, if intelligible, self-contradictory.

220. Line 142: WORN *times.*—Compare Taming of Shrew, iii. 2. 120:

> Could I repair what she will *wear* in me.

Worn times is of course a synonym for wasting years, *i.e.* old age.

221. Lines 159, 160:

> *from him whose daughter*
> *His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her.*

The comma after *his*, necessary to the sense, was first introduced by Hanmer.

ACT V. Scene 2.

222. Line 6: *amazedness.*—This word occurs only here and in Merry Wives, iv. 4. 55.

223. Line 60: *like a* WEATHER-BITTEN CONDUIT.—Henley compares Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 130:

> How now! a *conduit*, girl? what, still in tears?

and states that a conduit in the figure of a woman still exists (that is, existed in his time) at Hoddesdon, Herts. F. 3 changes *weather-bitten* to the more familiar *weather-beaten;* but Ritson quotes an instance of such an expression ("*weather-bitten* epitaph") from the preface to the 2nd part of Antony Mundy's Gerileon of England, 1592. Skeat, in his Etymological Dictionary, says that there "can be little doubt that, at least in some cases, the right word is *weather-bitten, i.e.* bitten by the weather [as here]. The latter is a true Scandinavian idiom. We find Swed. *väderbiten*, lit. weather-bitten, but explained in Widegren as 'weather-beaten.'"

224. Line 106: *that rare Italian master,* JULIO ROMANO.—The anachronism of this reference to Giulio Pippi, known as Giulio Romano (1492–1546), serves to emphasize the emphatic praise of the allusion—one of the very few contemporary allusions made by Shakespeare. "Ape of Nature" is a title accorded to more than one painter by his flatterers; it was given, among others, to Giotto's disciple Stefano.

225. Line 132: *relish'd.*—Schmidt explains *relish'd* as "having a pleasing taste." Rolfe very well suggests that the meaning may be, "it would have counted as nothing in comparison with my discredits, would not have served to give them even a 'relish of salvation' (Hamlet, iii. 3. 92)."

226. Lines 177, 178: *a tall fellow of thy hands.*—This expression is still, in a measure, used, though the word *tall* has quite lost the meaning it had in Shakespeare's time, and which gave point to the phrase (see Twelfth Night, i. 3. 20, and the foot-note on *tall*). Cotgrave has: "*Haut à la main, Homme à la main, Homme de main:* a man of his hands; a man of execution or valour; a striker, like enough to lay about him;" and Halliwell quotes Palsgrave, Lesclaircissement, &c., 1530: "He is *a tall man of his hands, C'est ung habille homme de ses mains.*"

ACT V. Scene 3.

227. Line 14: *The* STATUE *of her mother.*—This is, as we see later, a *painted* statue. They were sometimes met with in Shakespeare's time. Rolfe compares Ben Jonson, The Magnetic Lady, v. 5:

> *Rut.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
> *Sir Moth.* And have it painted in most orient colours.
> *Rut.* That's right! all city statues must be painted;
> Else they 'll be worth nought in their subtle judgments.

I remember a painted image of St. Francis in a Catholic church, which, with a little art in the arrangement of light and curtains, might well have passed for a living man. One hears too of persons speaking to some of Madame Tussaud's more casual celebrities. It would, one would think, be quite as easy for life to simulate stone, as for stone to mimic life.

228. Line 18: *Lonely.*—F. 1 has *Louely, i.e. Lonely* with a turned *n*, one of the commonest printing errors. The later Ff. mistakenly print *Lovely.*

229. Lines 62, 63:

> *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—*
> *What was he that did make it?*

Some editors have very needlessly imagined that a line has been lost between these two lines, and Mr. Collier was kind enough to invent a line for the purpose. The sentence suddenly broken short, and the abrupt swerve of thought, is entirely characteristic of Leontes, and would indeed be natural enough in any one under similar circumstances.

230. Lines 67, 68:

> *The* FIXURE *of her eye has motion in 't,*
> *As we are mock'd with art.*

Fixure is used only here and in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 101 (F. 1). Clarke explains the passage: "The immobility of eye proper to a statue seems to have the motion of a living eye, as we are thus beguiled by art." Malone and Steevens take *as* to mean *as if*.

231. Line 100: *look upon.*—See note 187.

232. Line 132: PARTAKE *to every one; i.e.* impart; as in Pericles, i. 1. 152, 153:

> our mind *partakes*
> Her private actions to your secrecy.

233. Lines 149–151:

> *This* IS *your son-in-law,*
> *And son unto the king,* WHO, *heavens directing,*
> *Is troth-plight to your daughter.*

Ff. print:

> This your Son-in-law,
> And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
> Is troth-plight to your daughter.

Malone defends this reading on the assumption that "*whom* heavens directing" is in the absolute case, and has the same signification as if the poet had written "*him* heavens directing." But if taken in this sense, the main sentence becomes "This your son-in-law is troth-plight to your daughter"—surely a very tautological statement. It is quite possible that Shakespeare may have written *whom* for *who*, but it seems better to make the correction with Capell. The insertion of *is* was made by Dyce, upon the suggestion of Sidney Walker. Probably what Shakespeare wrote was *This'* = *This is.*

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN THE WINTER'S TALE.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.
The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Across (prep.)	iv.	4	15
Allay (sub.)	iv.	2	9
Ape-bearer	iv.	3	101
Attentiveness	v.	2	94
Bailiff	iv.	3	102
Bed-swerver	ii.	1	93
Behind-door-work[1]	iii.	3	76
Behindhand	v.	1	151
Benched (vb. tr.)	i.	2	314
Bespice	i.	2	316
Between (sub.)	iii.	3	62
Beverage	i.	2	346
Bitterest (sub.)	iii.	2	217
Blister (vb. intr.)	ii.	2	33
Borrow (sub.)	i.	2	39
Branch (verb)	i.	1	27
Break-neck	i.	2	363
Budget[2] (sub.)	iv.	3	20
By-gone	i.	2	32
	iii.	2	185
Carnations[3]	iv.	4	82
Carver[4]	v.	3	30
Chamber-councils	i.	2	237
Cheat (sub.)	iv.	3	29, 129
Childness	i.	2	170
Chisel	v.	3	78
Clerk-like	i.	2	392
Climate (verb)	v.	1	170

[1] *behinde-doore worke* in F. 1.
[2] = leathern bag.
[3] Flowers. [4] = sculptor.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Coactive	i.	2	141
Co-heirs	ii.	1	148
Co-join	i.	2	143
Connive	iv.	4	692
Couples[5] (sub.)	ii.	1	135
Court-contempt	iv.	4	759
Court-odour	iv.	4	758
Court-word	iv.	4	769
Credulity	ii.	1	192
Crone	ii.	3	76
Crown imperial	iv.	4	126
Cupbearer	i.	2	313, 345
Currants	iv.	3	40
Daffodils	iv.	3	1
	iv.	4	118
Dedication[6]	iv.	4	577
Derivative	iii.	2	45
Dibble	iv.	4	100
Dildos	iv.	4	195
Dimples[7]	ii.	3	101
Discontenting	iv.	4	543
Discredits (sub.)	v.	2	133
Dished	iii.	2	73
Disjunction	iv.	4	540
Disliken	iv.	4	666
Distinguishment	ii.	1	86
Doxy	iv.	3	2
Ear-deafening	iii.	1	9

[5] = ties for holding dogs.
[6] = committing, giving up.
[7] Venus and Adonis, 242.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Elevated	v.	2	81
Enfoldings	iv.	4	756
Escape[8] (sub.)	ii.	1	95
	iv.	4	677
Exultation	v.	3	131
Eye-glass	i.	2	268
Fadings	iv.	4	195
Fecks!	i.	2	120
Federary[9]	ii.	1	90
Fellowest (verb)	i.	2	142
Findings (sub.)	iii.	3	132
Fire-robed	iv.	4	29
*First-fruits	iii.	2	98
Fixure	v.	3	67
Flap-dragoned	iii.	3	100
Flatness	iii.	2	123
Flaunts	iv.	4	23
Flax-wench	i.	2	277
Footman[10]	iv.	3	67, 68, 69
Forbiddenly	i.	2	417
Forceful	ii.	1	163
Frequent[11] (adj.)	iv.	2	36
Frisk	i.	2	67
Front[12] (sub.)	iv.	4	3

[8] = flight; used in other senses elsewhere.
[9] = confederate; *fedary* occurs in Measure, ii. 4. 122; Cymb. iii. 2. 21. [10] = a pedestrian.
[11] = addicted; = intimate, Son. cxvii. 5.
[12] = beginning; Son. cii. 7.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Gest[13]	i.	2	41
Gillyvors	iv.	4	82, 98
Glib (verb)	ii.	1	149
Goads (sub.)	i.	2	329
Good deed[14]	i.	2	42
*Good-faced	iv	3	123
Green-sward	iv.	4	157
Ground[15]	ii.	1	159
Gust (verb)	i.	2	219
Hand-fast[16]	iv.	4	795
Harden[17]	i.	2	146
	iii.	2	53
Heartiness	i.	2	113
Heat[18] (verb)	i.	2	96
Heavings (sub.)	ii.	3	35
Hefts	ii.	1	45
Heirless	v.	1	10
Honey-mouthed	ii.	2	33
Honour-flawed	ii.	1	143
Hoop[19] (verb)	iv.	4	450
Hornpipes	iv.	3	47
Horn-ring	iv.	4	611
Hostess-ship	iv.	4	72
Hoxes (verb)	i.	2	244

[13] = stopping-place, limit.
[14] = in very deed.
[15] = question, matter.
[16] = constraint, confinement.
[17] Lucrece, 560, 978.
[18] = to run over (as at a race).
[19] = to clasp.

WORDS PECULIAR TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Ill-doing	i.	2	70
Ill-ta'en	i.	2	460
Immodest[1]	iii.	2	103
Impudently	i.	2	274
Incertainties[2]	iii.	2	170
Inch-thick	i.	2	186
Incidency	i.	2	403
Industriously	i.	2	256
Insufficience	i.	1	15
Intelligencing	ii.	3	68
Irremovable	iv.	4	518
Issueless[3]	v.	1	174
Jar[4]	i.	2	43
Knee-deep	i.	2	186
Land-damn	ii.	1	143
Latches[5]	iv.	4	449
Lavender	iv.	4	104
Lewd-tongued	ii.	3	172
Limber	i.	2	47
Loa!	iii.	3	80
Loathsomeness	iv.	3	59
Low-born	iv.	4	156
Lozel	ii.	3	109
Mace[6]	iv.	3	49
Magnificence	i.	1	13
*Main-mast	iii.	3	94
Medal	i.	2	307
Milking-time	iv.	4	246
Missingly	iv.	2	35
Mort	i.	2	118
Nayward	ii.	1	64
Neb	i.	2	183
Necklace	iv.	4	224
Negative (adj.)	i.	2	274
Non-performance	i.	2	261
Numbness	v.	3	102
O'er-dyed	i.	2	132
Officed[7]	i.	2	172

	Act	Sc.	Line
Over-fond	v.	2	126
Over-kind	i.	1	23
Own[8] (verb)	iii.	2	60
Pair (verb)	iv.	4	154
	v.	1	116
Pash (sub.)	i.	2	128
Pettitoes	iv.	4	620
Pheasant	iv.	4	769, 770
Piedness	iv.	4	87
Plot-proof	ii.	3	6
Poisoner	i.	2	352
Poking-sticks	iv.	4	228
Pomander	iv.	4	609
Pre-employed	ii.	1	49
Pretty[9] (sub.)	iii.	3	48
Priest-like[10] (adv.)	i.	2	237
Prig	iv.	3	108
Principal[11] (sub.)	ii.	1	92
Process-server	iv.	3	102
Profaneness	iii.	2	155
Prognostication[12]	iv.	4	818
Proselytes	v.	1	108
Pugging	iv.	3	7
Race[13]	iv.	3	50
Raisins	iv.	3	52
Ram-tender	iv.	4	806
Red-looked	ii.	2	34
Reiterate	i.	2	283
Removedness	iv.	2	41
Requisite (adj.)	iv.	4	687
Review[14]	iv.	4	680
Rice	iv.	3	40, 41
Rift[15] (vb. intr.)	v.	1	66
Rover	i.	2	176
Ruddiness	v.	3	81
Rustics (sub.)	iv.	4	735
Saltiers	iv.	4	334
Savory	iv.	4	104

	Act	Sc.	Line
Scurrilous	iv.	4	215
Second[16] (adj.)	ii.	3	27
Semicircle	ii.	1	10
She-angel	iv.	4	210
Shearers	iv.	3	44, 129
Shearing (sub.)	iv.	4	77
Sheep-hook	iv.	4	431
Sheep-whistling	iv.	4	805
*Ship-side	iii.	3	112
Shoe-tie	iv.	4	611
Shoots[17] (sub.)	i.	2	128
Shore (verb)	iv.	4	869
Shoulder-blade	iv.	3	77
Shoulder-bone	iii.	3	97
Shovels (verb)	iv.	4	469
Sicilian	v.	1	164
Sighted	i.	2	388
Skulking	i.	2	289
Sleeve-hand	iv.	4	211
Smutched	i.	2	121
Snapper-up	iv.	3	26
So-forth	i.	2	218
Soften (vb. intr.)	ii.	2	40
Songmen	iv.	3	44
Soul-vexed	v.	1	59
Southward (adj.)	iv.	4	820
South-wind	v.	1	161
Sovereignly	i.	2	323
Sow-skin	iv.	3	20
Stair-work	iii.	3	75
Standing[18] (sub.)	i.	2	431
Starred	iii.	2	100
Sternness	iv.	4	24
Stone[19] (verb)	iv.	4	807, 835
Straited	iv.	4	365
Stretch-mouthed	iv.	4	196
Stupid	iv.	4	409
Swine-herds	iv.	4	332
Taleporter	iv.	4	273
Tape	iv.	4	322, 610
Tardied (verb)	iii.	2	163
Tawdry-lace	iv.	4	253

	Act	Sc.	Line
Temporizer	i	2	302
Thick (verb)	i.	2	171
*Three-pile[20]	iv.	3	14
Thrower-out	iii.	3	29
Thrush	iv.	3	10
*Tirra-lirra	iv.	3	9
Tittle-tattling	iv.	4	249
Toaze[21]	iv.	4	760
Tod (sub.)	iv.	3	34
Tods (verb)	iv.	3	33
Tongueless[22]	i.	2	92
Traitorly	iv.	4	822
Troll-my-dames	iv.	3	92
Troth-plight (sub.)	i.	2	278
Troth-plight[23] (adj.)	v.	3	151
Unanswered	v.	1	229
Unbraided	iv.	4	204
Unbreeched	i.	2	155
Undescried	iv.	4	669
Undreamed	iv.	4	578
Unearthly	iii.	1	7
Unfilial	iv.	4	417
Unintelligent	i.	1	15
Unmarried	iv.	4	123
Unpathed	iv.	4	578
Unrolled[24]	iv.	3	130
Unroosted	ii.	3	74
Unsphere	i.	2	48
Untried	iv.	1	6
Unvenerable	ii.	3	77
Virginalling	i.	2	125
*Warden-pies	iv.	3	48
Weak-hinged	ii.	3	119
Weather-bitten	v.	2	59
Whoo-bub	iv.	4	630
Wilful-negligent	i.	2	255
Without-door	ii.	1	69
Woman-tired	ii.	3	74
Wombs (verb)	iv.	4	501
Yest	iii.	3	95

1 = immoderate; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.
2 Son. cvii. 7; cxv. 11.
3 Son. ix. 3.
4 = tick of a clock; elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.
5 Lucrece, 339, 358.
6 A spice.
7 Occurs in Othello, i. 3. 271.

8 = to confess; used elsewhere in other senses.
9 Pass. Pilgrim, 201.
10 Used as an adj. in Coriolanus, v. 1. 56.
11 = accomplice.
12 = art of knowing the future.
13 = root.
14 Son. lxxiv. 5.
15 Used trans. in Temp. v. 1. 45.

16 = helpful.
17 = young branches.
18 = time of existence; = station, Timon, i. 1. 31.
19 = to pelt with stones; Lucrece, 978. Figuratively = to harden, Othello, v. 2. 63.

20 Used as a proper name, Meas. iv. 3. 11.
21 *Touse* in Measure, v. 1. 313.
22 = not mentioned; thrice used elsewhere in the ordinary sense.
23 Henry V. ii. 1. 21.
24 = struck off the roll.

KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Cardinal Campeius.
Capucius, ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, king's secretary, afterwards bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, servant to Wolsey.
Griffith, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, physician to the king.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

Queen Katharine, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
Anne Bullen, her maid of honour, afterwards queen.
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Bishops, Lords, and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

Scene—Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

Historic Dates, arranged in the Order of the Play:[1] Field of the Cloth of Gold, June 1520. War declared with France, March 1522. Visit of the Emperor to the English court, May–July 1522. Buckingham brought to the Tower, April 16, 1521. Henry becomes acquainted with Anne Bullen, 1527. Arraignment of Buckingham, May 1521. His execution, May 17, 1521. Commencement of proceedings for the divorce, August 1527. Cardinal Campeius arrives in London, October 1528. Anne Bullen created Marchioness of Pembroke, September 1532. Assembly of the Court at Blackfriars to try the case of the divorce, May 1529. Cranmer abroad working for the divorce, 1529, 1533. Return of Cardinal Campeius to Rome, 1529. Marriage of Henry with Anne Bullen, January 1533. Wolsey deprived of the great seal, October 15, 1529. Sir Thomas More chosen Lord Chancellor, October 25, 1529. Cranmer consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, March 30, 1533. Nullity of the marriage with Katherine declared, May 23, 1533. Death of Cardinal Wolsey, November 29, 1530. Coronation of Anne, June 1, 1533. Death of Queen Katherine, January 8, 1536. Birth of Elizabeth, September 7, 1533. Cranmer called before the Council, 1544. Christening of Elizabeth, September, 1533.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1–4.—Interval.
Day 2: Act II. Scenes 1–3.
Day 3: Act II. Scene 4.
Day 4: Act III. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 5: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.
Day 6: Act IV. Scenes 1, 2.—Interval.
Day 7: Act V. Scenes 1–5.

[1] From Mr. Daniel's Time-Analysis of Henry VIII.

KING HENRY VIII.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY AND CRITICAL REMARKS.[1]

Henry VIII. was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it ends the series of "Histories." The main historical authorities, which it follows with extreme exactitude, were, in the first four acts, Holinshed's Chronicles; in the fifth, Foxe's Acts and Monuments of the Church, commonly known as the Book of Martyrs. The play is a good deal indebted, directly or indirectly, to a narrative then in MS., George Cavendish's Life of Cardinal Wolsey, largely quoted from by both Holinshed and Hall, though the book itself was not published till 1641. Closely as the play follows its authorities, alike in the main course of incident and in the general choice of language, there are numerous deviations from the chronological order of events. These will be seen by referring to Mr. Daniel's table of "historic dates in the order of the play."

So far we have dealt with facts: what remains must be but conjecture. It is as well to say frankly, that we know with certainty neither who wrote Henry VIII., nor when it was written. I shall give, first, the scanty records, the few external facts relating to the play; then, the various theories which have been brought forward as to its date and authorship; not having much hope of being able, finally, to speak myself on all points with the enviable assurance of one whose mind is fully and confidently made up.

The first allusion to a play on the subject of Henry VIII. is found in an entry in the Stationers' Registers under date February 12, 1604–5: "Nath. Butter] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print it, and then procure the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy." This play, which Collier "feels no hesitation" in supposing to be the play which we find in the Folio, may more reasonably be identified with the rough and scrambling historical comedy of Samuel Rowley, When you see me, you know mee; or, the famous Chronicle Historie of King Henrie the Eight, with the berth and vertuous life of Edward Prince of Wales, which Nathaniel Butter published in 1605. It is a bluff, hearty, violently Protestant piece of work, the Protestant emphasis being indeed the most striking thing about it. The verse is formal, with one or two passages of somewhat heightened quality; the characters include a stage Harry, a very invertebrate Wolsey, a Will Sommers whose jokes are as thin as they are inveterate, a Queen Katharine of the doctrinal and magnanimous order, a modest Prince Edward; with minor personages of the usual sort, and, beyond the usual, a Dogberry and Verges set of watchmen, with whom, together with one Black Will, King Henry has a ruffling scene. The play was reprinted in 1613, in 1621, and again in 1632.

The next allusion which we find to a play on the subject of Henry VIII. is in connection with the burning of the Globe Theatre on June 29, 1613. In the Harleian MS. 7002, leaf 268, there is a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Pickering, dated "this last of June, 1613," in which we read: "No longer since then yesterday, while Bourbege his companie were acting at ye Globe the play of Hen: 8, and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph; the fire catch'd & fastened upon the thatch of ye house and

[1] I have found it necessary in this case to combine the Literary History and the Critical Remarks, instead of giving them, as usual, separately. An Introduction to Henry VIII. has to deal with disputed conclusions, and the "critical remarks" become so many arguments, and have to come forward when and where they are wanted.

there burned so furiously as it consumed the whole house & all in lesse then two houres (the people having enough to doe to save themselves)." On July 6, 1613, Sir Henry Wotton writes to his nephew (Reliq. Wotton. p. 425, ed. 1685): "Now to let matters of state sleep; I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the Bank-side. The king's players had a new play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient in truth, within a while, to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within an hour, the whole house to the very ground." In the 1615 edition of Stowe's Annales, "continued and augmented by Edmond Howes," we read (p. 926) under date 1613: "Also vpon S. Peters day last the play-house or Theater, called the *Globe*, vpon the Banck-side, neere London, by negligent discharging of a peale of ordnance close to the south side thereof tooke fier, & the wind sodainly disperst ye flame round about, & in a very short space ye whole building was quite consumed, & no man hurt: the house being filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of *Henry* the 8. And the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner then before."

It will thus be seen that in 1613 a play on the subject of Henry VIII. was being acted at the Globe under the name of All is True. It is described by Sir Henry Wotton as "a new play." Further, it represented "King Henry making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house," where chambers were discharged in his honour, as in the Folio Henry VIII. i. 4. (stage-direction, after line 49: "Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged"). It also apparently contained a scene in which Katharine was brought to trial. The name, All is True, is perfectly appropriate to the play which we have in the Folio, and in the Prologue there are three expressions which may be taken as references to such a title: line 9: "May here find *truth*, too;" line 18: "To rank our chosen *truth* with such a show;" and line 21: "To make that only *true* we now intend." So far, we have a certain show of evidence, very slight indeed, which might lead us to suppose (in the absence of other evidence to the contrary) that the play All is True, acted as a new play at the Globe in 1613, was that which is printed as Henry VIII. in the First Folio of Shakespeare. There is nothing, however, to tell us that this play of 1613 was by Shakespeare.

Leaving for the present the question of date, we must now consider the more important question of authorship. And here we should premise that the fact of Henry VIII. having been printed in the First Folio is far from being a conclusive argument on behalf of its genuineness, whole or partial. The editors of the First Folio had an elastic sense of their editorial responsibilities. They admitted Titus Andronicus and the three parts of Henry VI., which it is practically certain that Shakespeare did no more than revise; as well as The Taming of the Shrew, which we know to be a recast of the earlier play The Taming of a Shrew. They did *not* admit Pericles, which was published in Quarto under Shakespeare's name, generally recognized at the time as his, and, in the greater part of it, so obviously Shakespearian that its authenticity could not have been seriously doubted.

The first to call attention to the metrical peculiarities of Henry VIII. was a certain Mr. Roderick, Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, some of whose notes are given in the sixth and posthumous edition of Thomas Edwardes' Canons of Criticism, published in 1758. Roderick notes (1) that "there are in this Play many more verses than in any other, which end with a redundant syllable. . . . this Play has very near *two* redundant verses to *one* in any other Play;" (2) that "the

Cæsuræ, or Pauses of the verse, are full as remarkable;" (3) "that the emphasis, arising from the sense of the verse, very often clashes with the cadence that would naturally result from the metre." "What Shakespear intended by all this," he adds, "I fairly own myself ignorant."

Before this, Johnson had observed that the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine, and that every other part might be easily conceived and easily written. Later, Coleridge, in 1819, distinguished Henry VIII. from Shakespeare's other historical plays as "a sort of historical masque or show-play." Even Knight was forced to acknowledge that the moral which he traces through the first four acts has to be clenched in the fifth by—referring to history for it! It was not, however, till 1850 that it occurred to anyone to follow out these clues by calling in question the entire authenticity of the play. In that year the suggestion was made by three independent investigators. Emerson, in his Representative Men, treating of Shakespeare, says passingly: "In Henry VIII. I think I see plainly the cropping out of the original rock on which his own finer stratum was laid. The first play was written by a superior, thoughtful man, with a vicious ear. I can mark his lines, and know well their cadence. See Wolsey's soliloquy, and the following scene with Cromwell, where—instead of the metre of Shakespeare, whose secret is, that the thought constructs the tune, so that reading for the sense will best bring out the rhythm—here the lines are constructed on a given tune, and the verse has even a trace of pulpit eloquence. But the play contains, through all its length, unmistakable traits of Shakespeare's hand, and some passages, as the account of the coronation, are like autographs. What is odd, the compliment to Queen Elizabeth is in the bad rhythm." In taking it for granted that in Henry VIII. Shakespeare is to be seen altering an earlier piece of work, rather than working contemporaneously with another dramatist, or allowing his own work to be altered, Emerson simply follows in the line of Malone's investigations into the construction of the three parts of Henry VI. It did not lie within his scope to investigate the matter further; the passage, indeed, in which he states his view, is a digression from his main argument. In August of the same year Mr. James Spedding published in the Gentleman's Magazine a paper entitled "Who wrote Shakespeare's Henry VIII.?" in which he dealt at considerable length with the question of authorship. "I had heard it casually remarked," he says, "by a man of first-rate judgment on such points [Tennyson] that many passages in Henry VIII. were very much in the manner of Fletcher. . . . I determined upon this to read the play through with an eye to this especial point, and see whether any solution of the mystery would present itself. The result of my examination was a clear conviction that at least two different hands had been employed in the composition of Henry VIII.; if not three; and that they had worked, not together, but alternately upon distinct portions of it." On August 24, 1850, a letter appeared in Notes and Queries from Mr. Samuel Hickson (the writer of an investigation into the authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen, published in the Westminster Review of April, 1847), stating that he himself had made the same discovery as Mr. Spedding three or four years back, and desiring (he adds) "to strengthen the argument of the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by recording the fact that I, having no communication with him, or knowledge of him, even of his name,[1] should have arrived at exactly the same conclusion as his own." In 1874 the New Shakspere Society republished Mr. Spedding's essay and Mr. Hickson's letter, supporting the theory of double authorship by Mr. Fleay's and Mr. Furnivall's application of certain further metrical tests. In a paper read before the New Shakspere Society, November 13, 1874, Professor J. K. Ingram expressed himself as not so fully convinced that the non-Fletcherian portion of the play was by Shakespeare as that the non-Shakespearian part was by Fletcher. "In reading the (so-called) Shaksperian part of the play I do not often feel myself in contact with a

[1] Mr. Spedding's article was published under the initials J. S.

mind of the first order. Still, it is certain that there is much in it that is *like* Shakspere, and some things that are worthy of him at his best; that the manner, in general, is more that of Shakspere than of any other contemporary dramatist; and that the system of verse is one which we do not find in any other, whilst it is, in all essentials, that of Shakspere's last period. I cannot name anyone else who could have written this portion of the play" (New Sh. Soc.'s Transactions, 1874, p. 454). Finally, Mr. Robert Boyle, in an Investigation into the Origin and Authorship of Henry VIII., read before the New Shakspere Society, January 16, 1885, attempted to prove that Shakespeare had no share whatever in the play, but that the part formerly assigned to him was really written by Massinger, and that Massinger and Fletcher wrote the play in collaboration. Mr. Spedding had accepted the generally-received date of 1612 or 1613, and suggested that the play may have been put together in a hurry on the occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage (February, 1612–13); Mr. Boyle contended that the play was not produced till 1616, probably not till 1617, and that it was written to supply the place of All is True (possibly Shakespeare's, possibly not), which was destroyed in the Globe fire of 1613.

Such, in brief, are the main theories with regard to the various problems raised by this puzzling play. I have purposely avoided saying much as to the question of date, both because I think there is little enough to be said, and because this little is rather an inference from, than a support to, whatever theory of authorship we may choose to follow.

That Shakespeare—or that any single writer—did not write the whole of Henry VIII., seems to me (to take a first step) practically beyond a doubt. So much we can hardly fail to accept; first, on account of the incoherence of the general action, the utter failure of the play to produce on us a single calculated effect; secondly, on the even stronger evidence of the versification. As Hertzberg remarks, Henry VIII. is "a chronicle-history with three and a half catastrophes, varied by a marriage and a coronation pageant, ending abruptly with the birth of a child." Spedding rightly notes that "the effect of this play *as a whole* is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. . . . The greater part of the fifth act, in which the interest ought to be gathering to a head, is occupied with matters in which we have not been prepared to take any interest by what went before, and on which no interest is reflected by what comes after." It is not merely that there are certain defects in the construction—defects in construction are to be found in nearly every play of Shakespeare. The whole play is radically wanting in both dramatic and moral coherence. Our sympathy is arbitrarily demanded and arbitrarily countermanded. We are expected to weep for the undeserved sorrows of Katharine in one act, and to rejoice over the triumph of her rival, the cause of all those sorrows, in another. "The effect," as Spedding expressively puts it, "is much like that which would have been produced by the *Winter's Tale* if Hermione had died in the fourth act in consequence of the jealous tyranny of Leontes, and the play had ended with the coronation of a new queen and the christening of a new heir, no period of remorse intervening." That Shakespeare, not only in the supreme last period of his career, but at any point in that career at which it is possible that the play could have been written, should be supposed capable of a blunder so headlong, final, and self-annulling, is nothing less than an insult to his memory. It is difficult to fancy that any single writer, capable of so much episodical power, could have produced a play in which the point of view is so constantly and so unintelligibly shifted.

This we say is difficult, but it is impossible to believe that any single writer could have produced a play in which the versification obeys two perfectly distinct laws in perfectly distinct scenes and passages. The unanswerable question is: Did Shakespeare at any period of his life write verse in the metre of Wolsey's often-quoted soliloquy (iii. 2. 350–

372)? If one may believe the evidence of one's ears, never; nor is the metre so admirable that we can suppose he would take the trouble to acquire it, lacking as it is in all that finer magic, in all that subtler faculty of expression, which marked, and marked increasingly, his own verse. The versification of some portions of the play does undoubtedly bear a considerable resemblance to the later versification of Shakespeare. We have thus in one play verse which is like Shakespeare's, and verse which is unlike Shakespeare's. The conclusion is inevitable: two writers must have been engaged upon it. Messrs. Spedding and Hickson agreed in dividing the play as follows. To the writer whose versification is like Shakespeare's (and whom they took to be Shakespeare) they assigned i. 1. 2., ii. 3. 4., iii. 2. (as far as line 203), and v. 1. The rest of the play they assigned to the other author. Mr. Boyle, in his examination of the play, while substantially following this division, assigns to the Shakespeare-like author iv. 1. (rightly, as I think), and also adds to his share i. 4. lines 1–24, 64–108, ii. 1. lines 1–53, 137–169, and v. 3. lines 1–113. Reading the remaining parts of the play, the parts written in the metre of that soliloquy of Wolsey, so markedly unlike, as I have said, the metre of Shakespeare, we find that the metre is as markedly similar to that of Fletcher. Compare with this passage the following typical passage from one of Fletcher's plays, The False One, ii. 1.:

I have heard too much;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind as you have done my conquest.
Ye are poor and open; I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recognise the benefits,
The great and bounteous services of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it.
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths and friends about my person,
I durst not trust you, nor expect a courtesy
Above the pious love you show'd to Pompey.
You have found me merciful in arguing with ye;
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor seeds of sunburnt Egypt;
And now you have found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline with all your flatteries,
That when the day gives light will be himself still,
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies.
Go and enbalm the bones of that great soldier;
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phœnix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies.

This gives, in an extreme form, those characteristics which peculiarly distinguish the verse of Fletcher, and which (it will be seen) distinguish equally the passage of Henry VIII. to which I have referred, and all those portions of the play already indicated: there is the same abundance of double and triple endings, the same fondness for an extra accented syllable at the end of a line (a characteristic which is inveterate in Fletcher and of which scarcely an example is to be found in the work of any of his contemporaries), the same monotony, the same clash of metrical and sense-emphasis. Emerson, in the passage already quoted, defines admirably the difference between this metre and that of Shakespeare—a difference which is indeed so obvious as to make definition seem unnecessary. It may be doubted whether in the whole of Shakespeare there is such a line as this (iii. 2. 352):

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth—

where the double ending is composed of two equally accented syllables. Examples by the score could be cited at a moment's notice from any play of Fletcher's, and from Fletcher's plays alone. May we not therefore feel justified in assigning to Fletcher (in the absence, be it understood, of any distinguishing Shakespearian features in the characterization and the language) those portions of the play in which the versification is precisely like that of Fletcher and completely unlike that of Shakespeare or any other known dramatist?

We have now to consider the authorship of the remaining part of the play—the more important part, not only because it contains the famous trial-scene, but because the writer introduced, and doubtless sketched out, the various characters afterwards handled by himself

and his coadjutor. Are these characters, we may ask first, worthy of Shakespeare, and do they recall his manner of handling? Is their language the Shakespearian language, the versification of their speeches the Shakespearian versification? Or do the characters, language and versification seem more in the style of Massinger, or of any other writer?

In looking at the characters in Henry VIII. we must not forget that they were all found ready-made in the pages of Holinshed. The same might to a certain extent be said of all Shakespeare's historical plays: the difference in the treatment, however, is very notable. In Henry VIII. Holinshed is followed blindly and slavishly; some of the most admirable passages of the play are almost word for word out of the Chronicles; there are none of those illuminating touches by which Shakespeare is wont to transfigure his borrowings. Nor does Shakespeare content himself with embellishing: he creates. Take, for example, Bolingbroke, of whose disposition Holinshed says but a few words: the whole character is an absolute creation. Shakespeare's fidelity to his authorities is not so great as to prevent him from rejecting material ready to his hand where such material is at variance with his own conception of a character. For example, Holinshed records a speech of Henry V. before the battle. Shakespeare writes a new one, in marked contrast to it. Again, Holinshed gives a speech of Hotspur delivered shortly before the battle of Shrewsbury. Shakespeare puts quite other words and thoughts into Hotspur's mouth. In both cases Holinshed furnished a speech that might well have been turned into blank verse; nevertheless it was set aside. But in Henry VIII. Holinshed is followed with a fidelity which is simply slavish.

The character of Katharine, for instance, on which such lavish and unreasoning praise has been heaped, owes almost all its effectiveness to the picturesque narration of the Chronicles. There we see her, clearly outlined, an obviously workable figure; and it cannot be said that we get a higher impression of her from the play than we do from the history. The dramatist has proved just equal to the occasion: he has taken the character as he found it, and, keeping always very close to his authority, he has produced a most admirable copy—transplanting rather than creating. To speak of the character of Katharine as one of the triumphs of Shakespeare's art seems to me altogether a mistake. The character is a fine one, and it seems, I confess, almost as far above Massinger as it is beneath Shakespeare. But test it for a moment by placing Katharine beside Hermione. The whole character is on a distinctly lower plane of art: the wronged wife of Henry has (to me at least) none of the fascination of the wronged wife of Leontes: there are no magic touches. Compare the trial-scene in Henry VIII. (ii. 4.) and the trial scene in Winter's Tale (iii. 2.). I should rather say contrast them, for I can see no possible comparison of the two. Katharine's speech is immeasurably inferior to Hermione's, alike as art and as nature. It has none whatever of that packed imagery, that pregnant expressiveness, that vividly metaphorical way of being direct, which gives its distinction to the speech of Hermione. It is, moreover, almost word for word from Holinshed (see note 171). As for the almost equally famous death-scene, I can simply express my astonishment that anyone could have been found to say of it, with Johnson, that it is "above any other part of Shakespeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic." Tender and pathetic it certainly is, but with a pathos just a little limp, if I may use the word—flaccid almost, though, thanks to the tonic draught of Holinshed, not so limp and flaccid as Fletcher often is.

If Katharine is a little disappointing, Anne is an unmitigated failure. That she is meant to be attractive is evident from the remarks made about her in various parts of the play, in which we are told that she is "virtuous and well-deserving," that she is "a gallant creature and complete," that "beauty and honour" are mingled in her, and the like. And what do we see? A shadow, a faint and unpleasing sketch—the outline of one of those slippery women whom Massinger so often drew. She would sympathize with the queen,

and her words of sympathy are strained, unnatural in her; she is cunning, through all her affected primness ("For all the spice of your hypocrisy," says the odious Old Lady to her); and in what we see of her at Wolsey's banquet she is merely frivolous. In all Shakespeare's work there is no such example of a character so marred in the making, so unintentionally degraded (after Massinger's inveterate manner) as this of Anne. I would rather think that Shakespeare began his career with Lavinia than that he ended it with Anne.

Turning to the character of Henry VIII. we find a showy figure, who plays his part of king not without effect. Looking deeper, we discover that there is nothing deeper to discover. The Henry of history is a puzzling character, but the Henry of a play should be adequately conceived and intelligibly presented. Whatever disguise he may choose to assume towards the men and women who walk beside him on the boards, to us he must be without disguise. As it is, we know no more than after reading Holinshed whether the Henry of the play believed or did not believe—or what partial belief he had—in those "scruples," for instance, to which he refers, not without a certain unction. He is illogical, insubstantial, the merely superficial presentment of a deeply interesting historical figure, who would, we may be sure, have had intense interest for Shakespeare, and to whom Shakespeare would have given his keenest thought, his finest workmanship.

A greater opportunity still is lost in the case of Wolsey. We hear a great deal of his commanding qualities, but where do we see them? Arrogance we see, and craft, but nowhere does he produce upon us that impression of tremendous power—of magnificence, in good and evil—which it is clearly intended that he should produce. Is it credible that the dramatist who, in the shape of a swoln and deluded Falstaff, drives in upon us the impression of the man's innate power with every word that he utters, and through all his buffetings and disgraces, should, with every advantage of opportunity, with such a figure, ready made to his hand, as Wolsey, have given us this merely formal transcript from Holinshed, this "thing of shreds and patches?" How dramatically would Shakespeare have worked the ascending fortunes of the man to a climax—with what crushing effect, and yet how inevitably, brought in the moment of downfall! As it is, the effect is at once trivial and spasmodic, and the famous soliloquies, even, when one looks at them as they really are, but fine rhetorical preachments, spoken to the gallery; fine, rhetorical, moving, memorable, but not the epilogue of a broken fortune, the last words of a bitterness worse than death, as Shakespeare or as nature would have given them. One feels that there is no psychology underneath this big figure: it stands, and then it is doubled up by a blow; but one sees with due clearness neither why it stood so long nor why it fell so suddenly. The events happen, but they are not brought about by that subtle logic which, in Hamlet or in Lear, constructs the action out of the character, and so enables us to follow, to understand, every change, however sudden and unlooked-for, in the uncertain fortunes of a tormented human creature struggling with the powers of fate and of his own nature.

Now all this, so incredible in Shakespeare, is precisely what we find again and again in his contemporaries, and nowhere more than in Fletcher and Massinger. In Shakespeare, never neglectful of the requirements of the stage, the picturesqueness is made to grow out of the real nature of things: Fletcher and Massinger, only too often, are ready to sacrifice the strict logic of character to the momentary needs of a dramatic spectacle, the stage-interest of sudden reverses. And in all that I have been saying of the character-drawing which we see in this play, little has been said which would not lead us to assign this work, so far beneath Shakespeare, to such fine but imperfect dramatic poets as Fletcher and Massinger.

I have spoken of the evidences of Fletcher's metre which we find in certain parts of the play, evidences which seem scarcely to admit of a doubt. But I confess that the metre and language of the non-Fletcherian portion do not seem to me by any means so clearly assignable to Massinger. Massinger's verse is

a close imitation of the later verse of Shakespeare; but it is an imitation which stops short at the end of no very lengthy a tether. The verse of the non-Fletcherian portion of Henry VIII. rings neither true Shakespeare nor true Massinger, and I know of no other dramatist to whom it can be attributed. There are lines and passages which, if I came across them in an anonymous play, I should assign without hesitation to Massinger; there are also lines and passages to which I can recollect no parallel in all his works. Mr. Boyle, in his valuable paper already quoted, gives a certain number of "parallel passages" in support of the Massinger authorship, but I cannot say that they appear to me altogether conclusive. Nor is the argument from supposed historical allusions, by which he assigns the play to 1616 or 1617, a date which would favour the theory that Massinger and Fletcher wrote together, anything more than vaguely conjectural. As I have said before, we really do not know when this play was written; there is nothing to forbid the assumption that it was a new play in 1613, there is nothing to forbid the assumption that it was not written till 1616 or 1617. The backward limit of date is indeed fixed by the characteristics of the metre; but the very slight evidence which identifies the play of Henry VIII. as we have it, with the play All is True, which was being performed on the occasion of the Globe fire, is not conclusive enough to stand in the way of a later date, should a later date seem to be demanded by other considerations. We are thus free to deal with the question of authorship entirely on internal evidence. I have already given my reasons for believing that Shakespeare wrote neither the whole nor a part of the play, and that Fletcher did write certain portions of it. But I cannot hold with any assurance that the second author has yet been discovered. It seems not improbable that this second author was Massinger. But it is far from certain, and, at present, a definite judgment on this point would be premature.

STAGE HISTORY.

A strong light is cast upon the first known performance of King Henry VIII. While this work was in course of performance at the Globe Playhouse on Tuesday, 29th June, 1613, through the "negligent discharging of a peal of ordnance, close to the South side thereof the Thatch took fire, and the wind suddenly disperst the flame round about, and in a very short space the whole building was quite consumed and no man hurt; the house being filled with people, to behold the play, viz., of Henry the Eight" (Howes; Stow, Chronicles, p. 1003; quoted by Mr. Fleay). References to this calamity are found in a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, 8th July, 1613 (Winwood's Memorials, iii. 469), and in a second from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, 30th June, 1613 (see Fleay's Life of Shakespeare, p. 250). According to the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ this event occurred at "a new play acted by the Kings players at the Bankside called *All is True* representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth." For a more extended account of this accident the reader is referred to the literary history of the play. To the literary rather than the stage history of the play belongs the question whether the piece then given was the Henry VIII. of Shakespeare or another of the many plays on a similar subject which saw the light early in the seventeenth century, and that also of how much of the existing Henry VIII. is by Shakespeare. Almost if not absolutely conclusive that the play then acted was not Shakespeare's is the evidence on which Halliwell-Phillipps and other commentators rely. The famous "sonnett upon the pittifull burneing of the Globe playhowse in London" says:

> Out runne the knightes, out runne the lordes,
> And there was great adoe;
> Some lost their hattes, and some their swordes;
> Then out runne Burbidge too;
> The reprobates, thoughe druncke on munday
> Pray'd for the Foole and Henry Condye.

In a reputed endeavour to save some properties the fool and Henry Condye or Condell ran exceptionally narrow risks of their lives, hence the pious aspirations on their behalf on the part of those penitent after Saturday's debauch. It is just possible, however, that the fool, though in the house, was not concerned

in the play. Concerning the performance we at least learn from the "sonnett" that in the representation Burbage, Condell, and old stuttering Heminges, as he is called, took part. Roberts the player, who communicated some vague and not too trustworthy information concerning the early stage, says that Lowin performed King Henry the Eighth and Hamlet. So far as regards the latter character Roberts is at fault, since the Historia Histrionica and Downes's Roscius Anglicanus both show that Joseph Taylor was its original exponent, the former saying: "He performed that part incomparably well." Lowin was, however, King Henry VIII., and had his instructions from "Mr. Shakespeare himself" (Roscius Anglicanus, p. 24). Some light upon stage matters is thrown by the prologue, obviously not by Shakespeare, to the extant play of Henry VIII., in which reference is made to the price of admission:

> Those that come to see
> Only a show or two, and so agree
> The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
> I'll undertake may see away their shilling
> Richly in two short hours.

No long time after the Restoration Henry VIII. was dragged to light and produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Then as subsequently it was regarded as a pageant. On 1st Jan. 1663–4, Pepys went to the Duke's House and "saw the so much cried up play of Henry the Eighth," and observed concerning it: "which though I went with resolution to like it, is so simple a thing made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done." Previous to this, under the date 10th Dec. 1763, he speaks of it, saying he is told by Wotton, his shoemaker, "of a rare play to be acted this week of Sir William Davenant's. The story of Henry the Eighth with all his wives." D'Avenant is guiltless of any known tampering with the play. Downes is unexpectedly diffuse and garrulous concerning Henry the Eighth, telling us how by order of Sir William D'Avenant it "was all new Cloathed in proper Habits." He gives a portion even of the cast, which is as follows:—

King	=	Betterton.
Wolsey	=	Harris.
Buckingham	=	Smith.
Norfolk	=	Nokes.
Suffolk	=	Lilliston.
Campeius and Cranmer	=	Medbourne.
Gardiner	=	Underhill.
Surrey	=	Young.
Lord Sands	=	Price.
Queen Katharine	=	Mrs. Betterton.

It was performed fifteen days consecutively with general applause. With not too articulate enthusiasm Downes says: "The part of the King was so right and justly done by Mr. Betterton, he being Instructed in it by Sir William (D'Avenant) who had it from Old Mr. Lowen that had his Instructions from Mr. Shakespear himself, that I dare and will aver, none can, or will come near him in this Age in the performance of that part." Harris, we learn from Pepys, had just returned to the theatre. His Cardinal Wolsey Downes places near Betterton's King in regard of merit, saying he does it "with such just State, Port and Mein, that I dare affirm none hitherto has Equalled him" (Roscius Anglicanus, p. 24). Beside the new scenery Downes notes that the dresses were new, not only of the King, but of all "the Lords, the Cardinals, the Bishops, the Doctors, Proctors, Lawyers, Tip-staves." This meant much in those days when dresses were so costly that monarchs and noblemen used to give their discarded costumes to the players.

Henry the Eighth was first produced at the Haymarket, 15th February, 1707, the theatre having then been opened by Swiney or Mac Swiney with a company of actors from Drury Lane. Betterton was once more the King; Verbruggen, Wolsey; Booth, Buckingham; Mills, Norfolk; Colley Cibber, Surrey; Bullock, Lord Sandys; Mrs. Barry, Queen Katharine; and Mrs. Bradshaw, Anne Bullen: an exceptionally strong cast. It was produced at Drury Lane 21st May, 1722, the actors being Booth, Cibber, Wilks, Mills, Johnson, Thurmond, Miller, Williams, Penkethman, Norris, and Mrs. Porter. The disposition of the characters is not given. Mrs. Porter was, however, Queen Katharine. Booth

would, of course, be King Henry VIII., and Johnson was doubtless Gardiner, which was his great part. On Oct. 30, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, it was played, but no actors are mentioned. The cast, however, was probably the same that was assigned it at the same house on the 22nd of the following April, namely:

Henry VIII.	=	Quin.
Wolsey	=	Boheme.
Buckingham	=	Ryan.
Cromwell	=	Walker.
Queen Katharine	=	Mrs. Parker.
Anne Bullen	=	Mrs. Bullock.

Its next revival attained great celebrity for a reason not belonging intrinsically to the play. This took place at Drury Lane on 26th Oct. 1727, the principal actors being Booth, who played the King, Cibber = Wolsey, Wilks = Buckingham, Mills = Cranmer, Johnson = Gardiner, Mrs. Porter = Queen Katharine. On this occasion a spectacle of the coronation of Anne Bullen was added. Colley Cibber is very proud concerning the success of this. In his suit in Chancery against Sir Richard Steele, in which he was his own counsel, he said, addressing the court: "Now, Sir, though the Menagers" (of Drury Lane, consisting of himself, Wilks, and Booth) "are not all of them able to write Plays, yet they have all of them been able to do (I won't say as good, but at least) as profitable a thing. They have invented and adorn'd a Spectacle that for Forty Days together has brought more Money to the House than the best Play that ever was writ. The Spectacle I mean, Sir, is that of the Coronation-Ceremony of Anna Bullen." These words, with the entire speech, Cibber, with pardonable vanity, gives in the Apology (vol. ii. p. 206, ed. Lowe). The coronation of George the Second had taken place on the 11th of the month, and the popularity of the spectacle is thus easily conceived.

Apart from this adventitious aid the performance had signal merit. Barton Booth, then at the height of his powers, was an admirable King. Theophilus Cibber declares that "Mr. Booth in this part, though he gave full scope to the humour, never dropt the dignity of the character . . . When he appeared most familiar he was by no means vulgar; when angry, his eye spoke majestic terror . . . he gave the full idea of that arbitrary Prince, who thought himself born to be obeyed" (Life of Booth p. 75). Colley Cibber was much praised as Wolsey, a character that seems totally unsuited to him. Davies holds that "his manner was not correspondent to the grandeur of the character. The man who was familiar in the greatest courts of Europe, and took the lead in the councils and designs of mighty monarchs, must have acquired an easy dignity in action and deportment, and such as Colley Cibber never understood" (Dram. Misc. i. 351). It is anticipating somewhat to say that in regard to this character Davies praises Mossop for speaking with the requisite feeling and energy, but declares that "his action, step and the whole conduct of his person were extremely awkward" (*Ibid.*). He concludes that but for extravagance of gesture and quaintness of elocution, West Digges would have been nearer the resemblance of Wolsey than any actor he had seen in the part. Ben Johnson was universally praised as Gardiner. What Davies calls "his chaste manner" would admit of no farce or buffoonery. "He preserved all the decorum proper to the character of a bishop and privy councillor" (*Ibid.* i. 427). Hippisley, who came later, added "some strokes of humour which approached to grimace and Taswell degenerated into absolute trick and buffoonery." For Mrs. Porter as Queen Katharine is reserved the warmest eulogium of Davies. "The dignity and grace of a queen were never, perhaps, more happily set off than by Mrs. Porter. There was an elevated consequence in the manner of that actress, which, since her time, I have in vain sought for in her successors" (*Ibid.* p. 366). In spite of a bad voice she reached in the more pathetic scenes of Henry the Eighth a heart-touching tenderness which Mrs. Pritchard even was unable to approach.

Henry the Eighth was a great favourite with George the Second, and was in consequence frequently revived. It was commanded three several times in one winter. Colley Cibber notes (Apology ii. 216) that when the Cardinal whispers to Cromwell the words

"Let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes.
—Act i. sc. ii.

The Solicitude of this Spiritual Minister, in filching from his Master the Grace and Merit of a good Action, and dressing up himself in it, while himself had been Author of the Evil complain'd of, was so easy a Stroke of his Temporal Conscience, that it seem'd to raise the King into something more than a Smile whenever that Play came before him" (*Ibid.*). On being asked by a "grave nobleman" after a performance of Henry the Eighth at Hampton Court how the king liked it, Sir Richard Steele replied, "So terribly well, my Lord, that I was afraid I should have lost all my Actors! For I was not sure the King would not keep them to fill the Posts at Court that he saw them so fit for in the Play." It may be added that in playing Buckingham Wilks took a part many actors of his reputation would have scorned. He scored, however, in it; was earnest and impetuous in the early scenes, and gentle, graceful, and pathetic in the later.

The coronation scene was not confined to Henry the Eighth, but was given after other plays. A rival coronation at Lincoln's Inn Fields was a failure.

Henry the Eighth was given at Drury Lane, 14th October, 1734, with a cast all but entirely changed. Harper was then the King; Mills, Wolsey; W. Mills, Buckingham; Milward, Cranmer; Miller, Lord Sands; Cibber, jr., Surrey; Shephard, Campeius; Boman, Suffolk; Mrs. Thurmond, Queen; and Miss Holliday, Anne Bullen. Johnson was still Gardiner. A performance which Genest is not at the trouble to index was given at Drury Lane 6th May, 1738, with Quin as the King, Milward as Wolsey, Havard as Norfolk, Mrs. Roberts as Katharine, and Mrs. Bennett as Anne Bullen. Mrs. Pritchard played Anne Bullen at Drury Lane 2nd January, 1740.

Henry the Eighth had escaped the kind of treatment that befell most plays of Shakespeare. It experienced some not very formidable opposition from the "Virtue Betrayed or Anna Bullen" of Banks, in which some fine actresses from Mrs. Barry downward appeared.

On 24th January, 1744, Henry the Eighth was given for the first time at Covent Garden, the coronation ceremony being revived. It was played about seven times with the following cast: King = Quin; Wolsey = Ryan; Suffolk = Stephens; Campeius = Chapman; Gardiner (Johnson being dead) = Hippisley; Lord Sands = Woodward; Queen Katharine = Mrs. Pritchard; Anne Bullen = Mrs. Stevens. After this the play went apparently out of favour, and no revival of interest is chronicled until 6th November, 1772, when was announced at Covent Garden "Henry the Eighth not acted 20 years." Once more the coronation ceremony was introduced, and the play was acted thirteen times with a cast comprising Clarke as King, Bensley as Wolsey, Wroughton as Buckingham, Shuter as Gardiner, Gardner as Cranmer, Hull as Cromwell, Lewes as Lord Chamberlain, Mrs. Hartley as the Queen, and Miss Ogilvie as Anne Bullen. The performance is passed without notice by Gentleman in the Dramatic Censor, and we lose the interesting criticisms supplied on the performers in other Shakespearian plays. Judging by the reports in the various magazines the performance appears to have been indifferent. One of these, in language that recalls the criticism of to-day, taxes the management with mounting a piece without possessing a single actor who can pronounce blank verse with tolerable grace. Mrs. Hartley was a lovely woman, but a not very competent actress. Upon the revival of the play at the Haymarket, 29th August, 1777, Gentleman was himself the King, a part for which he had few qualifications; West Digges was Wolsey; Palmer, Buckingham; Parsons, Gardiner; and Mrs. Massey the Queen. Digges was favourably noticed in Wolsey, but failed to attract the public. A correspondent of the London Evening Post censured Parsons for buffoonery as Gardiner. Parsons imitated Taswell in playing Gardiner with a crutch, and at the close of the scene, when he followed Cromwell, held it over his head.

Henderson, the Bath Roscius, appeared for

the first time as Wolsey at Covent Garden, 30th October, 1780. Miss Younge was the Queen; Mrs. Inchbald, Anne Bullen; and Clarke the King. Ireland, quoted by Genest, praises the sensible speaking and accurate elocution of Henderson, but complains of want of dignity. On 26th March, 1787, at the same house, Mrs. Pope for her benefit played the Queen; Aikin was the King; Pope, Wolsey; Farren, Buckingham; Hull, Cranmer; Macready (the elder), Surrey; Davies, Cromwell; and Edwin, Gardiner, a part which, contrary to what might have been expected, he is said to have acted without buffoonery.

Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance as Katharine at Drury Lane, 25th November, 1788. The cast comprised in addition King = Palmer; Wolsey = Bensley; Buckingham = Wroughton; Cranmer = J. Aikin; Cromwell = Kemble; Surrey = Barrymore; Lord Chamberlain = R. Palmer; Gardiner = Suett; and Lord Sands, Baddeley. Queen Katharine became one of the favourite parts of Mrs. Siddons. On his first introduction to her, Dr. Johnson "asked her which of Shakespeare's characters she was most pleased with. Upon her answering that she thought the character of Queen Catharine in Henry the Eighth, the most natural:—'I think so too, Madam, (said he;) and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble to the theatre myself'" (Boswell's Johnson, ed. Hill, iv. 242). He did not, however, live to witness the performance. Boaden, the biographer of Mrs. Siddons, gives a full analysis of her acting in the character, and exhausts himself in terms of eulogy. Each separate scene is praised to the height, and at the close he says: "I can hardly bring myself to think the Lady Macbeth a greater effort: one more perfect I am sure it was not" (Life of Siddons, ii. 266). A second and marvellously fine analysis of the performance, received from James Ballantyne of Edinburgh, and attributed to Terry the actor, is given by Campbell (Life of Siddons, vol. ii. pp. 140, *et seq.*). In this Terry declares the empire of Mrs. Siddons over the regions of tragedy to be unlimited, and her potency of terror and woe equal. Her death scene he calls "the most entirely faultless specimen of the art that any age ever witnessed."

Performances of no special interest were given at Covent Garden, 24th May, 1793, with Pope as Wolsey, Mrs. Pope as the Queen, Farren as Buckingham, Miss Chapman as Anne Bullen, and Holman as the King; and 15th May, 1799, with Mr. and Mrs. Pope and Holman in the same parts, and with Lewis, H. Johnston, Murray, Munden, Fawcett, and Knight in other characters.

In 1804 Kemble published an acting version of Henry the Eighth with a cast comprising Cooke as the King, Brunton as Buckingham, Charles Kemble as Cromwell, and Munden as Gardiner. When on 23rd April, 1806, it was acted at Covent Garden, Pope was the King; Kemble, Wolsey; H. Johnston, Buckingham; Brunton, Cromwell; and Blanchard, Gardiner. Miss Brunton was Anne Bullen, Kemble played Wolsey, and Mrs. Siddons reappeared as the Queen. Of Kemble's play a full analysis is given in Genest, vol. viii. pp. 4–15. It is no better than the majority of similar alterations. The play is said to have been finely acted. Genest saw Henry VIII. in Bath, 30th December, 1820, with Young as Wolsey, Bartley as the King, and Mrs. Bartley as the Queen. He records that Young in delivering the lines:

> "This candle burns not clear! 't is I must snuff it;
> Then out it goes, —Act iii. sc. 2.

kept his arms folded and slurred the metaphor completely" (Account of the Stage, ix. 122). Colley Cibber used at this point to snuff the candle. Kemble avoided this rather prosaic piece of realism, but "seemed to smell a stink" (*Ibid.*).

On 20th May, 1822, Kean made at Drury Lane his first appearance as Wolsey to the King of Cooper, the Cromwell of S. Penley, and the Queen of Mrs. W. West. The performance attracted comparatively little attention, and the play was only acted four times. Unimpressive in the early scenes Kean made his great effect in the third act. In the closing scenes he exhibited much pathos.

Less than a year subsequently, on 15th January, 1823, at Covent Garden, Macready

first essayed Wolsey; Mrs. Ogilvie made her first appearance at the house as the Queen; Miss Foote was Anne Bullen; Egerton, the King; Abbott, Buckingham; C. Kemble, Cromwell; Bartley, Cranmer; and Blanchard the Bishop of Winchester. Macready records that he had laboured at the part with unremitting diligence, and says "it remained among his most favourite Shakespearean assumptions" (Reminiscences, ed. Pollock, i. 278). He reappeared in the character at Drury Lane, 9th June, 1824, with Mrs. Bunn for the first time as the Queen, Miss Smithson (subsequently Madame Berlioz) as Anne Bullen, Pope as the King, Archer as Buckingham, and Terry as Lord Sands. In Wolsey, on 23rd June, 1824, he terminated his then engagement at Drury Lane.

Phelps's first season of management of Sadler's Wells closed 10th April, 1845, with Henry the Eighth, in which Phelps played Wolsey, and Mrs. Warner Queen Katharine. The part remained a favourite with Phelps, and was subsequently played at various theatres, though it does not seem to have been seen again at Sadler's Wells. A pleasing souvenir of the actor in this character is in the Garrick Club in the shape of a picture by Mr. Forbes Robertson, now of the Garrick Theatre, of Phelps in the robes of Wolsey.

Much pains and expense had been spent upon successive productions of Henry VIII. A thousand pounds had been expended on the coronation scene on its first production. Charles Kemble stated that under his brother's management Henry the Eighth was the most costly and the least remunerative of revivals. Previous expenditure was, however, surpassed in the famous revival by Charles Kean at the Princess's, 16th May, 1855. What was more important than dresses and upholstery was the restoration in the acting edition of portions of the text previously omitted. The character of Griffith, which had generally been merged in that of Cromwell, was now assigned a separate exponent, and the fine scene at the beginning of the third act, in which the two cardinals, for the purpose of prevailing on the queen to submit to a divorce, wait on her by command of the King in her apartment in the palace at Bridewell, was reinstated. This scene, for some inexplicable reason, Mrs. Siddons had chosen to omit. In the last act, however, resort was had to customary processes of mutilation. This was cut down to the last scene of the christening, and a moving panorama conducting the spectator to the church of the Grey-Friars at Greenwich, where the ceremony was performed, was introduced.

Mrs. Charles Kean, reappearing after an absence from the stage which had been misconstrued into retirement, appeared as the Queen. Her performance in this character is still remembered. The tragic intensity, the majesty of bearing, and the solemnly impressive dignity of Mrs. Siddons were not there, but the character had much truth to nature and infinite pathos. John Oxenford (The Times, 21st May, 1855) dwells at considerable length upon her dying scene, and says: "The attitude in which, half rising from her couch, she follows with her eyes the departing forms, might serve as a study for some picture of a saint's 'ecstasy.'" Charles Kean's Wolsey was not especially happy, and the criticism of the day glides over it lightly. Some pains had been taken with the archæological details, and the figure of the Cardinal as described in the memoir by Cavendish was realized. Mr. Walter Lacy personated the King, a difficult thing for a slim actor, and played the part admirably. Miss Heath, subsequently Mrs. Wilson Barrett, was Anne Boleyn, Ryder played Buckingham, and Cooper accepted the restored part of Griffith. At the time of its production this was described as the most marvellous spectacle that had ever been put on the stage. In Edinburgh Mr. Wyndham spent many months upon a careful reproduction of the play, which was given 2nd October, 1855. Phelps played Wolsey at Drury Lane in 1865, and at the Gaiety ten years later. Charles Calvert and Miss Geneviève Ward appeared as the Cardinal and the Queen, August, 1877. On January 5, 1892, Henry VIII was produced at the Lyceum by Henry Irving, who gave a fine and dignified impersonation of Cardinal Wolsey. William Terriss was the King, and Miss Terry the Queen. The play was splendidly mounted; and the stage version was arranged by Irving in five acts.

Henry the Eighth was revived with the coronation scene in Aungier St. Theatre, Dublin, about 1735. Much pains were bestowed on the revival, but Hitchcock, the historian of the Dublin stage, has neglected to supply the cast. In America Henry the Eighth has been less popular than other plays of Shakespeare, and there is difficulty in finding an actor whose reputation is associated with Wolsey. Charlotte Cushman played, however, the part, and was said in so doing to have "made old play-goers recall the times of Cooke, Kean and Macready" (Life by Emma Stebbins, Boston, U.S.A., 1878, p. 217). Garrick, it may be noted, did not include Wolsey among his Shakespearean characters.—J. K.

"I come no more to make you laugh."

KING HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

[I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad,[1] high, and working,[2] full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree 10
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded[3] with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend, 21
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest[4] hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery: 30
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.]

[1] *Sad*, grave. [2] *Working*, *i.e.* of stirring interest. [3] *Guarded*, trimmed. [4] *Happiest*, *i.e.* best disposed.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter, on one side, the DUKE OF NORFOLK; *on the other, the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and the* LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw[1] in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
[*Nor.* 'Twixt Guines and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung 9
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.]
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day, the French,
All clinquant,[2] all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. [Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too, 23
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar.] The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye, 30
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'T was said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure.[3] When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.
[*Buck.* O, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worship,[4] and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal; 42
To the disposing of it naught rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.]
Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.
Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion 50
Of the right-reverend Cardinal of York.
Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce[5] vanities? [I wonder
That such a keech[6] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like, 62
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note

[1] *Saw*, saw one another. [2] *Clinquant*, glittering.

[3] *Censure, i.e.* judgment between the two.
[4] *As I belong to worship*, as I belong to the honoured class. [5] *Fierce*, immoderate. [6] *Keech*, a lump of fat.

The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him; which buys
A place next to the king.]
Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: [whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, 70
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.]
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file[1]
Of all the gentry; for the most part such

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.—(Act i. 1. 118, 119.)

To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out, 79
Must fetch him in he papers.[2]
Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values 88
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded[3]
The sudden breach on 't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?[4]
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd 98
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.[5]
Nor. Like it your grace,

[1] *File*, list. [2] *Papers, i.e.* sets down in a list.

[3] *Aboded*, foreshowed.
[4] *Silenc'd, i.e.* refused an audience.
[5] *Carried*, managed.

The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. [I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power.] You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and, 't may be said, 110
It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him; certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixes his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where 's his examination?
First Secr. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
First Secr. Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt Wolsey and Train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I 120
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores[1] me with some trick: he 's gone to the king; 128
I 'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I 'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I 'll go along 150
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To the king I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests[2] the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

[1] *Bores*, overreaches.

[2] *Suggests*, tempts.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour,[1] sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew 169
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried, "Thus let be:" to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: [but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it.] Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt—
For 't was indeed his colour,[2] but he came
To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity, 181
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know— 190
As soon he shall by me—that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.
Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON, *a Sergeant-at-arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.
Serg. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name 201
Of our most sovereign king.

[1] *Give me favour, i.e.* excuse me. [2] *Colour,* pretext.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.[3]
Bran. I am sorry,
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.—(Act i. 1. 139-141.)

The business present: 't is his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! I obey. 210
O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

[3] *Device and practice,* scheming and stratagem.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—
[*To Abergavenny*] The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's cónfessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot:—no more, I hope. 220
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My súrveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, *leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder, the Nobles,* SIR THOMAS LOVELL, *the Cardinal's secretary, and attendants. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.
[*The King takes his state.*[1] *The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.*

[1] *Takes his state,* seats himself on his throne.

A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!" Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, *ushered by the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The King rises from his state, takes her up, kisses and places her by his side.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit 10
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions 20
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on[2]
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,—
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, 30
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing,[3] have put off
The spinsters,[4] carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.
K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,

[2] *Putter-on,* instigator.
[3] *'Longing,* belonging.
[4] *Spinsters,* spinners.

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part in aught 41
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are 43
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.[1]
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths: 60
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer[2] business.
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by 69
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am

[1] *Exclamation,* outcry. [2] *Primer,* more pressing.

Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know 72
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. [We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope[3] malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow 79
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once[4] weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd;[5] what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act.] If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.
K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent 91
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop,[6] bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.
Wol. [*Aside to the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

[3] *Cope,* encounter.
[4] *Once, i.e.* at one time or another.
[5] *Allow'd,* acknowledged.
[6] *Lop,* the smaller branches, cut from trees.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.[1]
K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker; 111
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so cómplete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we, 119
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected 130
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.
K. Hen. Speak freely.
Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—that if the king
Should without issue die, he 'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.
Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point. 139
Not friended by[2] his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

[1] *Is run in your displeasure, i.e.* has incurred your displeasure.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.
K. Hen. Speak on: 143
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail?[3] to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.
K. Hen. What was that Henton?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His cónfessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
[*K. Hen.* How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France, 151
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 't was the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence[4]
This pausingly ensu'd,—] 'Neither the king nor's heirs, 168
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'"
Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
[Yes, heartily beseech you.
K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.]
Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions

[3] *Upon our fail,* in case of our want of issue.
[4] *With demure confidence,* in a grave confidential manner.

The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't was dangerous
For him to ruminate on this so far, until 180
It forg'd him some design, which being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he answer'd, "Tush,
It can do me no damage;" adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah-ha!
There 's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant, 191
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom, 200
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There 's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting[1] his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There 's his period,[2]
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;[3]
Call him to present trial: if he may 211
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Mounting*, raising.
[2] *His period, i.e.* his end.
[3] *Attach'd*, arrested.

SCENE III. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN *and* LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?[4]

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors 9
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt[5] reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they 've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. 20

Cham. I'm glad 't is there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

[4] *Mysteries*, fantastic fashions.
[5] *Spavin or springhalt*, two diseases causing lameness in horses.

[*Lov.* They must either—
For so run the conditions—leave those remnants 24
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd[1] breeches and those types of travel, 31
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em.—(Act i. 3. 42, 43.)

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons 39
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plainsong,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.]
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?
Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 't is true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one, 52
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt he 's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord,—'has wherewithal; in him

[1] *Blister'd*, puffed.

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine: 60
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The presence-chamber in York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter, on one side, ANNE BULLEN *and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; on the other, enter* SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As far 's good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, *and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

O, my lord, you're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company 8
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
[*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em:] by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.
[*Lov.* Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.]
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry, 19
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between Anne Bullen and another Lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too: 28
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.
[*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,[1]
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state.*

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen, 42
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise

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1 *Cure,* charge.

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em 44
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.
[*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing—
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.]
[*Drum and trumpets, and chambers*[1] *discharged, within.*
Wol. What 's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
[*Exit a Servant.*
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not; 51
By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers,—
For so they seem: they 've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him. 60
[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and the tables are removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING *and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN. *They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace,—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct, 70
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*
K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord!
Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord. 81
[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see, then.
[*Comes from his state.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—here I 'll make
My royal choice.
K. Hen. Ye have found him, cardinal:
[*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady 's that?
Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,— 92

[1] *Chambers*, small cannon.

The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women. 93
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you [*Kisses her*]. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

K. Hen. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.—(Act i. 4. 96, 97.)

K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry:
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it
[*Exeunt with trumpets*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?
Sec. Gent. O, God save ye!
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
First Gent. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
Sec. Gent. Were you there?
First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.
Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.—(Act ii. 1. 3-5.)

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.
Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?
First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.
Sec. Gent. I am sorry for 't.
First Gent. So are a number more.
[*Sec. Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it? 10
First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke 11
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face: 18
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
First Gent. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not:
And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself? 30
First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.
First Gent. Sure, he does not,—
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
Sec. Gent. Certainly] 39
The cardinal is the end of this.
First Gent. 'T is likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham, 52
The mirror of all courtesy,—
First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him* SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people.*

Sec. Gent. Let 's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me, 71
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.
Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart 80
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all; 83
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years! 91
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!
Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits 99
The greatness of his person.
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him! 111
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me 119
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both

Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most; 122
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose;[1] for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub[2] in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again 130
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*

[*First Gent.* O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.
Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'T is full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, 141
Greater than this.
First Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?
Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will require
A strong faith to conceal it.
First Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.
Sec. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation 148
Between the king and Katharine?
First Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately; 160
As all think, for this business.
First Gent. 'T is the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is 't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
First Gent. 'T is woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, *reading a letter.*

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king; which stopp'd our mouths, sir." 10
I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What 's the cause?
Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'T is so:

[1] *Loose, i.e.* incautious. [2] *Rub,* impediment.

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day. 22
Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.
[*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
'Tween us and the emperor, the queen's great-nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.—(Act ii. 2. 17, 18.)

Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king, 30
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!
'T is most true
These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks 'em, 39
And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all 47
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch[1] he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they 're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.]
Nor. Let 's in;

[1] *Into what pitch, i.e.* to what height.

And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him. 58
My lord, you 'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwhere: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships!
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain. Norfolk opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*
Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who 's there, ha?
Nor. Pray God he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I, ha?
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate;[1] in which we come 70
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I 'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter Wolsey *and* Campeius.

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Campeius*] You 're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it. [*To Wolsey*] My good lord, have great care 78
I be not found a talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Hen. [*To Norfolk and Suffolk*] We are busy; go.
Nor. [*Aside to Suffolk*] This priest has no pride in him!
Suf. [*Aside to Norfolk*] Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. [*Aside to Suffolk*] If it do,
I 'll venture one have-at-him.
Suf. [*Aside to Norfolk*] I another.
[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely 87
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy[2] reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.
K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for. 101
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue—
The court of Rome commanding—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.
K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where 's Gardiner?
Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her 110
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

[1] *Estate*, state.

[2] *Envy*, hatred.

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary: 116
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit Wolsey.*

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. [*Aside to Gardiner*] Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.
Gard. [*Aside to Wolsey*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. 120
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
[*They converse apart.*

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best.—(Act ii. 2. 114, 115.)

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace 122
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man[1] still; which so griev'd him, 129
That he ran mad and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That 's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

[1] *A foreign man, i.e.* employed abroad.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen. [*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business. 140
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
O, 't is a tender place! and I must leave her.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber in the Queen's apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither: here 's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave 's a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity 10
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content, 20
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
[*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts— 30
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;] you would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'T is strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
[*Old L.* Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little; 40
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!]
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'd venture an emballing:[1] I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know 50
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

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[1] *An emballing, i.e.* a coronation (an investiture with the *ball,* one of the insignia of royalty).

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming 54
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and 61
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?—(Act ii. 3. 34.)

Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes 69
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit[1]
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I 'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
[*Old L.* Why, this it is; see, see! 81

[1] *Fair conceit*, good opinion.

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could 83
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie, fie upon
This cómpell'd[1] fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open 't.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no. 89
There was a lady once—'t is an old story—
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark.] The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year—for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises moe thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy, 101
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute[2] my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the* BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals,* WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the* KING *and* QUEEN, *and their trains. The* KING *takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The* QUEEN *takes place some distance from the* KING. *The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so. Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry King of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court. 11
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.
[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*
Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent,[3] nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness, 22
I have been to you a true and humble wife,

[1] *Cómpell'd*, involuntary. [2] *Salute*, affect.

[3] *Indifferent*, impartial.

At all times to your will conformable; 24
[Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends 29
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd?] Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 40
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foull'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd 50
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless 61
That longer you desire the court;[1] as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

[1] *That longer you desire the court, i.e.* that you desire a longer session.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

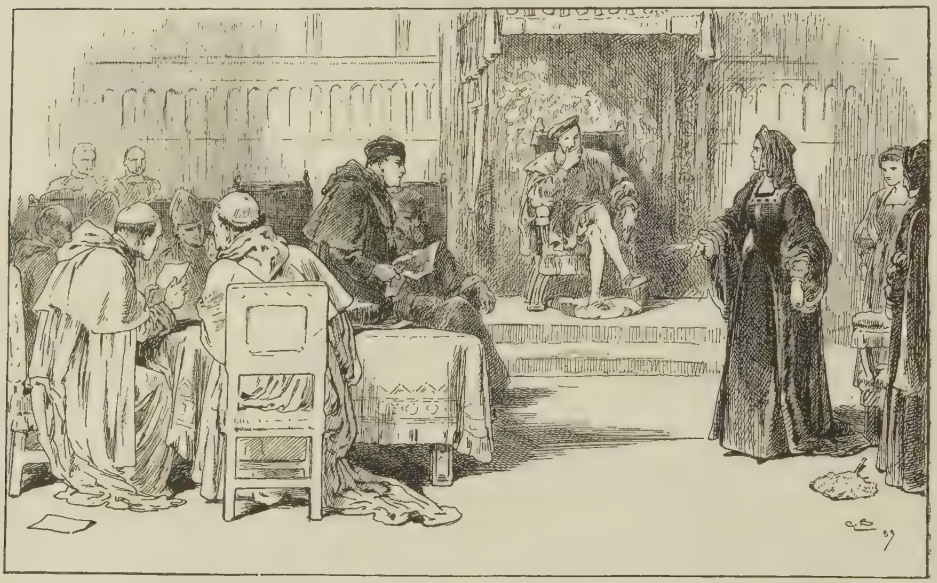
Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that 70
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again, 80
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted 91
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is to 101
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking, 104
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You 're meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted 112
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,



Q. Kath. I do believe,
Induc d by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy.—(Act ii. 2. 75-77.)

Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope, 119
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.
[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*
Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 't is not well.
She 's going away.
K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on: 130
I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.
[*Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other Attendants.*
K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone—

If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out— 140
The queen of earthly queens. She 's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever 151
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You 're excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never 163
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give heed to 't:
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, 170
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advértise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. [This respite shook 181
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than 190
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling[1] in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are 201
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say 210
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;

[1] *Hulling*, drifting to and fro.

And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.
K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court; 220
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:]
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature 229
That 's paragon'd o' the world.
Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. 241
[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. Palace at Bridewell: a room in the Queen's apartment.*

The QUEEN *and some of her Women at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea, 10
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!
Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.[1]
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour? 20
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife:
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May 't please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, 30
Deserves a corner: [would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions

[1] *The presence, i.e.* the presence-chamber.

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy[1] and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly:] truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—[2] 41
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed 49
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed—
And service to his majesty and you—
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—
You have too much, good lady,—but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference 58
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.
Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
[Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,]
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. [*Aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,— 71
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears: 81
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection; 93
He 's loving and most gracious: 't will be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You 'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye, 102
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye;
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;

[1] *Envy*, malice.
[2] "Such is my integrity of purpose towards thee, most serene highness."

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once 110
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;[1]
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. You turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! [Would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already, 119
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him? 130
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.]
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title 140
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me.
Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts. 145
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
[*To her Women*] Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd, 152
I 'll hang my head and perish.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You 'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. [You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts 170
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not:] for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers 180
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,

[1] *Distraction*, frenzy.

KING HENRY VIII
Act III Scene I lines 75-76

Q Kath I [illegible] ve will my [illegible] and pray forgive me
[illegible] and myself [illegible]

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Ante-chamber to the King's apartment in the palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force[1] them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person 12
Out of himself?
Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.
Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars 21
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried, 30
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts 38
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have 't.
Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace[2] the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to 't!
Nor. All men's!
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young,[3] and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete 49
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no;
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
The king cried "Ha!" at this.

[1] *Force, i.e.* enforce.

[2] *Trace,* follow.

[3] *Young,* recent.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry "Ha!" louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more 69
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer 's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'T is so.
The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he 's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*
[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There 's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke! 90
Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 't is I must snuff it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one 102
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Sur. I would 't were something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart!
Suf. The king, the king!

Enter the KING, *reading a schedule, and* LOVELL.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift, 109
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. [This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse, 121
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Nor. It 's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen.] If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid 133
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*Takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!
K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time 139

K. Hen. Read o'er this;
And after, this [*Gives him a letter*]: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have—(Act iii. 2. 201-203.)

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband,[1] and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendence to.
K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together, 150
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
K. Hen. 'T is well said again;
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

[1] *An ill husband,* a bad manager.

Wol. [*Aside*] What should this mean?
Sur. [*Aside to the others*] The Lord increase this business!
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime[1] man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal, 164
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170
Yet fil'd[2] with my abilities: [mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is 180
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you than any, so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular, be more 189
To me, your friend, than any.]
Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding[3] flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. [*Gives him the inventory.*] Read o'er this; 201
And after, this [*Gives him a letter*]: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit, frowning upon Wolsey: the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*
Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'T is so;
This paper has undone me: 't is the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together 211
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! what cross[4] devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
Will bring me off again. What 's this? "To the Pope!" 220
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

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[1] *Prime*, first, foremost. [2] *Fil'd*, kept pace. [3] *Chiding*, resounding. [4] *Cross*, perverse.

Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay:
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—
I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king—
Mine and your master—with his own hand gave me; 247
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents: now, who 'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland; 260
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him; 262
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour, 271
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded[1] by a piece of scarlet, 280
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues, 291
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

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[1] *Jaded,* spurned.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise, 301
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge, 310
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suf. [Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado to conclude, 321
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.]
Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere[1] undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious, 331
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 't is virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
[*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine,[2] within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,— 340
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.]
Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you. 348
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all except Wolsey.*
Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory; 360
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have; 370
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

[1] *Mere*, utter.

[2] *Power legatine*, *i.e.* power as legate.

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!—(Act iii. 2. 350, 351.)

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!—
What more? 400
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever: 410
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let 419
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use[1] now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear 429
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell; 432
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour, 437
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king—— 450
And, prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. 458
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. You're well met once again.
Sec. Gent. So are you.
First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

[1] *Use*, interest.

[*Sec. Gent.* 'T is all my business. At our last encounter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
First Gent. 'T is very true; but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.
Sec. Gent. 'T is well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal[1] minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows, 10
Pageants and sights of honour.
First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.
Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

Sec. Gent. The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.—(Act iv. 1. 36.)

First Gent. Yes; 't is the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs, 20
I should have been beholding to your paper.]
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?
First Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which 28
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.
Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady! [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*

[1] *Royal, i.e.* loyal.

3. LORD CHANCELLOR, *with purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing.* [*Musicians.*
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then* GARTER, *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. MARQUESS DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the* EARL OF SURREY, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand as high-steward. With him, the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, *with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the* QUEEN *in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the* BISHOPS OF LONDON *and* WINCHESTER.
9. *The old* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* QUEEN'S *train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They pass over the stage in order and state.

A royal train, believe me. [These I know:
Who's that that bears the sceptre?
First Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be 40
The Duke of Suffolk?
First Gent. 'T is the same,—high-steward.
Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
First Gent. Yes.]
Sec. Gent. [*Looking on the Queen*] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
[Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.]
First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour o'er her are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her. 50
I take it, she that carries up the train 51
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.
First Gent. No more of that.
[*Exit procession, and then a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

First Gent. God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?
Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?
Third Gent. That I did.
First Gent. How was it? 60
Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.
Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.
Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
[Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose 71
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven 80
So strangely in one piece.
Sec. Gent. But what follow'd?
Third Gent.] At length her grace rose, and with modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saintlike, 83
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly:
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As, holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems, 89
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that 's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.
Third Gent. I know it;
But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen? 100
Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary;
The other, London.
Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?
Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king 110
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.
Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.—
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Kimbolton.*

Enter Katharine, *dowager, sick; led between* Griffith *and* Patience.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.
Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,[1] 10
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent,[2] honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—"O father abbot, 20
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still: and, three nights after this,
After the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

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[1] *Happily,* haply. [2] *Covent,* convent.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him! 31
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; [one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:] 40
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal, 48
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him, 59
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions, 70
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note[1]
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. 80
[*Sad and solemn music.*
Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden visards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness, 90
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

[1] *Note*, tune.

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, 92
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music[1] leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me.
[*Music ceases.*

Pat. [*Aside to Griffith*] Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif. [*Aside to Patience*] She is going, wench: pray, pray.
Pat. [*Aside to Griffith*] Heaven comfort her!

Grif. . Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.—(Act iv. 2. 44–46.)

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness, 102
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor, 109
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

[1] *The music, i.e.* the musicians.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
[*Takes the letter from Patience, and gives it to Capucius.*
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie,—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over, to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt leading Katherine.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

Enter GARDINER, *bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him.*

Gard. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero[1]
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter? 10
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch[2] of your late business: affairs that walk,

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work.—(Act v. 1. 16-18.)

As they say spirits do, at midnight have 14
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.
[*Lov.* My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.
Gard. The fruit she goes with 20
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gard. But, sir, sir,]
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell, 33
Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade[3] of moe preferments,

[1] *Primero*, a game at cards.

[2] *Some touch*, *i.e.* some hint.

[3] *Trade*, general course.

With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd 40
To speak my mind of him. and, indeed, this day—
Sir, I may tell it you, I think—I have
Incens'd[1] the lords o' the council that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd
Have broken with the king;[2] who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board 51
He be convented.[3] He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.
Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

Enter King and SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
K. Hen. But little, Charles; 59
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
[*K. Hen.* What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of 71
Your highness with an heir!]
K. Hen. 'T is midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate[4] of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good night.
[*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, 80
As you commanded me.
K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'T is true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*
Lov. [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid[5] the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*
Cran. [*Aside*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'T is his aspéct of terror. All 's not well.
K. Hen. How now, my lord! you do desire to know 90
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
[*Cranmer rises.*

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[1] *Incens'd*, informed.
[2] *Have broken with the king*, have broached the matter to the king.
[3] *Convented*, summoned.
[4] *Estate*, state.
[5] *Avoid*, leave.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand. 95
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd, 100
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend.—(Act v. 1. 114–116.)

Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,[1]
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cran. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness; 109
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me my hand, stand up:
[*Raises Cranmer.*
Prithee, let 's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you! My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together 120
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance,[2] further.

[1] *You a brother of us, i.e.* you being one of the council.

[2] *Indurance,* delay.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh[1] not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—(Act v. 1. 159-161.)

[*K. Hen.* Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices 129
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever[2]
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you! such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to; 139
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!]
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring 151
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. [*Gives Cranmer a ring.*] Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

[*Enter old Lady;* Lovell *following.*

Gent. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring 160
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by the looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say ay; and of a boy.
Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'t is a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell!
Lov. Sir? 171

[1] *Weigh*, value. [2] *Not ever, i.e.* not always.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [*Exit.*
Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the council-chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; *Servants, Doorkeeper, &c., attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste.—All fast? what means this?—Ho!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside*] 'T is Butts, 10
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound[1] not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

[1] *Sound*, give utterance to.

Enter the KING *and* BUTTS *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—
K. Hen. What 's that, Butts?

K. Hen. Ha! 't is he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?—(Act v. 2. 25, 26.)

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day. 21
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 't is he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'T is well there 's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em—

At least good manners—as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The council-chamber.*

Enter the LORD CHANCELLOR, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
[*Gard.* Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gard. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.]
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I 'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh;[1] few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
[*Gard.* Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage.[2] If we suffer,
Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.
Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living—
I speak it with a single heart, my lords—
A man that more detests, more stirs against,[3]
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.]
Gard. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,

[1] *Capable of our flesh, i.e.* impressible through our flesh.

[2] *Manage,* rule.

[3] *Stirs against,* bestirs himself against.

From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again, 55
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end, — 61
'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers, 71
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer 80
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner; 89
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome. —
Let some o' the guard be ready there!

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords; [*Shows the ring.*
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.

Suf. 'T is the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'T is now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him!
Would I were fairly out on 't!
[*Crom.* My mind gave me,[1]
In seeking tales and informations 110
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!]

Enter the KING, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;

[1] *My mind gave me*, my mind told me, *i.e.* I suspected.

Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear 120
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I 'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.
[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest, 130
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May 't please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission 141
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom: there 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall ne'er have while I live.

[*Chan.* Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather— 150
If there be faith in men—meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,—
I 'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,—if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.]
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canterbury, 160
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you? 170
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. [Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn,[1] and he is your friend for ever."]
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian. 180
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. *The palace-yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Parish-garden?[2] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.[3]

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

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[1] *A shrewd turn, i.e.* a bad turn.
[2] *Parish-garden, i.e.* the Paris-garden, a celebrated bear-garden. [3] *Gaping,* shouting with open mouth.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? 11

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 't is as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, 22
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!
[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would have me do? 31

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields[1] to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake[2] did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me, till her pink'd porringer[3] fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out "Clubs!" when I might see from far some twenty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. 62

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come. 70

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too: from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! What are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:
There 's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done: 80
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all

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[1] *Moorfields*, where the train-bands were exercised.
[2] *Fire-drake*, fiery dragon, meteor.
[3] *Pink'd porringer*, a cap like a porringer, worked in small holes.

By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards,[1] when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea[2] shall hold ye play these two months. 90

Port. Make way there for the princess!

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache!

Port. You i' the camlet,
Get up o' the rail; I 'll peck[3] you o'er the pales else! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK *with his marshal's staff,* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the* MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, *the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and* GARTER *speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING *and Train.*

Cran. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners and myself thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord. [*Cranmer rises.*
With this kiss take my blessing: [*Kisses the child*] God protect thee! 11
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be— 21
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba[1] was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her; 31
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir, 42
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,

[1] *Baiting of bombards,* tippling.
[2] *Marshalsea,* name of a prison.
[3] *Peck,* pitch.

[4] *Saba,* the Queen of Sheba.

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name 52
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! But she must die; 60
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
[Thou hast made me now a man! never before
This happy child did I get any thing:]
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. 69
[I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:]
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day no man think
'Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

['Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 't is clear,
They 'll say 't is naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, "That 's witty!"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women; 10
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.]

NOTES TO KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. HENRY VIII. was born in 1491. He was the second son of Henry VII. (see note 6 to Richard III.), and became heir-apparent on the death of his elder brother Arthur in 1502. At an early age he was betrothed to his brother's widow, Katharine of Aragon (see note 27), who was six years older than himself. In 1509 Henry acceded to the throne, and the marriage took place immediately upon his accession. In 1519 Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, thus describes the king: "His majesty is twenty-nine years old, and extremely handsome. Nature could not have done more for him. He is much handsomer than any other sovereign of Christendom,—a good deal

handsomer than the King of France,—very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned. . . . He is very accomplished, a good musician, composes well, is a most capital horseman, a fine jouster, speaks good French, Latin, and Spanish, is very religious, . . . is very fond of hunting, and never takes his diversion without tiring eight or ten horses." In England, the first part of Henry's reign was marked chiefly by its splendours and festivities. His great aim was to win for himself and for his country a leading position in Europe—an aim in which he was entirely successful. Shortly after coming to the throne he joined Ferdinand and Maximilian in a league against France. While in France Henry was winning the battle of Spurs (Aug. 18, 1513) Surrey at home was defeating the Scots at Flodden. In 1514 peace was made with France, and the king's sister Mary was married to Louis XII. In 1520 (after the accession of Francis I.) occurred the pseudo-chivalric episode of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which was followed in 1523–25 by a French war. In 1526 Henry's "scrupulosity of conscience" began to suggest the advisability of a divorce from his wife, and he already saw his way to a new queen in the person of Anne Boleyn. (See notes 27 and 28.) In 1533 the marriage with Anne took place, and, later in the same year, the former marriage was declared null. It was in consequence of the pope's refusal to sanction the divorce that Henry ere long found himself in open opposition to the papal authority. In 1534 the Act of Supremacy was promulgated, and in the next year two of the noblest victims of the reign—Sir Thomas More, and Fisher, bishop of Winchester—were executed for refusing to accept it. The dissolution of the monasteries followed, and in 1538 Henry was formally deposed by the pope. The English Reformation, as it is called, was largely, if not entirely, a party affair; nor was it very thorough in its Protestantism. Its success, however, was unquestionable, and not less so the firmness and sagacity by which the king, at this perilous crisis, avoided the dangers which menaced him on every side. In 1536 Anne Boleyn had been executed, and on the day after her execution Henry had married one of her maids of honour, Jane Seymour, who died in 1537, two days after giving birth to a son, afterwards Edward VI. In 1539 Cromwell had the charge of finding for the king a new and Protestant wife. The choice was unfortunate, and Anne of Cleves was divorced and pensioned off six months after her marriage. On August 8, 1540, she was succeeded by Katharine Howard, who was beheaded February 13, 1542. Henry's last wife, who had the happiness to survive him, was Katharine Parr, whom he married July 10, 1543. During the later part of his reign Henry's popularity had abated; faction, civil and religious, began to show itself; there was general discontent in the land. In 1542 James V. of Scotland invaded England, but his army was defeated at Solway Moss. The English troops invaded France in 1544, and Boulogne was taken. Peace was concluded, somewhat ineffectually, in 1546. On January, 28, 1547, the king died, leaving in the minds of his people as strong a feeling of relief as that with which they had welcomed him to the throne. Henry's character has been judged from every point of view; perhaps nothing better could be said than in these words, written of a later and a lesser man: "That mass of humanity profusely mixed of good and evil, of generous ire and mutinous, of the passion for the future of mankind and vanity of person, magnanimity and sensualism, high judgment, reckless indiscipline, chivalry, savagery, solidity, fragmentariness, was dust."

The children of Henry who survived him were: 1. Mary, afterwards queen (by Katharine of Aragon); 2. Elizabeth, afterwards queen (by Anne Boleyn); 3. Edward, who ascended the throne on the death of his father (by Jane Seymour).

2. Cardinal Wolsey. Thomas Wolsey was born at Ipswich, probably in 1471. He was the eldest son of Robert Wolsey, not, as was commonly reported, a butcher, but a grazier, and perhaps a wool merchant. Wolsey was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. at the age of fifteen. He afterwards became M.A. and was elected a fellow of his college. Through the interest of the Marquis of Dorset he obtained, on his taking orders, the living of Lymington. In 1501 he became chaplain to Henry Dean, archbishop of Canterbury. Two years later the archbishop died, and Wolsey obtained a chaplaincy with a favourite agent of the king's, Sir Richard Nanfan, treasurer of Calais, through whose "instant labour and special favour" he became chaplain to Henry VII. By 1509 we find him dean of Lincoln. On the accession of Henry VIII. Wolsey's rise was rapid. He was appointed king's almoner, then privy-councillor; in 1510 he was made canon of Windsor, in 1511 prebendary of York, in 1512 dean of York. Ere long we find him organizing the army which was to win the battle of Spurs in France in 1513. Wolsey was now appointed Bishop of Lincoln, and six months after (July, 1514) Archbishop of York. He had also Bath, Worcester, and Hereford in farm. In 1515 he was appointed lord-chancellor, and in the same year Pope Leo X., at the urgent desire of Henry, conferred upon him the rank of cardinal. In 1518 he was appointed legate, in conjunction with Cardinal Campeggio, and in 1524 the office was settled upon him for life. Henry showered upon him ecclesiastical honours and court preferments; his revenues were enormous, his pomp and splendour equal to that of the king. In 1519 the Venetian ambassador thus described him: "The cardinal is about forty-six years old, very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent, of vast ability, and indefatigable. He alone transacts the same business as that which occupies the magistracies, offices, and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal: and all state affairs are managed by him, let their nature be what it may. . . . He is in great repute, and seven times more so than if he were pope." In 1526 Henry began to raise the question of a divorce from his wife Katharine. Wolsey, though himself disapproving of the measure, did all in his power to convince the pope that it was right, even in his own interests, to oblige Henry, who was in danger of throwing off his allegiance to Rome. His policy was defeated at the papal court through the counter-influence of Charles V., Katharine's nephew. The pope's refusal precipitated the foreseen result, and brought Wolsey into disgrace along with Katharine. On October 9, 1529, a writ of præmunire was issued against him, on the ground that his acts as legate were contrary to statute. A week later

the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk demanded from him the great seal, and on his refusal to surrender it to them, returned next day with letters from the king. He surrendered the seal, left York Place, and retired to a little house at Esher. Here, after some time, a portion of his money and goods was restored to him; he was allowed to resume his archbishopric, and to remove to Richmond. In November, 1530, he was again arrested, on a charge of high treason, as he was preparing for his re-installation at York. He was brought by easy stages as far as Leicester, where "he waxed so sicke, that he was almost fallen from his mule." He was lodged at the abbey of Leicester, where, at eight o'clock on the morning of November 29, 1530, he breathed his last. The next day his body was buried in the Grey Friars church, where, as Chapuys notes in his despatch to the emperor, Richard III. was also buried; "and the people call it The Tyrants' Sepulchre." "No man," says Brewer in his Reign of Henry VIII., "ever met with harder measure from his contemporaries; and never was the verdict of contemporaries less challenged than in his case by subsequent enquirers" (vol. ii. p. 450). "No statesman of such eminence ever died less lamented. . . . Yet, in spite of all these heavy imputations on his memory, in spite of all this load of obloquy, obscuring our view of the man, and distorting his lineaments, the Cardinal still remains, and will ever remain, as the one prominent figure of this period" (p. 457).

3. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS. Lorenzo Campeggio or Campeggi was born in Bologna, 1479. He was at first engaged in the legal profession, and was professor of law in the University of Padua, but after the death of his wife he entered the Church, and was appointed Bishop of Feltrio in 1512, and afterwards sent to Germany as papal nuncio. He was made cardinal in 1517, and two years later he was sent to England on a mission from the pope. On this occasion he received from Henry the title of Bishop of Salisbury. At the end of 1528 he again came to England, as co-adjutor with Wolsey in the trial of Katharine. "The whole consistorie of the college of Rome," says Holinshed, "sent thither Laurence Campeius, a préest cardinall, a man of great wit and experience." The trial lasted from May 31, 1529, to July 23, 1530, when it was prorogued by Campeius. Henry in consequence deprived him of his bishopric, and he returned to Rome, where he died in 1539.

4. CAPUCIUS, ambassador from the Emperor. The Capucius of this play was Eustace Chapuys, or Chapuis, named by Holinshed Eustachius Caputius. His interview with Katharine (iv. 2) is taken from Holinshed. (See note 235.) He was present at the queen's death, together with Lady Willoughby, who, as Maria de Salucci, had been one of her ladies in waiting. The despatches of Chapuys are printed among the State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.

5. CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury. Thomas Cranmer was born at Aslacton in Nottinghamshire, July 2, 1489. He came of an old family, and was trained in all intellectual and physical exercises. He was educated at Jesu College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of D.D. Having attracted the notice of the king he wrote a treatise in favour of the contemplated divorce. Henry promoted him to the archdeaconry of Taunton, and in 1530 sent him to Italy on a mission connected with the divorce. In 1532 he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, upon which he repaid the favour by pronouncing the decree of divorce between Henry and Katharine. On September 10 he stood godfather to the Princess Elizabeth, and in all matters of ecclesiastical polity was in ready accord with the king's views. In 1536 he pronounced the marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn to have been null and void. In 1540 he officiated at the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves, and six months later became the chief instrument of her divorce. It was not long before several conspiracies were formed against him by the orthodox party, in view of his evident latitudinarianism. These intrigues would probably have been successful but for the king's personal intervention. On his death-bed Henry named Cranmer one of the council of government during the minority of Edward VI. On the death of the young king he became, somewhat unwillingly, a partisan of Lady Jane Grey, and on the accession of Mary he was put on trial for treason. He confessed the indictment, and was sentenced to death; his life, however, was spared, and he was kept prisoner in the Tower till March, 1554, when he was called upon, together with Ridley and Latimer, to justify himself from his heresies in public disputation. The decision was of course given against him, and he was afterwards judicially condemned, and his offices and dignities formally taken from him. After his degradation he signed seven successive recantations, but on being brought to the stake he declared to all the people his rejection of these submissions, "as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death." On being chained to the stake, he thrust his right hand into the flames, that it might burn first, and so died, March 21, 1555, not far from the spot now marked at Oxford by the Martyrs' Memorial.

6. DUKE OF NORFOLK. The dramatist has confused the second Duke of Norfolk (1443–1524) with the third duke (1473–1554). The Duke of Norfolk of i. 1 is the former—the Earl of Surrey of Richard III. (see note 12 to that play), who became Duke of Norfolk Feb. 1, 1514. In that year he was great chamberlain of England, in 1520 he was guardian and lieutenant of England, and in the following year lord high-steward for the trial of the Duke of Buckingham. In the rest of the play the dramatic character is the third duke, Thomas Howard, created Earl of Surrey Feb. 1, 1514. He led the van of the English army at Flodden (Sept. 9, 1513), was appointed admiral in 1514, privy-councillor in 1516. From 1520 to 1522 he was lord-lieutenant of Ireland; from 1523 to 1525 he was lieutenant of the North. He succeeded his father as third Duke of Norfolk, May 21, 1524. He was lord high-steward of England for the trial of Anne Boleyn, and, though uncle of the queen, pronounced sentence upon her. In 1547 he was attainted for high treason, but in 1553 he was restored to his honours. He died August 25, 1554.

7. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. This was Edward Stafford, third Duke of Buckingham, son of Henry, second duke, who appears as a character in Richard III. (See note 10

to that play.) He was descended from the Bohuns, and in ii. 1. 103 he speaks of himself as "poor Edward Bohun." (See note 129.) He was born Feb. 3, 1478, and until 1486 was styled Lord Stafford. In that year he was restored to his father's dukedom. In 1495 he was made K.G.; in 1497 he was a captain in the royal army in the west; in 1500 he married Lady Alianor Percy, eldest daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Northumberland. On the occasion of the enthronement of Warham, archbishop of Canterbury (March 7, 1504), he was high-steward of England, and at the coronation of Henry VIII. (June 24, 1509) he was lord high-constable. He was a member of the privy-council in 1509, and from January to October 1513 was a captain in the English army in France. Although in i. 1 he tells us that "an untimely ague" kept him prisoner in his chamber on the occasion of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, he is mentioned by Holinshed as having been present: "The lord Cardinall in statelie attire, accompanied with the duke of Buckingham, and other great lords, conducted forward the French King" (iii. 654). According to Holinshed, and, indeed, the general belief of the time, Buckingham's downfall was due to the enmity of Wolsey. There is no certain foundation for this report, and it seems very improbable. On the accusation of his servants and surveyor the duke was arrested on a charge of high treason, and committed to the Tower April 16, 1521. His trial took place on May 13 and the following days; he was condemned, and on the 17th was beheaded on Tower Hill. That he was really guilty of the charges laid to his account it is impossible to believe. His execution was a state necessity: he was too powerful and too dangerous to live.

8. Duke of Suffolk. This was Charles Brandon, the son of William Brandon, who was Henry VII.'s standard-bearer at Bosworth Field, and was there killed by Richard III. in hand-to-hand encounter. Charles Brandon was from the first in high favour with Henry VIII., who in 1513 created him Viscount Lisle, and in February, 1514, Duke of Suffolk. In the latter year he was Henry's ambassador in France, and in 1515 he secretly and precipitately married the king's sister Mary, the widow of Louis XII., thus, by his way of doing it, displeasing the king, who was really in favour of the match. At this time he had been twice married, and his second wife was still living. He had owed many favours to Wolsey, which he repaid by doing his best to accelerate the cardinal's fall. It was he, together with the Duke of Norfolk, who endeavoured to take the great seal from Wolsey without the written commission of the king (see iii. 2). He afterwards signed the bill of articles drawn up against the cardinal. In 1532 he accompanied the king to France, and received from Francis the order of St. Michael. In 1533 he was sent with the Duke of Norfolk to announce the king's marriage to Katharine, on which occasion he was appointed high-steward for the day. On the death of his wife Mary, the "French queen," he immediately married Katharine, daughter of the widowed Lady Willoughby, his ward. On the occasion of the suppression of the monasteries Suffolk obtained a large share of the abbey lands; he received from the king numerous honours and commissions, including the position of steward of the royal household; on August 24, 1545, he died at Guildford, and was buried at the king's charge at Windsor.

9. Earl of Surrey. Historically, this was Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the poet and scholar, executed in 1547; but in iii. 2. 256 the dramatic character identifies himself with his father—the third duke—who was Buckingham's son-in-law. See note 6.

10. Lord Chamberlain. There were two lord chamberlains during the period of this play. The first was Sir Charles Somerset, natural son of the third Duke of Somerset. (See III. Henry VI. note 4.) In May, 1508, he was appointed lord chamberlain for life. He was created Earl of Worcester Feb. 1, 1514; was chief ambassador to France Nov. 1518 to March 1519, and again in July 1521; he died April 15, 1526. On his death the office of chamberlain was given to William, Lord Sandys, the Lord Sands of the play. See note 15.

11. Lord Chancellor. During the period of this play the office of lord chancellor was held by Sir Thomas More and Sir Thomas Audley. Sir Thomas More, son of Sir John More, Chief-justice of the King's Bench, was born in 1480. He studied at Oxford, where he formed a friendship with Erasmus; was called to the bar, and became noted as the most eloquent speaker in the kingdom. He became a great favourite with Henry VIII., and was employed in various public missions abroad. In 1516 he was made a privy-councillor, and in the same year published his Utopia. He was knighted in 1521, and in 1523 was appointed speaker in the House of Commons. In 1529 he was made chancellor, which post he resigned, in consequence of his opposition to the king in the matter of the divorce, on May 16, 1532. In 1534 he was attainted for high treason, and, in spite of the failure of the evidence against him, was found guilty, and beheaded, July 1535. More was succeeded in the chancellorship by Sir Thomas Audley, who is, historically, the chancellor named in the "order of the procession," iv. i. 36.

12. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. Stephen Gardiner was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1483. He is believed to have been the illegitimate son of Dr. Woodville, bishop of Salisbury, brother of the queen of Edward IV. He studied at Cambridge, and afterwards distinguished himself in the canon and civil law. His abilities were noticed by Cardinal Wolsey, who made him his secretary, and in 1527 he accompanied Wolsey on his mission to France. It was owing to his advocacy that the commission was issued by the pope for the trial of Katharine. In 1529 he was appointed the king's secretary, and in 1531 he became Bishop of Winchester, in succession to Wolsey. In 1534 he wrote a treatise, *De Vera Obedientia*, in defence of the royal supremacy. In the following year he had a dispute with Cranmer, and some years later he endeavoured to fasten a charge of heresy upon the archbishop, in which, but for the king's intervention, he would probably have been successful. When Edward VI. came to the throne Gardiner's opinions caused his committal to the Fleet, and afterwards to the Tower, where he remained during the five years of Edward's reign. Mary's first act on her accession was to release the various state prisoners, among whom was Gardiner: he

was restored to his bishopric and became the leading councillor of the queen. The extent of his responsibility for the persecutions under Mary has been variously estimated: during the later part of them, at all events, he had little or no share in the proceedings. In October, 1555, he fell ill, and on November 12 he died, and was buried in his cathedral at Winchester.

13. Bishop of Lincoln. This was John Longland, born at Henley-on-Thames, 1476. He was appointed canon of Windsor in 1519, Bishop of London in 1528. He was the king's confessor, and is said, but incorrectly, to have first suggested the divorce of Katharine. Longland was only won to give his consent after long urging on the part of the king, (See ii. 4. 206 *et seq.*) It was he who, with the Bishop of Bath, served on the king and queen the citation to appear before the legates in June, 1529. The bishop was chancellor of the University of Oxford from 1532. He was a great lover of architecture, and designed the Longland Chapel in Lincoln Cathedral. He died in 1547.

14. Lord Abergavenny. George Nevill, third Lord Abergavenny, was born about 1471. He succeeded to the title Sept. 20, 1492. In 1513 he was appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports, and in the same year was a captain in the king's army in France. From May to August, 1514, he was chief captain of the English forces in the Marches of Calais; in 1516 he formed a member of the privy-council; in June, 1520, he was assistant marshal at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He married Mary, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, and in 1522 he was imprisoned in the Tower for concealment of treasonable words spoken by the duke on Sept. 10, 1519. He was, however, soon released and restored to favour. In 1530 he was summoned to parliament as premier baron of England by the title of George Nevyle de Bergevenny, chivalier. He died in 1535.

15. Lord Sands. Sir William Sandys was descended from an old Hampshire family. In 1513 he was sent to assist Ferdinand of Aragon against the French; on the attainder of the Duke of Buckingham he obtained a grant of some of the forfeited estates; in 1523 he was treasurer of Calais, and in the same year, April 27, he was advanced to the rank of a baron of the realm by the title of Lord Sands of the Vine. In 1526 he succeeded the Earl of Worcester as lord-chamberlain. He died in 1542.

16. Sir Henry Guildford. The Guildford family was an old Kentish one. In Richard III. iv. 4. 502, a messenger tells the king: "In Kent, my liege, the *Guildfords* are in arms." Sir Henry was the son of Sir Richard Guildford, who, like his father, was comptroller of the royal household. He was K.G., master of the horse to Henry VIII., and standard-bearer of England for life. At the Field of the Cloth of Gold he was in close attendance on the king. He was an eminent soldier in the wars against the Moors in Spain. He died in 1533. His second wife, Joan, was a sister of Sir Nicholas Vaux. See note 19.

17. Sir Thomas Lovell was esquire of the body to Henry VII., who in 1485 appointed him chancellor of the exchequer for life. He was knighted after the battle of Stoke, 1487; treasurer of the household in 1502; and was named by Henry one of his executors. He was a member of the privy-council in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., a K.G., marshal of the house to Henry VIII., surveyor of the court of wards, and constable of the Tower, in which capacity he is represented in the play (ii. 1) at the committal of the Duke of Buckingham. In 1516 Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, writes in his despatch: "Sir Thomas Lovel, an old servant of the late and the present king, a person of great authority, seems also to have withdrawn himself [from the privy-council], and interferes little in the government." He died without issue May 25, 1524, and was buried, with great ceremony and full civic honours, in the chapel which he had built at the priory of Haliwell.

18. Sir Anthony Denny, second son of Sir Edmund Denny, chief baron of the exchequer, was born Jan. 16, 1501. He was educated at Cambridge, where his reputation for scholarship made him known to the king, who summoned him to court and bestowed various offices upon him. He was knighted Sept. 30, 1544. In 1546 he was empowered, together with two others, to affix the royal seal to all warrants issued in the king's name. He was a promoter of the Reformation, an aider of learning, and a true friend to the king, whom he, alone of all the courtiers, had the courage to warn of his approaching death. Henry appointed him one of his executors, and one of the councillors to his son, Edward VI. He is believed to have died in 1549, leaving six children by his wife Joan, daughter of Sir Philip Champernon, herself an ardent and open friend of the Reformation.

19. Sir Nicholas Vaux. This was the son of the William Vaux of II. Henry VI. (See note 16 to that play.) On the accession of Edward IV. Sir Nicholas Vaux was despoiled of his estates in consequence of the act of attainder which had been passed against his father; he was, however, restored to his possessions on the accession of Henry VII. In April, 1523, he was summoned to parliament by Henry VIII. as Baron Vaux of Harrowden; on May 24 he died. Fuller describes him as "a jolly Gentleman, both for camp and courts; a great Reveller, good as well in a March as a Masque." His son, Thomas, Lord Vaux (1511–1562), is now believed to have been the writer of two poems in Tottel's Miscellany (ed. Arber, pp. 172–174), one of which is ascribed by Puttenham, in his Arte of English Poesie, to Lord *Nicholas* Vaux.

20. Secretaries to Wolsey. These were William Burbank, who became archdeacon of Carlisle, and Dr. Richard Pace, who is referred to in ii. 2. 116-130. (See note 140.) Holinshed describes Pace as "courteous, pleasant, delighting in music, highly in the king's favour, and well heard in matters of weight." He was sent by the king to Rome in 1524, to secure the papal election for Wolsey, whose emissary he had been in various foreign embassies and secret missions. His correspondence, largely with Wolsey, fills a considerable space among the State Papers. He filled various offices, among them dean of St. Paul's and secretary of state, and died at Stepney in 1532.

21. Cromwell, servant to Wolsey. Thomas Cromwell was the son of Walter Cromwell, a blacksmith, fuller, innkeeper, and brewer at Putney. He was born probably about 1485, and is said to have been very ill-conducted in

his younger days. In 1504 or thereabouts he seems to have been a soldier in the French army in Italy; we then hear of him at Antwerp; then again in Italy, at Rome, and Venice. About 1513, after his return to England, Cromwell married the daughter of an old neighbour and seems to have taken up part of his father's business, afterwards becoming a solicitor, and rising gradually into prominence. Through the favour of Wolsey he was placed in the cardinal's household, and afterwards admitted into parliament. In 1529, after various employments, chiefly in connection with the suppression of the monasteries and the foundation of the universities of Oxford and Ipswich, we find him secretary to Wolsey, and in very prosperous circumstances. In the October of that year occurred Wolsey's downfall, and Cromwell, while not neglecting his own interests, did not neglect the interests of his benefactor, advocating his cause in parliament and finally securing his pardon. The fidelity of his conduct won credit for him at court, and from this time his rise into favour was rapid. He seems to have suggested to the king the policy of declaring himself head of the Church, and his ambition was viewed with general disfavour by all those whom it concerned. In 1531 he was made a privy-councillor, and by 1533 Chapuys could write of him, "He rules everything." On April 12, 1533, he was made chancellor of the exchequer, and in 1534 he was appointed the king's secretary and afterwards master of the rolls. Before long he was the king's vicegerent in all causes ecclesiastical, and his main agent in carrying into effect the Act of Supremacy. After the execution of Anne Boleyn in May, 1536, the office of lord privy-seal, which had formerly belonged to her father, was given to Cromwell. He became more and more powerful and more and more unpopular. He aided the king in the suppression of the monasteries, and received substantial pickings. In 1539 he was made Lord Great Chamberlain of England, and in the same year he negotiated the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves, through which, ere long, he came to have his downfall. The nobles, ever jealous of his power, chose the moment when Henry had already begun to tire of his new bride, and a bill of attainder was brought in against him. The charges of extortion and various misdemeanours were only too correct; he had now lost the support of the king; and on July 28 he was beheaded on Tower Hill. His son Gregory had been created Baron Cromwell. Gregory married a sister of Jane Seymour; his male line ceased in 1687.

22. Griffith, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine. Little is known of this "honest chronicler," as his mistress calls him in iv. 2. 72. His name occurs in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, in the passage corresponding to ii. 4. 121–133 of the play. "With that she [Katharine] rose up, making a low courtesy to the King, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning, as she was wont always to do, upon the arm of her General Receiver, called Master Griffith" (p. 217). His proper name was Griffin Richardes, and his account as receiver-general to the queen will be found in the Calendar of State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII. vol. iv. p. 2731. The expression used by Cavendish of the queen, "leaning, *as she was wont always to do*, on the arm of her General Receiver," is enough to indicate the esteem in which he was held, and may seem to give historical weight to the pleasant picture found in iv. 2.

23. Dr. Butts, physician to the king. Sir William Butts was born in Norfolk, and was educated at Cambridge, taking the degree of B.A. in 1506, of M.A. in 1509, of M.D. in 1518. From 1524 to his death in 1545 he was employed as physician to the court at a salary of £100 a year, afterwards increased by forty marks. The king, Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, and the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen Mary (whose life he is said to have saved), were among his patients. He is entered on the books of the College of Physicians as "vir gravis, eximia literarum cognitione, singulari judicio, summa experientia et prudenti consilio doctor." He was a staunch friend to both Wolsey and Cranmer, and two of the prominent reformers, Hugh Latimer and Sir John Cheke, owed their advancement to his influence. He died Nov. 22, 1545, and was buried in Fulham Church, where the restored monument wrongly gives the date of Nov. 17. He was twice painted by Holbein: in the fine portrait now in the possession of Mr. W. H. Pole Carew, and again as the leading figure in the group of medical men to whom the king is presenting the charter of the Barber Surgeons.

24. Garter King-at-arms. At the time of the coronation of Anne Boleyn, June 1533, this office was held by Thomas Wriothesley, who was appointed by Henry VIII. in 1529. He was the eldest son of John Wriothesley, Falcon herald in the reign of Edward IV. and Garter King-at-arms under Richard III., the founder of the College of Arms. Shakespeare's friend, Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton, was the grandson of the character in this play.

25. Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham. This was Charles Knevet, or Knyvet, the duke's cousin, and at one time his steward. He was dismissed from this office, which was no doubt one of the causes of his resentment against his former master. Another cause may be found in an information against the duke for "wrongfully withholding the goods of Elizabeth Knyvet, deceased" (Calendar of State Papers, ed. Brewer, vol. iii. p. 1288). (See the quotation from Holinshed in note 88.) The original informer against the duke, however, would seem to have been, not Knyvet, but Gilbert. See the unsigned letter addressed to Wolsey, quoted by Brewer, Reign of Henry VIII. vol. i. p. 379, 380. See also, concerning Gilbert, note 67 below.

26. Brandon. The stage-direction in i. 1. 198 is "Enter Brandon, a Sergeant-at-arms before him, and two or three of the Guard," to arrest the Duke of Buckingham. This name does not occur in the Chronicles. The officer who really arrested the duke was Sir Henry Marney, captain of the guard, who afterwards obtained a grant of some of the forfeited estates of his prisoner. He was created Baron Marney in 1533. Perhaps the Brandon mentioned in the text may be meant for Sir Thomas Brandon, who, together with Sir Henry Marney, was a member of the privy-council in the early years of Henry VIII. (See Calendar of State Papers, vol. i. p. 507, note.)

27. QUEEN KATHARINE. Katharine of Aragon, first queen of Henry VIII., was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and on her mother's side was descended from John of Gaunt. She was born at Alcala de Henares, December, 1485. Her first husband was Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., to whom she was married November 14, 1501. The marriage was probably one of ceremony only, and on April 2, 1502, the sixteen-year-old husband died at Ludlow. On June 25, 1503, Katharine was solemnly betrothed to Henry, the second son of Henry VII., and a special dispensation was received from the pope in order to legalize the union. The marriage, however, was delayed, and did not take place till after the death of the king. Henry VIII., on coming to the throne, at once took steps to secure his bride, and the ceremony was performed on June 11, 1509, seven weeks after his accession. On January 31, 1510, Katharine was prematurely delivered of a still-born daughter, and on the 1st of January in the following year she gave birth to a son, who died on the 22nd of February. In 1513 she had a second son, who also soon died, and in November, 1514, she had another premature delivery. On February 18, 1516, the Princess Mary was born, and in November, 1518, another daughter was born, who did not live long. During her husband's absence in France, in 1513, Katharine acted as regent, and it was during this period that James IV. of Scotland was defeated at Flodden. In 1526 Henry began to profess "scruples" as to the legitimacy of his union. The course and consequences of the trial are dealt with elsewhere in the notes on Dramatis Personæ. Katharine fought for herself with her best energies. She refused to take her cause out of the hands of the pope, into which she had put it; but, neglected by him and deserted by her husband, she fought in vain. Notwithstanding the popular sympathy, she was totally without friends at court. Henry secretly married Anne Boleyn, January 25, 1533, and on April 13 the marriage was openly declared. It was not till after this that Cranmer pronounced the invalidity of Henry's first marriage. Katharine took no notice of her formal deposition from the queenship, and on being remonstrated with, vigorously asserted her claims. She was treated with every indignity, and it seems as if attempts were even made to hasten her end. In May, 1534, she was removed from Buckden to Kimbolton, her high spirit unbroken by every misfortune. In December, 1535, she grew dangerously ill, seemed to recover slightly, but on Friday, January 7, finally succumbed, and died about two o'clock in the afternoon. There were suspicions at the time that her end was hastened by poison. Probable as this seems from some points of view, it is not strictly carried out by what we know of the symptoms observed after her death. She was solemnly buried, by order of the king, in the abbey of Peterborough, where, half a century later, the same sacristan, Scarlett, placed Mary Queen of Scots in her grave. Katharine was of a fair complexion, somewhat plump, fond of her needle, a devoted student of the Bible. She had been carefully trained in her youth, and Erasmus (who in 1526 dedicated to her his work on Christian Matrimony) speaks highly of her scholarship.

28. ANNE BOLEYN. Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, was born in 1507. In her youth she spent some years at the French court, remaining there, as "one of the French queen's women," till 1521 or 1522. On returning to England she took part in one of the court revels in March 1522, and is known to have attracted the marked attention of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet. She also found a suitor in the person of Lord Henry Percy, heir to the earldom of Northumberland, but the match was peremptorily forbidden by Wolsey, at the direction of the king, who at that time planned for her a marriage with Sir Piers Butler, son of the Earl of Ormond. Before this time Henry had dishonoured Anne's elder sister Mary, whom he married to Sir William Cary, and it was not long after Anne's return to England that his affections were transferred to her. From April, 1522, to 1525, her father received frequent grants of land, and in the latter year was created Viscount Rochford. It was not, however, till 1527 (after a long series of astonishing love-letters) that the king began to move for a divorce from his first wife Katharine. After certain abortive proceedings in the May of that year, Cardinal Campeggio was sent from Rome, at the king's desire, to try the question of the lawfulness of Henry's marriage with the widow of his brother Arthur. While proceedings were pending Anne was installed near the king at Greenwich, and after his final, though not judicial, separation from his wife in 1531, she was publicly recognized as his mistress. The marriage took place in 1533, no decree having been granted by the pope; but after the ceremony the desired sentence was given by Cranmer, pronouncing the marriage with Katharine null and that with Anne lawful; after which Anne was crowned on Whitsunday at Westminster Hall. Three months after her coronation (on September 7, 1533) she gave birth to her only daughter, the future Queen Elizabeth; in the following year she had a miscarriage, and on January 29, 1536, she was prematurely delivered of a dead child. Meanwhile the king's interest in his new wife had considerably cooled, and early in 1536 there was an open breach between them. Upon this Anne was committed to the Tower on a charge of incest and various charges of adultery; the trial took place on May 15, and every peer, including her father and her uncle (the latter of whom even pronounced the sentence), gave in a verdict of guilty. On the 17th her marriage with the king was pronounced invalid, and on Friday, May 19, she was decapitated on Tower Green. She protested her innocence to the last, her cheerful and courageous demeanour in the Tower being certainly in her favour. Few, however, seem to have had any sympathy for her in her fate, deserved or undeserved, and on the following day Henry married her maid of honour, Jane Seymour. A writer whose letter is included in Brown's Calendar of Venetian State Papers tells us that "Madame Anne" is "not one of the handsomest women in the world," and has nothing in her favour "but the king's great appetite, and her eyes, which are black and beautiful." Cranmer, however, speaks with admiration of her long flowing hair, *in* which he describes her as sitting in her horse-litter.

PROLOGUE.

29. Lines 15, 16:

a fellow
In a LONG MOTLEY COAT *guarded with yellow.*

Steevens quotes: Marston's 10th Satire:

The *long foole's coat*, the huge stop, the lugg'd boot,
From mimick Pisa all doe claime their roote.

"Thus also Nashe, in his Epistle Dedicatory to Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up, 1596: '—*fooles*, ye know, alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall *fooles*) are suted in *long coats*.'" *Motley* was of course the customary dress of clowns.

30. Lines 18, 19:

To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As FOOL AND FIGHT *is.*

Compare Fletcher's Women Pleased, v. 1:

To what end do I walk? for men to wonder at,
And *fight and fool!* —Works, p. 199.

31. Line 24: *The first and* HAPPIEST *hearers of the town.* —*Happy* is used here, as *felix* in Latin, with the sense of favourable, propitious. Compare Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 32: "A *happy* star."

32. Lines 25, 26:

think ye SEE
The very persons of our noble STORY

Story as a rhyme for *see* does not sound like Shakespeare; and, curiously enough, a similar atrocity is perpetrated in the Epilogue, lines 8–10:

All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only *in*
The merciful construction of good *women.*

Monck Mason refers to another instance of the same kind of mistreatment of verse in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, ii. 1:

Till both of us arrive, at her request,
Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham forest.

ACT I. Scene 1.

33. Lines 1, 2:

How have ye done
Since last we SAW *in France.*

Compare Cymbeline, i. 1. 124, and Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 59:

When shall we *see* again?

34. Line 7: *the vale of* ANDREN.—*Andren* is Hall and Holinshed's orthography for *Ardres* (spelt in the latter part of the line *Arde*), which, with *Guines*, is a town in Picardy. Ardres belonged to the French, Guines to the English, and it was in the valley between them that the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" was situated.

35. Lines 9–12:

Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, v. 3. 4–6:

Were they metamorphosed
Both into one, O, why, there were no woman
Worth so composed a man!

36. Line 19: *All* CLINQUANT, *all in gold.*—*Clinquant*, meaning glittering, from the French *clinquant*, tinsel, is not used anywhere else in Shakespeare. Steevens quotes A Memorable Masque performed before James I. at Whitehall in 1613: "his buskins *clinquant* as his other attire." Compare Florio, "Aginina, a kind of networke worne over tinsell or cloth of gold to make it show *clinkant.*" Boyer defines the French word *clinquant* as "lame d'or ou d'argent qu'on met dans les broderies, les dentelles, &c."

37. Lines 36–38:

that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That BEVIS *was believ'd.*

The reference here is to the popular story of Bevis of Southampton. See Camden's Britain (Translated newly into English by Philémon Holland, MDCX): "Lower still and not far from this Citie [Salisburie], is situate upon *Avon*, *Duncton* or *Donketon*, a burrough (as they say) of great antiquity, and well known by reason of the house therein of *Beavois* of Southampton, whom the people have enrolled in the number of their brave worthies for his valour, commended so much in rhime to posterity" (p. 250). "Bevis of Hampton, that is, Southampton, was" (says Halliwell, Folio ed. xii. 90) "a favourite old English metrical romance, several editions of which were published in the 16th and 17th centuries. A prose version of a later period long continued popular. An account of one of his exploits, which certainly partakes a little of the marvellous, is thus given in an early copy in a Cambridge manuscript:

Now begynneth the fy*gh*t, as y saythe,
Betwene Befyse and the tyte.
Then seyde Befyse hende and gode,
To the people that be hym stode,—
I councelle you ondo the yate,
And let me wynde owte ther ate
Then alle the can crye.
*Y*lde the, traytur, thou shalt dye!
Tho Befyse smote with herte gode,
And bathed his swyrde yn ther blode.
V. hundurd men he fellyd to grounde,
And hym-seife never a wounde;
Alle the blode of the men
As swete out of ther bodyes ranne."
—Halliwell, Folio ed. xii. 90.

In II. Henry VI. ii. 3. 93, some editors insert, from The Contention: "as Beuys of South-hampton fell upon Askapart." See note 139 to that play.

38. Lines 42–49 are arranged as by Theobald. Ff. print as follows:

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?
Nor. As you guesse:
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.
Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

39. Lines 48, 49:

One, CERTES, *that promises no* ELEMENT
In such a business.

Certes is used by Shakespeare in the Comedy of Errors, iv. 4. 78; Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 169; Tempest, iii. 3. 30; and Othello, i. 1. 16. In the last instance it *may* be pronounced as a monosyllable (and so Schmidt gives it), but I think it more likely that here, as in all the other examples save the one in the text, it is pronounced in two syllables. The use of *element* is also without a parallel in Shakespeare. The meaning of the sentence is, I think, correctly given by Schmidt: "One of whom it would not be expected that he should find his proper sphere in such a business." Johnson understands *element* to mean "imitation, previous practice," and Dyce, "rudimentary knowledge." Knight takes it to mean "constituent quality of mind." The expression is very obscure and awkward, however we take it.

40. Line 54: *these* FIERCE *vanities.*—Compare Lucrece, line 894:

> Thy *violent* vanities can never last.

Fierce seems to be used here for immoderate, excessive, as in Timon, iv. 2. 30: "O the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings." Johnson and Steevens suppose that *fierce*= the French *fier*, proud. Nares quotes from Ben Jonson, Poetaster, v. 3:

> And, Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,
> One fit him with a pair of larger ears.

41. Line 55: *such a* KEECH.—A *keech* is defined by Nares as "the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, a good deal resembling the body of a fat man." In II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 101 Mrs. Quickly refers to "goodwife *Keech*, the butcher's wife," and the word in the present passage derives its sting from the fact that Wolsey was said to be the son of a butcher. "It had," says Grant White, "a triple application to Wolsey, as a corpulent man, a reputed butcher's son, and a bloated favourite." It is most likely that the *tallow-catch* of the Ff. in I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 252 is a misprint for *tallow-keech.*

42. Line 60: CHALKS *successors their way.*—Compare Tempest, v. i. 203, 204:

> For it is you that have *chalk'd forth the way*
> Which brought us hither.

43. Line 63: *Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note.*—This is Capell's very generally accepted emendation of the Ff. reading:

> Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note.

Capell conjectured that *O* was a misprint for *A* (i.e. *he*), and the Old-Spelling edd. print "*a* giues vs note." In Notes and Queries, 6th Ser. vol. ii. Aug. 21, 1880, Mr. R. M. Spence well explains the passage (62–64): "Without the prestige of birth, and without external aid, Wolsey 'spider-like' had proved self-sufficient to be the architect of his own fortune, thus compelling even those who hated him most to acknowledge the force of his merit."

44. Lines 65, 66:

> *A gift that heaven gives for him; which buys*
> *A place next to the king.*

This is the reading of Ff., which Steevens explains: "What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits *for* him, and that gift, or deposit, *buys a place*, &c." Warburton read:

> A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him—

a transposition which certainly provides an easier sense, but which (*pace* Walker and Dyce) does not seem to be imperatively called for.

45. Lines 75, 76:

> *He makes up the* FILE
> *Of all the gentry.*

File is used here for list, as in a very closely parallel passage in Macbeth, v. 2. 8, 9:

> I have a *file*
> Of all the gentry.

46. Lines 78–80:

> *and his own letter,*
> *The honourable board of council out,*
> *Must fetch him in he* PAPERS.

Pope no doubt rightly takes *papers* as a verb, and interprets: "his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down." The construction is much forced, but this would seem to be the meaning. See Holinshed: "The peeres of the realme receiuing letters to prepare themselues to attend the King in this iourneie, and no apparent necessarie cause expressed, why nor wherefore; séemed to grudge, that such a costilie iourneie should be taken in hand to their importunate charges and expenses, *without consent of the whole boord of the councell*" (vol. iii. p. 644, ed. 1808). Compare Albion's England, ch. 80:

> Set is the Soveraign Sunne did shine when *paper'd* last our penne.

47. Lines 83, 84:

> *O, many*
> *Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em.*

Compare King John, ii. 1. 70:

> Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs;

and Beaumont and Fletcher, The Honest Man's Fortune, iii. 1. 26:

> My back shall not be
> The base on which your soothing citizen
> Erects his summer-houses.

Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy, says: "'Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oakes, or an hundred oxen, into a sute of apparell, to weare a whole *manor on his back*" (p. 482, ed. 1634).

48. Line 90: *the hideous storm that follow'd.*—Holinshed says: "On mondaie, the eighteenth of Iune, was such an *hideous storme* of wind and weather, that manie coniectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betwéene princes" (iii. 6. 54). The expression *hideous storm* occurs in the famous dirge in the Duchess of Malfy, iv. 2:

> Their death a *hideous storm* of terror.

49. Line 93: *aboded.*—This word (with a similar meaning to *forebode*) occurs in III. Henry VI. v. 6. 45, and the noun *abodement* in the same play, iv. 7. 13, but nowhere else in Shakespeare. Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "With good abode, *auspicatò*," &c.; "With ill abode, *contra auspicia*," &c.

50. Line 98: *A* PROPER *title of a peace.*—Compare Macbeth, iii. 4. 60, 61:

> O *proper* stuff!
> This is the very painting of your fear.

And Much Ado, i. 3. 54: "A *proper* squire!" The word is still used, colloquially, in this ironical way.

51. Line 112: BOSOM *up my counsel.*—There is no other instance in Shakespeare of the use of *bosom* as a verb. Compare Day, Ile of Guls, i. 3:

> Court spaniell! mum; Ile *bosome* what I thinke:
> Old Gibs not blind; I see altho I winke.
> —Bullen's Reprint, p. 25.

52. Line 120: *This* BUTCHER'S CUR *is* VENOM-MOUTH'D.—Compare Skelton's satire against Wolsey, "Why come ye not to Court," 293–296:

> They dare not look out at doors
> For dread of the mastiff cur;
> For dread the butcher's dog
> Would worry them like a hog.

See note 41 above. *Venom-mouth'd* is Pope's emendation of the Ff. *venom'd-mouth'd.*

53. Lines 122, 123:

> *A beggar's* BOOK
> OUTWORTHS *a noble's blood.*

Book is again used for learning in II. Henry VI. iv. 7. 76, 77:

> Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
> Because my *book* preferr'd me to the king.

Outworths is not used elsewhere in Shakespeare.

54. Line 128: *He* BORES *me with some trick.—Bores* is here used figuratively for overreaches, or perhaps undermines—a word not used in this sense elsewhere in Shakespeare. Compare The Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell, iii. 2: "No, I'll assure you, I am no earl, but a smith, Sir; one Hodge, a smith at Putney, Sir; one that hath gulled you, that hath *bored* you, Sir" (Doubtful Plays, ed. Tauchnitz, p. 103).

55. Lines 132–134:

> *anger is like*
> *A* FULL-HOT HORSE, *who being allow'd his way,*
> *Self-mettle* TIRES *him.*

Compare Massinger, The Unnatural Combat, iv. 2. 6:

> Let his passion work, and like a *hot-reined horse*
> 'T will quickly *tire* itself;

and also Lucrece, 707:

> Till, like a *jade*, Self-will himself doth *tire.*

56. Lines 146, 147:

> *I say again, there is no English soul*
> MORE STRONGER *to direct you than yourself.*

Instances of the double comparative and superlative are not infrequently met with in Shakespeare and the contemporary literature. See note 297 to Merchant of Venice. Ben Jonson, perhaps erroneously, speaks of the idiom as "a certain kind of English atticism, imitating the manner of the *most ancientest and finest* Grecians" (Works, ed. Gifford, 1838, p. 786).

57. Lines 148, 149:

> *If with the sap of reason you would quench,*
> *Or but allay, the fire of passion.*

Steevens compares Hamlet, iii. 4. 123, 124:

> Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
> Sprinkle cool patience.

There is all the difference, in these two distinctly parallel passages, between a bad metaphor and a good one.

58. Lines 154, 155:

> *And proofs as clear as founts in* JULY, *when*
> *We see each grain of gravel.*

F. 1 prints *Inly* (turned *u*). Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, i. 1. 112:

> There through my tears,
> Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
> You may behold them.

59. Line 164: SUGGESTS *the king; i.e.* tempts.—Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 34:

> Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested;*

and ii. 6. 7, 8, of the same play:

> O sweet-*suggesting* Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
> Teach me, thy *tempted* subject, to excuse it!

60. Lines 166, 167:

> *and like a glass*
> *Did break i' the* RINSING.

Ff. have *wrenching,* which is no doubt a corruption of *rinsing* (Pope's emendation). Similar confusions are not uncommon—that between *lance* and *lanch* for instance. In Richard III. iv. 4. 224, Ff. read:

> Whose hand soeuer *lanch'd* their tender hearts;

and in Howell's Instructions for Forraine Travell, 1642, the transposition is made in the opposite way: "not daring to *lance* out into the maine, to see the wonders of the deep" (Arber's Reprint, p. 15).

61. Line 168: *Pray,* GIVE ME FAVOUR, *sir; i.e.* give me your indulgence, excuse me. Compare Macbeth, i. 3. 149: "*Give me* your *favour;*" and Tempest, iv. 1. 204:

> Good my lord, *give me* thy *favour* still.

62. Line 183: HE *privily.*—So F. 2 and succeeding editors (except the Old-Spelling edd.); F. 1 omits *he.*

63. Line 184: I TROW.—F. 1, F. 2 spell *troa.*

64. Line 200: *Hereford.*—So Capell; Ff. print *Hertford.*

65. Line 211: *O my Lord* ABERGA'NY, *fare you well!*—Here and in i. 2. 137 F. 1 prints *Aburgany;* the Cambridge edd. spell the name in full, *Abergavenny.*

66 Lines 216, 217:

> *Here is a warrant from*
> *The king to attach* LORD MONTACUTE.

This was Henry Pole, grandson to George, duke of Clarence, eldest brother to Cardinal Pole, and son-in-law to Lord Abergavenny. On this occasion he was pardoned and restored to favour, only to become implicated in another treason, for which he was afterwards executed.

67. Line 219: *One Gilbert Peck, his* CHANCELLOR.—So Theobald; Ff. have *Councellour,* but in ii. 1. 20 they print rightly "Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour." *Peck,* or as Holinshed has it, *Perke,* seems to be a mistake. The man's real name was Robert Gilbert. Besides having the position of chaplain to the duke, he seems to have been employed as a confidential agent in various pecuniary transactions. His testimony against the duke betrays a strong animus, "not unlike the tone of a man who had been false to his master, and sought to cover his falsehood by exaggerated statements." The text of his "confession and deposition" is contained in the Harleian MSS. (283, f. 70) in the British Museum; it is reprinted in Brewer's Reign of Henry VIII. i. 391, 392. The duke's reply to the charge is given on the following page (foot-note).

68. Line 221: *O,* NICHOLAS *Hopkins?*—Ff. print *Michaell Hopkins,* which was corrected by Theobald (after Hall

and Holinshed). The correct Christian name is given (with a wrong surname) in i. 2. 147. "In the MS.," as Malone remarks, "*Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.*" Halliwell mentions, on the authority of Mr. D. D. Hopkyns of Weycliffe, that the name was familiar to Shakespeare as a family surname in his own county, and that there was a Nicholas Hopkins who was Sheriff of Coventry in 1561.

69. Lines 224-226:

> *I am the* SHADOW *of poor Buckingham,*
> *Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,*
> *By darkening my clear sun.*

These lines, which have given a great deal of unnecessary trouble to editors, are thus explained by Grant White: "The speaker says that his life is cut short already, and that what they see is but the shadow of the real Buckingham, whose figure is assumed by the instant cloud which darkens the sun of his prosperity." Steevens (Variorum Ed. vol. xix. pp. 328, 329) quotes a number of similar figures from various parts of Shakespeare. Compare King John, ii. 1. 496-500:

> I find . . .
> The *shadow* of myself form'd in her eye;
> Which, being but the *shadow* of your son,
> Becomes a sun, and makes your son a *shadow.*

ACT I. Scene 2.

70. Lines 2, 3:

> *I stood* I' THE LEVEL
> *Of a full-charg'd confederacy.*

Compare Sonnet cxvii. 11, 12:

> Bring me within the *level* of your frown,
> But shoot not at me;

and All's Well, ii. 1. 158, 159:

> I am not an impostor, that proclaim
> Myself against the *level* of mine aim.

The word is often used by Shakespeare in this sense. See Winter's Tale, note 68. Coles (Lat. Dict.) has: "The *level* of a gun, *scopus.*"

71. Line 24: *putter-on; i.e.* instigator. Compare Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 141:

> You are abused, and by some *putter-on.*

72. Lines 29-37.—Mr. Robert Boyle, in his paper on the authorship of Henry VIII., read before the New Shakspere Society, Jan. 16, 1885, sees in these lines an allusion to events occurring in the years 1615-17. See Gardiner's History of England between 1603 and 1642, p. 385. The conjecture may be given for what it is worth. The allusion is certainly doubtful, and might have referred to earlier events, mentioned in Holinshed or Hall. "From 1613 on, if not earlier" (I quote from Mr. Boyle's summary), "the king's attention had been directed to the state of the cloth trade. From time to time regulations had been issued in favour of the trade, with the particular purpose of providing that the cloth should not only be woven, but also dyed and dressed in England. With the greater part of the cloth exported, this legislation had been successful. But the great company of merchant adventurers trading in the country between Calais and Hamburg found no market for the cloth dyed and dressed in England. . . . Under these circumstances they ceased to export it. Alderman Cockayne pressed on the king the necessity of making a new effort in favour of the English trade. Permission to export undyed cloth was withdrawn. The merchant adventurers refused to trade under these conditions, and gave up their charter on the 21st of February, 1615. A new company, with Cockayne at its head, was formed. When in 1616 the Dutch saw that the English meant to force their dyed and dressed cloth on the market, they determined to take the remedy into their own hands. They promised a premium for every new loom started, and in a few weeks the sound of the shuttle was heard all over the country. The consequences were not long in showing themselves. Gloucestershire sent in a petition complaining of the numbers thrown out of employment by the new regulations. Worcester and Wiltshire joined in the complaint. In 1617 Cockayne's company were compelled to give up business, and the merchant adventurers resumed their charter on their own conditions."

73. Line 33: *The* SPINSTERS.—*Spinster* occurs again in Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 45, and in Othello, i. 1. 24, always in the literal sense of one who spins. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives the word in this sense, and then adds: "Spinster [in Law] *fœmina mariti expers, Vidua.*"

74. Line 55: *bolden'd.*—This word (probably a contraction of emboldened) is used again in As You Like It, ii. 7. 91:

> Art thou thus *bolden'd,* man, by thy distress?

75. Line 57: *commissions, which* COMPEL.—So Pope; Ff. print *compels.*

76. Line 67: *There is no* PRIMER BUSINESS; *i.e.* business of "first" importance, pressing business.—Ff. have *basenesse;* the emendation is Warburton's, who says: "The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons, which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured, then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness;* but rather made use of a word that could not offend the Cardinal, and yet would incline the King to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore:

> There is no primer *business,*

i.e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch" (Variorum Ed. xix. 333). This reasoning is quite conclusive, especially when all the typographical change made (in the old spelling) is that of an *a* into a *u,* and an *e* into an *i.* With this use of *prime* compare iii. 2. 162 below: "The *prime* man of the state;" and ii. 4. 229: "the *primest* creature." In all the rest of Shakespeare the word is only used in this sense four times.

77. Line 78: *To* COPE *malicious censurers.*—*Cope* is used in Shakespeare not only in the phrase "to cope with," but by itself with the meaning of encounter, either in a friendly manner or as an adversary. Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 34, 35: "They say he yesterday *cop'd* Hector in the battle, and struck him down."

78. Lines 79, 80:

> *As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow*
> *That is* NEW-TRIMM'D.

Trim is used of ships in the sense of prepare, fit out, in Pericles, v. Prol. 18, 19:

> Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
> His banners sable, *trimm'd* with rich expense.

79. Line 82: *sick interpreters*, ONCE *weak ones; i.e.* at one time or another.—Steevens compares Merry Wives, iii. 4. 103, 104:

> I thank thee; and I pray thee, *once* to-night
> Give my sweet Nan this ring;

and Drayton's Idea, Sonnet xiii.:

> This diamond shall *once* consume to dust.

80. Line 85: *act.*—Capell completes the line by printing *action* (which, however, would have to be pronounced as a trisyllable). It is very possible that this may be the original reading.

81. Lines 95, 96:

> *Why, we take*
> *From every tree* LOP, *bark, and part o' the timber.*

Lop is still given in modern dictionaries as "that which is cut off trees." The act described in these lines was forbidden, says Schmidt, by statute 1 Jac. I. cap. 22. sec. xxi.

82. Lines 105–107:

> *let it be nois'd*
> *That* THROUGH OUR INTERCESSION *this revokement*
> *And pardon comes.*

Holinshed says: "The cardinall, to deliver himself from the evill will of the commons, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and caused it to be bruted abrode that *through his intercession* the king had pardoned and released all things."

83. Line 118: *This man so* CÓMPLETE.—Schmidt, in his Appendix I. § 1, on the changeable accent of adjectives, states that, with this exception, the word *complete* is invariably accented on the first syllable when it precedes a noun, on the last syllable when it is used in the predicate. Too much should not be made of a metrical custom which might be made to bend to metrical exigencies, but the exception is interesting, and, so far as it goes, confirmatory of the non-Shakespearian authorship of the play.

84. Lines 132–138.—Holinshed says: "This Kneuet [that had beene the dukes surueior] being had in examination before the cardinall, disclosed all the dukes life. And first he vttered, that the duke was accustomed by waie of talke, to saie, how he meant so to vse the matter, that he would atteine to the crowne, if king Henrie chanced to die without issue: & that he had talke and conference of that matter on a time with George Neuill, lord of Aburgauennie, vnto whome he had giuen his daughter in marriage; and also that he threatened to punish the cardinall for his manifold misdooings, being without cause his mortall enimie" (iii. 657).

85. Line 140: *Not* FRIENDED BY *his wish.*—Compare Cymbeline, ii. 3. 51–53:

> Frame yourself
> To orderly solicits, and be *friended*
> With aptness of the season.

By is used here for "in accordance with," or, as Abbott paraphrases the passage, "to his heart's content." Compare Coriolanus, iii. 2. 52–54:

> Because that now it lies you on to speak
> To the people; not *by* your own instruction,
> Nor *by* the matter which your heart prompts you.

86. Lines 144, 145:

> *How grounded he his title to the crown,*
> *Upon our* FAIL?

Compare ii. 4. 197, 198:

> I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
> By this my issue's *fail.*

87. Lines 147, 148: *Nicholas* HENTON.—So Ff.; Pope in his 2nd ed. on the suggestion of Theobald printed *Hopkins.* Compare i. 1. 221 (where in Ff. he is called *Michaell* Hopkins) and ii. 1. 22. The man's real name was Nicholas Hopkins (and so many editors read here). *Hopkins* was a friar of *Henton.* Holinshed says that Buckingham was "brought into a full hope that he should be king, by a vain prophesie which one Nicholas Hopkins, a monke of an house of the Chartreux order beside Bristow, called Henton, sometime his confessor had opened vnto him" (iii. 658). Brewer describes him as "a kind-hearted but crazy enthusiast, Dan Nicholas Hopkyns, a monk of the Charterhouse at Henton, who brought the duke unintentionally into trouble, and died broken-hearted after his fall" (Reign of Henry VIII. i. 386). See a letter of his to the duke, quoted in the foot-note to that page.

88. Lines 151–171.—Holinshed says: "Beside all this, the same duke the tenth of Maie, in the twelfe yeare of the kings reigne, at London in a place called the Rose, within the parish of saint Laurence Poultnie in Canwike street ward, demanded of the said Charles Kneuet esquier, what was the talke amongest the Londoners concerning the kings iournie beyond the seas? And the said Charles told him, that manie stood in doubt of that iourneie, least the Frenchmen meant some deceit towards the king. Whereto the duke answered, that it was to be feared, least it would come to passe, according to the words of a certeine holie monke. For there is (saith he) a Chartreux moonke, that diuerse times hath sent to me, willing me to send vnto him my chancellor: and I did send vnto him Iohn de la Court my chapleine, vnto whome he would not declare anie thing, till de la Court had sworne vnto him to kéepe all things secret, and to tell no creature liuing what hée should heare of him, except it were to me.

"And then the said moonke told da la Court, that neither the king nor his heires should prosper, and that I should indeuour my selfe to purchase the good wils of the communaltie of England; for I the same duke and my bloud should prosper, and haue the rule of the realme of England" (iii. 660, 661).

89. Line 156: *fear'd.*—So Pope; Ff. print *feare.*

90. Line 164: *under the* CONFESSION'S *seal.*—This is Theobald's correction; Ff. have "vnder the *Commissions Seale,*" which is nonsense. Theobald confirms his conjecture by the following passage in Holinshed: "The duke in talke told the monke, that he had doone verie well, to bind his chapleine Iohn de la Court, *vnder the seale of confession,* to kéepe secret the matter" (iii. 659). In the Roman Catholic Church the priest is bound to secrecy in regard to all confessions by an ecclesiastical law, which says: "Confessio coram sacerdote in pœnitentiâ facta non

probat in judicio: *quia censetur facta coram Deo;* imo, si sacerdos eam enunciet, incidet in pœnam."

91. Line 167: *with* DEMURE *confidence.*—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 59: "after a *demure* travel of regard," which the Clarendon Press editor interprets, "after allowing his look to pass gravely from one to another." See too Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 9. 30, 31:

Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers.

Boyer (French Dictionary) has "Demure, Adj. (Bashful, *or* Reserved) *Froid, qui a une mine froide, serieux, reservé, grave.*"

92. Lines 169, 170:

bid him strive
To GAIN *the love o' the commonalty.*

F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 omit *gain,* which is inserted by F. 4, and seems definitely to be required. See the words of the quotation from Holinshed: "*purchase the good wils of the communaltie* of England."

93. Line 180: *For* HIM *to ruminate on this.*—This is Rowe's correction of the Ff. misprint *this.*

94. Lines 188-210.—This follows Holinshed closely: "And further more, the same duke on the fourth of Nouember, in the eleuenth yere of the Kings reigne, at east Greenwich in the countie of Kent, said vnto one Charles Kneuet esquier, after that the king had reprooued the duke for reteining William Bulmer knight into his seruice, that if he had perceiued that he should have beene committed to the Tower (as he doubted hée should haue béene) hée would haue so wrought, that the principall dooers therein should not haue had cause of great reioising: for he would haue plaied the part which his father intended to haue put in practise against king Richard the third at Salisburie, who made earnest sute to haue come vnto the presence of the same king Richard: which sute if he might haue obteined, he hauing a knife secretlie about him, would haue thrust it into the bodie of king Richard, as he had made semblance to knéele downe before him. And in speaking these words, he maliciouslie laid his hand vpon his dagger, and said, that if he were so euill vsed, he would doo his best to accomplish his pretensed purpose, swearing to confirme his word by the bloud of our Lord" (iii. 660). In the Variorum Ed. vol. xix. p. 341 there is an extract (in French) from the Year Book, 13 Henry VIII. confirming the main outlines of Holinshed's account.

95. Line 213: *by day and night.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 164:

O *day and night,* but this is wondrous strange!

ACT I. SCENE 3.

96. Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.—Malone observes: "Shakespeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the King in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house [in 1526], Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the chamberlain, himself possessed that office." The Lord Chamberlain who is supposed to be present was Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester. Sir William Sandys succeeded to his office on his death in 1526.

97. Line 10: *Pepin or Clotharius.*—*Pepin* was the founder of the Carlovingian dynasty; *Clothaire* was the name of several kings of the Merovingian dynasty. *Pepin* is alluded to, as in the text, as a representative of antiquity, in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 121-123: "an old saying, that was a man when King *Pepin* of France was a little boy;" and in All's Well, ii. 1. 79. "King *Clothair*" is named in Henry V. i. 2. 67.

98. Lines 11-13:

They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the SPAVIN
OR SPRINGHALT *reign'd among 'em.*

Spavin and *springhalt* are two diseases of horses—the former consisting in a swelling of the joints, the latter causing a horse to twitch up his legs; both consequently producing lameness. *Spavins* occurs in Taming of the Shrew, iii. 2. 53, among the list of horse-diseases. In line 13 Ff. print *A;* which Pope replaces by *And,* and Verplanck by *Or,* which is adopted by the Cambridge editors. The same reading had been independently arrived at by Dyce and Collier's MS. Corrector.

99. Line 12: *saw.*—So Pope; Ff. have *see.*

100. Line 14: *Their clothes are after such a pagan cut* TOO.—Ff. read *too't,* which may be intended for *to't, i.e.* in addition to it—which is the reading adopted by the Old-Spelling editors.

101. Lines 24, 25:

those remnants
OF FOOL AND FEATHER, *that they got in France.*

The allusion here is at once to the feathers worn in the hat and carried as fans in the hand, and to those worn by fools in their caps. Douce quotes Rowley's Match at Midnight, i. 1: "Yes, yes, she that dwells in Blackfryers, next to the sign of *The Fool laughing at a Feather.*" Halliwell gives the following note, contributed by Mr. Fairholt: "No better illustration of Shakespeare's minute truthfulness in his occasional descriptions could probably be offered than this passage, which so simply, and yet so pointedly, alludes to the extravagant follies of the French fashions exhibited at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. . . . A close scull-cap of velvet is worn upon the head, and the bonnet or hat slung at the back of it, with an enormous radiation of feathers set around it, which an old French writer compares to the glories of a peacock's tail." Compare Hall, who relates that some young Englishmen, when they came from France in 1518-19, "were all Frenche, in eatynge, drynkyng and apparell, yea, and in Frenche vices and bragges, so that all the estates of Englande were by them laughed at: the ladies and gentlewomen were dispraised, so that nothing by them was praised, but if it were after the Frenche turne" (ed. 1809, p. 597).

102. Line 27: *fights and* FIREWORKS.—Steevens says: "We learn from a French writer quoted in Montfaucon's Monuments de la Monarchie Françoise, vol. iv., that some very extraordinary *fireworks* were played off on the evening of the last day of the royal interview between Guynes and Ardres. Hence, our 'travelled gallants,' who were present at this exhibition, might have imbibed their fondness for the pyrotechnic art."

103. Line 31: *Short* BLISTER'D *breeches.—Blister'd* doubtless means puffed, and "describes," says Grant White, "with picturesque humour the appearance of the slashed breeches, covered as they were with little puffs of satin lining which thrust themselves out through the slashes." Compare with this passage, Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth, ii. 4:

> Now you that trust in travel,
> And makes sharp beards and *little breeches* deities,
> You that enhance the daily price of tooth-picks,
> And hold there is no home-bred happiness,
> Behold a model of your mind and actions.

Halliwell gives a cut representing a dandy in *blistered breeches*, with "tall stockings drawn high above the knee, where they are cut into points, the breeches very short, and gathered into close rolls or blisters."

104. Line 34: WEAR *away.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *wee.*

105. Line 48: *Your* COLT'S TOOTH *is not cast yet.*—Compare Massinger, The Guardian, i. 1, where Durazzo, an elderly person, having expressed some rather warm sentiments, Camillo cries "Out upon you," and Donato exclaims "The colt's tooth still in your mouth!" Boyer (French Dictionary) has "Colts-teeth, *Dents de Lait, les premières Dents qui viennent aux Animals.*"

106. Lines 63, 64:

> *My barge stays;*
> *Your lordship* SHALL ALONG.

"The speaker," says Malone, "is now in the King's palace at *Bridewell*, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (Cardinal Wolsey's house,) now Whitehall." Compare Hamlet, iii. 3. 4:

> And he to England *shall along* with you.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

107.—The account of this banquet and masquerade is taken from Cavendish, Life of Wolsey. He says:

"And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship. Such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy, their hairs and beards either of fine gold wires or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the water gate, without any noise; where against his coming were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, gentlewomen and ladies to muse what it should mean, coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort. First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my Lord Cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a noblemen, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the Lord Sands, Lord Chamberlain to the king, and also by Sir Henry Guilford, Comptroller to the king. Then immediately after this great shot of guns the cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that, quoth the cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them, according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then [they] went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the Cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently: to whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said, 'Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: they, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good Grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your Grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the cardinal answered, that he was very well contented they should do so. Then the maskers went first, and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all!' quoth the Cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the Cardinal to my Lord Chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some nobleman,

whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my Lord Chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord Cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my Lord Chamberlain said to my lord Cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your Grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the Cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the King's person in that mask than any other. The King, hearing and perceiving the Cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The Cardinal eftsoons desired his Highness to take the place of estate; to whom the King answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my Lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And, in the time of the King's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the King and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the King took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but to sit still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the King's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the King, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled" (ed. Singer, vol. i. pp. 49-55). The incident really took place on January 3, 1527. For an authentic account see the letter of Spinelli, the Venetian secretary (No. 4 in Brown's Venetian Calendar).

108. Line 4: *this noble* BEVY.—This word was originally used of a company of roebucks or a flock of quails. Cole's Latin Dictionary has: "A Bevy [as of quails, &c.] *grex, egis.*" Boyer gives under *Bevy*, "A Bevy of Quails," "A Bevy of Roe-bucks," "A Bevy of Gossips," and "A Bevy of Ladies, *Un Cercle de Dames.*" The Imperial Dictionary states that the word *bevy* is given as the correct term for a company of ladies by Dame Juliana Berners, 1496. In Hamlet, v. 2.197, Ff. have "nine [F.1 mine] more of the same *Beauy,*" where Qq. print "many more of the same breed."

109. Lines 6, 7:

As FAR'S *good company, good wine, good welcome,*
Can make good people.

This is Dyce's conjectural emendation of the reading of Ff.:

As *first*, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

The Cambridge editors retain this reading (inserting a comma after "as"); Theobald joined "first-good" by a hyphen, and understood it to mean "the best in the land."

110. Line 12: *a running banquet; i.e.* a hasty refreshment. *Banquet* was frequently used for the dessert only. Compare Massinger's Unnatural Combat, iii. 1:

We'll dine in the great room; but let the music
And *banquet* be prepared here.

Malone quotes Habingdon's History of King Edward IV.: "Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, though by the Earle recalled, found their fate and the winds so adverse, that they could not land in England, to taste this *running banquet* to which fortune had invited them."

111. Line 41: *I am* BEHOLDING *to you.*—We now say *beholden*, and so many editors print throughout Shakespeare, where the form is invariably *beholding.* Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives both forms, but in all the examples he uses *beholden.* I take from Rolfe (p. 169) a quotation from Butler's Grammar, 1633, given by Grant White, and imperfectly quoted by Boswell: "*Beholding* to one:—of to *behold* or regard: which, by a *Synecdoche generis*, signifyeth to respect and behold, or look upon with love and thanks for a benefit received. . . . So that this English phrase, *I am beholding to you*, is as much as, I specially respect you for some special kindness: yet some, now-a-days, had rather write it *Beholden*, i.e., obliged, answering to that *teneri et firmiter obligari:* which conceipt would seeme the more probable, if to *beholde* did signifie to *holde*, as to *bedek* to *dek*, to *besprinkle*, to *sprinkle.* But indeed, neither is *beholden* English, neither are *behold* and *hold* any more all one, than *become* and *come*, or *beseem* and *seem.*"

112. Lines 47, 48:

Sands. *and pledge it, madam,*
For 't is to such a thing—
Anne. *You cannot show me.*

Mr. Robert Boyle, in the paper cited above, compares the following scrap of dialogue in Women Pleased, v. 2:

Isabella. He that would profess this,
And bear that full affection you make show of,
Should do—
Claudio. What should I do?
Isab. I cannot show you.

113. Line 49. Stage-direction: *chambers* discharged.—*Chambers* were small pieces of ordnance standing on the breech, without a carriage, and used only in rejoicings and stage-fights. It was these *chambers* in this very play that caused the burning of the Globe Theatre (see quotation in Introduction). The word is used, quibblingly, in II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 57. Coles has: "Chambers [sort of guns] *pyroboli.*"

114. Line 62: *A* GOOD DIGESTION *to you all.*—Compare Macbeth, iii. 4. 38, 39:

Now, *good digestion* wait on appetite,
And health on both!

115. Lines 65, 66:

Because they speak no English, thus they PRAY'D
To tell your grace.

So Ff.; Collier added *me* in his second edition on the strength of his MS. Corrector, and Dyce, supported by Walker's approval, also adopts it.

116. Lines 92, 93:

An't please your grace, SIR THOMAS BULLEN'S *daughter,*—THE VISCOUNT ROCHFORD.

Compare Cavendish, Life of Wolsey (ed. Singer, vol. i. p. 56): "This gentlewoman, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, being at that time but only a bachelor knight, the which after, for love of his daughter, was promoted to higher dignities. He bare at divers several times for the most part, all the rooms of estimation in the king's house, as comptroller, and treasurer, vice chamberlain and lord chamberlain. Then was he made Viscount Rochford; and at the last created Earl of Wiltshire, and knight of the noble order of the Garter, and, for his more increase of gain and honour, he was made Lord Privy Seal, and most chiefest of the king's privy council."

117. Lines 95, 96:

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.

Steevens quotes Thomas Lovell, A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the use and abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie:

But some reply, what foole would daunce,
If that when daunce is doon,
He may not have at ladyes lips
That which in daunce he woon.

I am unable to verify the quotation, as there is no copy of the book in the British Museum or the Bodleian. It is, according to Lowndes and Brunet, without date; but is entered in Stationers' Registers 23rd May, 1581. The connection of kissing and dancing is mentioned by Stubbes (Anatomy of Abuse, New Shakspere Society's ed. pp. 155, 165) and by Taylor (Works, Spenser Soc. ed. p. 258). A more distinct reference is found in John Northbrooke's Treatise wherein Dicing, Dancing, Vaine playes, or Enterludes, . . . are reproved, &c. The book was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1577; a second edition was published in 1579; the edition printed by Collier for the Old Shakespeare Society is undated. On p. 165 of this reprint occurs the following passage: "and when the minstrels doe make a signe to stinte, then, if thou doe not kiss hir that thou leading by the hande didst daunce withall, then thou shalt be taken for a rusticall, and as one without good maners and nurture." This passage, and others before it, are prefaced by the words "Erasmus sayth," and this side-note: "Erasm. Roter. in lib. de contemptu mundi cap. 7." I quote the sentence translated by Northbrooke, with its context, from Erasmus' Works (Lugd. Bat. 1704), vol. v. pp. 1249, 1250: "Cujus animus sic compositus, sic firmus, sic marmoreus est, quem lascivi illi motus, agitataque in numerum brachia, citharæ cantus, voces puellares, non corrumpant, non lebefactent, non emollient? . . . At ubi choraules, cithara ex more tacta, quiescendi signum dedit, rusticus habeberis, ne eam cujus lævam complexus saltasti dissuaviatus fueris."

118. Line 108: *Let the music* KNOCK IT.—Steevens compares Marston, Antonio and Mellida:

Fla. Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.
Catz. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.
Fla. Pert Catzo, *knock it* then.

Halliwell quotes Ravencroft's Briefe Discourse, 1614, in which the following line occurs in the song of the Hunting of the Hare:

The hounds do *knock it* lustily.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

119.—The account of Buckingham's trial is found in Holinshed, iii. 661, 662 (copied almost verbatim from Hall). The play follows the chronicle very closely, and most of the significant expressions it contains are little more than copied. See lines 31–33 ("he *sweat extremely*"). Holinshed says: "The duke was brought to the barre sore chafing, and *swet maruellouslie.*" Buckingham's dying speech owes much to the chronicler. With lines 97–103 compare Holinshed: "Then was the edge of the sword turned towards him, and he led into a barge. Sir Thomas Louell desired him to sit on the cushins and carpet ordeined for him. He said nay; for when I went to Westminster I was duke of Buckingham, now I am but Edward Bohune the most caitife of the world."

120. Line 18: *have.*—So F. 4; F. 1 has *him.*

121. Lines 40–44.—Compare Holinshed, iii. 645: "At length there was occasion offered him to compasse his purpose, by occasion of the earle of Kildare his comming out of Ireland. . . . Such accusations were framed against him when no bribes would come, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the king's depute, in lieu of the said earle of Kildare, there to remaine rather as an exile, than as lieutenant to the king, euen at the cardinals pleasure, as he himselfe well perceiued."

122. Line 53: *The mirror of all courtesy.*—Steevens quotes from Henry VIII.'s Year Book, fol. 11 and 12, ed. 1597: "Dieu à sa ame grant mercy—car il fuit tres noble prince et prudent, et *mirror de tout courtesie.*"

123. Line 54: Stage-direction. Enter . . . Sir *William* Sands.—Ff. print Sir *Walter* Sands, by an evident oversight or misprint, which there seems no real reason for retaining. The correction was made by Theobald. Holinshed, in his account of the trial of Buckingham, says: "Thus they landed at the Temple, where receiued him sir Nicholas Vawse & sir *William* Sands baronets."

124. Line 67: *Nor build their* EVILS *on the graves of great men.*—Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 170–172:

Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our *evils* there?

and see note 88.

125. Line 78: o' *God's name.*—So Theobald; Ff. have *a.*

126. Line 81: *now* TO *forgive me frankly.*—Pope, whom some editors follow, omits *to*, and so very likely the author wrote. But the line as it stands is not beyond the limits of a possible license. Similarly in the fourth line from this one Dyce omits *that.*

127. Lines 85, 86:

no black envy
Shall MARK *my grave.*

Ff. print *make*. The emendation adopted in the text was first introduced by Hanmer, after a conjecture of Warburton's. As Grant White very justly remarks, reference to envy *making* a grave, while expressive if used of another, can scarcely be applicable to the person who speaks, and for whom the grave is made. Steevens defends the reading of the Folio by interpreting it to mean: "No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life;" and again by suggesting that to *make* a grave means to close it. But surely either meaning is decidedly forced.

128. Line 89: *till my soul* FORSAKE.—Rowe, who is followed by many editors, adds *me;* but the expression seems more emphatic and significant if *forsake* is used absolutely. Schmidt compares the use of the German *versagen.*

129. Lines 102, 103:

When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward BOHUN.

The Duke of Buckingham's family name was Stafford (see note 7), but he was descended from the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, whose name expired in 1372, and he is said to have affected the earlier surname. "His reason for this might be," says Tollet (Var. Ed. xix. 362), "because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance from the *Bohuns;* and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bohun?*"

130. Lines 126, 127:

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not LOOSE.

Compare Othello, iii. 3. 416, 417:

There are a kind of men so *loose* of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.

131. Line 168: *We are too* OPEN *here to argue this.*—Compare iii. 2. 405:

This day was view'd in *open* as his queen.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

132. Lines 31–33:

a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.

Compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 307, 308:

Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck;

and see note 36 to that play.

133. Lines 42–44:

Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have SLEPT UPON
This bold bad man.

Compare Sonnet lxxxiii. 5:

And therefore have I *slept* in your report.

134. Line 62: Stage-direction. Exit Lord Chamberlain. Norfolk opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.—Ff. print: "Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and sits reading pensiuely." The stage-direction in the text is Malone's, who says, in quoting the Ff.: "This stage-direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time was, to place such persons in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present case,) drew back just at the proper time. . . . Norfolk has just said—'Let's in,'—and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the king. This, indeed, in the simple state of the stage, was not attended to: the king very civilly discovering himself."

135. Line 70: *business of* ESTATE.—Compare Richard III. ii. 2. 126, 127:

Which would be so much the more dangerous
By how much the *state*'s green and yet ungovern'd.

136. Lines, 78, 79:

My good lord, have great care
I be not found a TALKER.

Steevens compares Richard III. i. 3. 350–352:

Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

137. Line 85: *I'll venture* ONE HAVE-AT-HIM.—So Dyce and Staunton; F. 1 prints *Ile venture one; haue at him,* which the editor of F. 2 distorted into *Ile venture one heave at him.* See iii. 2. 309: "Have at you!" and v. 2. 113: "now have at ye!"

138. Line 94: HAVE *their free voices; i.e.* have *sent* their free voices—a proleptic construction which is certainly awkward enough, but none the less likely to have been written by the author. Grant White reads *Gave,* which is as good as most conjectural emendations, and may quite possibly be right.

139. Line 107: *unpartial.*—Shakespeare's spelling of this word is invariably *impartial.*

140. Lines 116–130.—This follows Holinshed, who says: "About this time [1529] the king receiued into fauour doctor Stephan Gardiner, whose seruice he vsed in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of doctor Pace, the which being continuallie abroad in ambassages, and the same oftentimes not much necessarie, by the cardinals appointment, at length he took such gréefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wits" (iii. 737).

ACT II. SCENE 3.

141. Lines 7–9:

Still growing in A *majesty and pomp,—the which*
*To leave'*S *a thousand-fold more better than*
'T is sweet at first to acquire.

This is the arrangement of Ff. (several others have been proposed and adopted by various editors), and it follows them throughout in text except by the admission of Theobald's emendation—*leave's* in place of *leave.* Perhaps after all the addition is unnecessary; somewhat similar ellipses are certainly found in Shakespeare.

142. Line 9: *after this* PROCESS.—Compare Richard II. ii. 3. 12:

> The tediousness and *process* of my travel.

143. Lines 14–16:

> *Yet, if that* QUARREL, *fortune, do divorce*
> *It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance* PANGING
> *As soul and body's severing.*

It is doubtful whether *quarrel* here means (as Warburton supposed) an arrow (an old word for which was *quarrel*), or whether (according to Johnson) the act is put for the agent, and *quarrel* stands for quarreller. Nares gives a number of examples of the word in the former sense, and Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "A quarrel of a Cross-bow, *speculum quadratum.*" *Pang* is used in an active sense in Cymbeline, iii. 4. 97, 98:

> how thy memory
> Will then be *pang'd* by me.

Compare with the whole passage, Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 13. 5, 6:

> The soul and body rive not more in parting
> Than greatness going off;

and All's Well, ii. 1. 37: "I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body."

144. Line 21: *to be* PERK'D UP *in a glistering grief.*—To "*perk* oneself *up*" is still a familiar expression in the country for a vain and conceited dressing-up. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives "To perk up, *sese erigere.*"

145. Lines 22, 23:

> *Our content*
> *Is our best* HAVING.

Compare iii. 2. 159: "par'd my present *havings;*" and Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 379: "my *having* is not much."

146. Line 31: *Saving your* MINCING.—Compare Lear, iv. 6. 122, 123:

> That *minces* virtue, and does shake the head
> To hear of pleasure's name.

147. Line 32: *your soft* CHEVERIL CONSCIENCE.—*Cheveril* =kid (*peau de chèvre*). A *cheveril conscience* was a proverbial expression. See note 160 to Twelfth Night, and compare also Dekker, Old Fortunatus, i. 2: "'T was never merry world with us, since purses and boys were invented, for now men set lime-twigs to catch wealth: and gold, which riseth like the sun out of the East Indies, to shine upon every one, is like a cony taken napping in a purse-net, and suffers his glistering yellow-faced deity to be lapped up in lambskins, as if the innocency of those leather prisons should dispense with the *cheveril consciences* of the iron-hearted gaolors." Halliwell quotes, among others, "*Proverbiale est,* he hath a *conscience* like *a cheveril's* skin, *i.e.*, it will stretch" (Upton's MS. additions to Junius).

148. Line 36: *a* THREE-PENCE BOW'D *would hire me.*—Halliwell gives the following note of Fairholt: "This allusion to the old custom of ratifying an agreement by a bent coin (one particularly affected by love-lorn country-folks) here involves an anachronism. No three-pences were coined by Henry 8, nor was the coin known in England until the close of the reign of Edward 6. They are very rare, and appear to have been scarcely issued, except as pattern-pieces. Mary did not attempt their issue. The first large and regular coinage of three-pences took place in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1561 was the first issued . . . ; it may be detected from the coins it nearly resembles in weight by the rose behind the Queen's head."

149. Line 37: *to queen it.*—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 460: "I'll *queen it* no inch farther."

150. Line 61: *Commends his good opinion* TO YOU.—This is Pope's reading; Capell prints *of you.* Ff. have *of you, to you,* which is an obvious misprint, and leaves an open choice between the two forms of speech.

151. Lines 78, 79:

> *from this lady may proceed a* GEM
> TO LIGHTEN *all this isle.*

Johnson supposes this to be an allusion to the carbuncle and its imagined quality of giving light in the dark. Steevens compares Titus Andronicus ii. 3 226–230:

> Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
> A *precious ring,* that *lightens* all the hole,
> Which, like a taper in some monument,
> Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
> And shows the ragged entrails of the pit.

Holt White quotes from Amadis de Gaule, ed. 1619, b. iv. p. 5: "In the roofe of a chamber hung two lamps of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchased two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light."

152. Line 87: *This* CÓMPELL'D *fortune; i.e.* a fortune forced upon one, coming involuntarily. Compare Hamlet, iv. 6. 16–18: "Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a *compelled* valour, and . . . boarded them."

153. Line 89: *How tastes it? is it bitter?* FORTY PENCE, *no.*—That is, "I wager forty pence, no." *Forty pence* was a conventional sum—half a noble—as its modern equivalent, three and fourpence, still is in law offices. Steevens quotes a comedy of 1570, The Longer Thou Livest, the More Fool Thou Art: "I dare wage with any man *forty pence;*" and an interlude of 1565, The Storye of King Darius: "Nay, that I will not for *forty pence.*" The expression, in this form, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, but in other terms, "ten groats," it is found in All's Well, ii. 2. 22, 23: "As fit as *ten groats* is for the hand of an attorney;" and in Richard II. v. 5. 68.

> The cheapest of us is *ten groats* too dear.

Forty was also a conventional term, used for an indefinite number.

154. Line 92: *For all the mud in Egypt.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 24, 25:

> He 's speaking now,
> Or murmuring, "Where 's my serpent of old Nile?"

155. Lines 97, 98:

> *honour's train*
> *Is longer than his foreskirt.*

"This line," says Fairholt in Halliwell's Folio Shakespeare, "is capable of a more literal explanation than at first sight appears. At the close of the 15th century, the superfluous use of cloth, and the vast expenses incurred at the funerals of the nobility and gentry, led to the enactment of sumptuary laws, by which the length of the train was regulated by the rank of the wearer. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, undertook in the eighth year of the reign of her son Henry VII., to regulate those of the

ladies; those highest in rank 'to wear the longest, their surcoats with a train before and another behind, and their mantles with trains, a tippet at the hood lying a good length upon the mantle.'"

156. Line 103: *If this* SALUTE MY BLOOD *a jot.*—Compare Sonnet cxxi. 5, 6:

> For why should others' false-adulterate eyes
> Give *salutation* to my sportive *blood?*

157. Line 107: *What do you think me?*—This is Pope's reading, and the only one, so far as I know, adopted by any subsequent editor up to the Old-Spelling edd. Ff. print:

> What doe you thinke me—

The Old-Spelling edd. point:

> What! doe you thinke me—

And so, possibly, it may have been written, the line being supposed to be broken off, or the conclusion lost in the exit.

ACT II. Scene 4.

158.—The stage-direction is substantially that of Ff. except that *Capell's* addition is admitted: "Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains." *Sennet*, which so frequently occurs in stage-directions, "seems to indicate," says Nares, "a particular set of notes on the trumpet, or cornet, different from a flourish." Compare Dekker's Satiromastix: "Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a *sennet.*" (See note 286 to King Henry V.) The *two great silver pillars* borne before Wolsey are often referred to in contemporary accounts (Hales, Holinshed, More's Life of Wolsey, &c.).

In Holinshed's account of Wolsey's investiture as cardinal it is said: "No lesse adoo was there at the bringing of the cardinal's hat, who on a sundaie (in S. Peters church at Westminster) receiued the same, with the habit, the *piller*, and other such tokens of a cardinall" (iii. 613).

Again, in the final summary of Wolsey's character and circumstances, we read: "Thus went he downe through the hall with a sergent of armes before him, bearing a great mace of siluer, and two gentlemen carieng *two great pillers of siluer.* And when he came at the hall doore, there was his mule, being trapped all in crimsin veluet, with a saddle of the same stuffe, & gilt stirrups. Then was there attending vpon him when he was mounted, his two cross-bearers: & his *piller*-bearers in like case vpon great horsses, trapped all in fine scarlet" (iii. 763).

159. Lines 13–57.—Here, as in so many parts of the play, most of what is best in this famous speech of the Queen's comes directly from the prose account of the chronicles. Holinshed gives her speech as follows: "Sir (quoth she) I desire you to doo me iustice and right, and take some pittie vpon me, for I am a poore woman, and a stranger, borne out of your dominion, having héere no indifferent counsell, & lesse assurance of fréendship. Alas sir, what haue I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure haue I shewed you, intending thus to put me from you after this sort? I take God to my iudge, I haue beene to you a true & humble wife, euer conformable to your will and pleasure, that neuer contraried or gainesaid any thing thereof, and being alwaies contented with all things wherein you had any delight, whether little or much, with out grudge or displeasure, I loued for your sake all them whome you loued, whether they were my fréends or enimies.

"I haue béene your wife these twentie yeares and more, & you have had by me diuerse children. If there be anie iust cause that you can alleage against me, either of my dishonestie, or matter lawfull to put me from you; I am content to depart to my shame and rebuke: and if there be none, then I praie you to let me haue iustice at your hand. The king your father was in his time of excellent wit, and the king of Spaine my father Ferdinando was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spaine manie yeares before. It is not to be doubted, but that they had gathered as wise counsellors vnto them of euerie realme, as to their wisedoms they thought méet, who déemed the marriage betwéene you and me good and lawfull, &c. Wherefore, I humblie desire you to spare me, vntill I may know what counsell my fréends in Spaine will aduertise me to take, and if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled" (iii. 737, 738). It will be seen that much of this is put into verse as nearly verbatim as versification will allow. Indeed, through all this scene the dramatist follows his authorities almost step for step.

160. Line 17: *No judge* INDIFFERENT.—*Indifferent* is again used in the sense of impartial in Richard II. ii. 3. 115, 116:

> I beseech your grace
> Look on my wrongs with an *indifferent* eye.

161. Line 32: *That had to him* DERIV'D *your anger; i.e.* that had brought your anger upon him; as in All's Well, v. 3. 265: "things which would *derive* me ill will to speak of."

162. Line 62: *That longer you* DESIRE *the court.*—F. 4 reads *defer*, which is adopted by Dyce. The words as they stand in the earlier Ff. give a quite intelligible sense —*i.e.* that you desire a longer session—and there is no need to make any change.

163. Line 127: Grif. *Madam, you are call'd back.*—Ff. give this line to a Gentleman-Usher. There is no doubt that Griffith is meant. Compare Holinshed: "The King being aduertised that shée was readie to go out of the house, commanded the crier to call hir againe, who called hir by these words; Katharine quéene of England, come into the court. With that (quoth maister Griffith) madame, you be called againe" (iii. 738).

164. Line 174: A *marriage.*—Ff. misprint *And.* The correction was made by Rowe in his second edition.

165. Line 182: *The* BOSOM *of my conscience.*—So Ff.; Hanmer, on a conjecture of Thirlby's, approved, though not adopted, by Theobald, reads: "The *bottom* of my conscience," on account of the occurrence of that expression in the passage of Holinshed paraphrased in the text. Holinshed says, in his report of the king's speech: "Which words once conceiued within the secret *bottom of my conscience*, ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinentlie accombred, vexed, and disquieted." Considering the closeness with which the narrative is followed throughout the play, it seems very likely that *bosom* is a misprint for *bottom;* but as it gives a perfectly legitimate sense in itself I have not ventured to alter it on a mere conjecture.

166. Line 183: *Yea, with a* SPLITTING *power.*—So the later Ff.; F. 1 has *spitting.*

167. Line 199: *Many a groaning* THROE.—Ff. print *throw.*

168. Lines 199, 200:

Thus HULLING *in*
The wild sea of my conscience.

Holinshed has "Thus my conscience being tossed in the waves of a scrupulous mind" (iii. 738); and Cavendish: "Thus being troubled in waves of a scrupulous conscience." To *hull* is, in nautical language, to drive or float to and fro on the sea. Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 433–439:

Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they *hull*, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

Halliwell quotes Donne, Essays in Divinity (1656): "So, in this question, where we cannot go forward to make Moses the first author, for many strong oppositions, to ly *hulling* upon the face of the waters, and think nothing, is a stupid and lazy inconsideration, which (as Saint Austin says) is the worst of all affections."

169. Line 225: *drive.*—So Pope and subsequent editors; Ff. have *driues.*

170. Lines 238, 239:

My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return.

Johnson incorrectly added here a stage-direction: "The king speaks to Cranmer." Cranmer was at this time abroad on an embassy. Compare iii. 2. 62–67: "When returns Cranmer?" &c. The words in the text are merely a mental apostrophe.

ACT III. Scene 1.

171.—Holinshed's account of the cardinals' visit to the Queen is as follows: "The cardinals being in the queenes chamber of presence, the gentleman vsher aduertised the quéene that the cardinals were come to speake with hir. With that she rose vp, & with a skeine of white thred about hir necke, came into hir chamber of presence, where the cardinals were attending. At whose comming, quoth she, What is your pleasure with me? If it please your grace (quoth Cardinall Wolseie) to go into your priuie chamber, we will shew you the cause of our comming. My lord (quoth she) if yée haue anie thing to saie, speake it openlie before all these folke, for I feare nothing that yee can saie against me, but that I would all the world should heare and sée it, and therefore speake your mind. Then began the cardinall to speake to hir in Latine. Naie good my lord (quoth she) speake to me in English.

"Forsooth (quoth the cardinall) good madame, if it please you, we come both to know your mind how you are disposed to doo in this matter betwéene the king and you, and also to declare secretlie our opinions and counsell vnto you: which we doo onelie for verie zeale and obedience we beare vnto your grace. My lord (quoth she) I thanke you for your good will, but to make you answer in your request I cannot so suddenlie, for I was set among my maids at worke, thinking full little of anie such matter, wherein there néedeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine to make answer, for I néed counsell in this case which toucheth me so néere, & for anie counsell or freendship that I can find in England, they are not for my profit. What thinke you my lords, will anie Englishman counsell me, or be fréends to me against the K. pleasure that is his subiect? Naie forsooth. And as for my own counsell in whom I put my trust, they be not here, they be in Spaine in my owne countrie.

"And my lords, I am a poore woman, lacking wit, to answer to anie such noble persons of wisedome as you be, in so weightie a matter, therefore I praie you be good to me poore woman, destitute of fréends here in a forren region, and your counsell also I will be glad to hear. And therewith she took the cardinall by the hand, and led him into hir priuie chamber with the other cardinall, where they tarried a season talking with the quéene" (iii. 739, 740).

172. Lines 16, 17:

the two great cardinals
Wait in the PRESENCE.

Presence is used for presence-chamber in Richard II. i. 3. 289, and very similarly in Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 86.

173. Lines 21–23:

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

The punctuation in the text is that of Rowe's second edition, substantially the same as Ff. Capell, followed by some editors, gives to the passage another sense by putting a comma after *coming* and a full stop after *on't.*

Stage-direction: Enter Wolsey and CAMPEIUS.—Ff. have "Campian" instead of "Campeius." The correction was introduced by Rowe.

174. Line 23: *But all hoods make not monks.*—The Latin proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum*, is quoted in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 62, and Measure for Measure, v. 1. 263. See note 204 to the latter.

175. Line 42: *O, good my lord, no Latin.*—Compare Webster, The White Devil, iii. 1. 10–25:

Lawyer. Domine judex, converte oculos in hanc pestem, mulierum corruptissimam.
Vitt. Cor. What's he?
Fran. de Med. A lawyer that pleads against you.
Vitt. Cor. Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue;
I'll make no answer else.
Fran. de Med. Why, you understand Latin.
Vitt. Cor. I do, sir, but amongst this auditory
Which comes to hear my cause, the half or more
May be ignorant in't.
Mont. Go on, sir.
Vitt. Cor. By your favour,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue; all this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with.
Fran. de Med. Signior,
You need not stand on't much; pray, change your language.
Mont. O, for God sake!—Gentle woman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.

176. Line 61: *And comforts to* YOUR *cause.*—F. 1 misprints *our;* the error is corrected in F. 2.

177. Line 145: *Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.*—This is perhaps a reference to the famous *Non Angli sed Angeli,* attributed to Augustine and to Pope Gregory the Great. Steevens compares Greene, The Spanish Masquerado, 1585: "England, a little island, where, as saint Augustin saith, there be people with *angel faces,* so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lyons."

178. Lines 151, 152:

the lily
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd.

Holt White compares Spenser's Faerie Queene, ii. 6. 16:

The lilly, Lady of the flowring field.

ACT III. Scene 2.

179.—Compare Holinshed's Chronicle, in the year 1527: "This time a bill was set vp in London, much contrarie to the honour of the cardinall, in the which the cardinall was warned that he should not counsell the king to marrie his daughter into France; for if hée did, he should show himself enimie to the king and the realme, with manie threatning words. This bill was delivered to the cardinall by sir Thomas Seimor maior of the citie, which thanked him for the same, & made much search for the author of that bill, but he could not be found, which sore displeased the cardinall. And upon this occasion the last daie of Aprill at night he caused a great watch to be kept at Westminster, and had there cart guns readie charged, & caused diuerse watches to be kept about London, in Newington, S. Iohns stréet, Westminster, saint Giles, Islington, and other places néere London: which watches were kept by gentlemen & their seruants, with householders, and all for feare of the Londoners bicause of this bill. When the citizens knew of this, they said that they marvelled why the cardinall hated them so, for they said that if he mistrusted them, he loved them not: and where love is not, there is hatred: and they affirmed that they never intended anie harme toward him, and mused of this chance. For if fiue or six persons had made alarm in the citie, then had entred all these watchmen with their traine, which might have spoiled the citie without cause. Wherefore they much murmured against the cardinall and his vndiscréet dooings" (iii. 716).

180. Line 30: *The cardinal's* LETTERS *to the Pope miscarried.*—So Ff.; Steevens, and many subsequent editors, read *letter,* on the authority of line 53: "this letter of the cardinal's;" and lines 221, 222:

The *letter,* as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness.

It seems more likely than not that *letter* is what the author wrote; but it is very possible that he wrote *letters,* whether of set intention or by inadvertence.

181. Lines 38, 39:

The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And HEDGES *his own way.*

To *hedge, i.e.* to creep along by the hedge, is used metaphorically once or twice by Shakespeare in the sense of shuffling, coming to an end by circumlocutions. Compare Merry Wives, ii. 2. 26: "I . . . am fain to shuffle, to *hedge* and to lurch."

182. Lines 44, 45:

Now, all my joy
TRACE *the conjunction!*

Grant White compares Beaumont and Fletcher's Coxcomb, iv. 4:

Now all my blessing on thee! thou hast made me
Younger by twenty years.

Trace is used here in the sense of follow, as in Macbeth, iv. 1. 152, 153:

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That *trace* him in his line.

183. Line 47: *Marry, this is yet but* YOUNG.—Compare Macbeth, iii. 4. 144:

We are yet but *young* in deed;

and Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 166: "Is the day so *young?*"

184. Line 52: *memoriz'd.*—Compare Macbeth, i. 2. 40:

Or *memorize* another Golgotha.

185. Line 78: *Look'd he o' the inside of the* PAPER?—So Ff.; Keightley and some following editors read *papers,* which may not improbably be correct, though no change is really necessary.

186. Lines 85, 86:

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.

This was the daughter of Charles of Orleans, married in 1509 to Charles, duke of Alençon, and in 1527, two years after her first husband's death, to Henry of Navarre. "It was reported at the time," says Lingard, "that the great object of [Wolsey's embassy to France in July, 1527] was to offer in the king's name marriage to a French princess; according to some, to Margaret, duchess of Alençon, and sister of Francis; according to others, to his sister-in-law, Renée, daughter of the late king, Louis XII. We are even told that Margaret refused, on the ground that the consequence would be wretchedness and death to Catherine: and that the proposal was made to Renée, at Compeigne, but, for reasons with which we are unacquainted, did not take effect. These stories, though frequently repeated by succeeding writers, are undoubtedly fiction, both as far as regards Margaret, for she was married to the King of Navarre on the 24th of January, 1527, five months before Wolsey set out on the embassy; and also with respect to Renée. . . . It may have been that, as Polydore asserts (p. 82), Wolsey, when the question of the divorce was first mentioned, suggested the benefit which would arise from a union with Margaret, and that, after her marriage with the King of Navarre, he substituted in his own mind Renée in her place" (History of England, ed. 1849, vol. iv. pp. 587, 588).

187. Lines 91, 92:

May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger TO *him.*

Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 248: "I am sure no man hath any quarrel *to* me."

188. Lines 120–128.—The incident by which Wolsey's fall is here brought about, though of course incorrect in its present application, is clearly enough taken, as Steevens

pointed out, from the account given by Holinshed of a similar accident by which Wolsey himself brought about the ruin of another. Holinshed's account of the matter is as follows:

"This yeare [1508] was Thomas Ruthall made bishop of Durham by Henrie the seauenth. . . . This man . . . was after the death of King Henrie the seauenth, one of the priuie councell to King Henrie the eight; in whose court he was so continuallie attendant, that he could not steale anie time to attend the affaires of his bishoprike. . . . He was accompted the richest subiect through the realme. To whome (remaining then at the court) the king gave in charge to write a booke of the whole estate of the kingdome, bicause he was knowne to the king to be a man of sufficiencie for the discharge thereof, which he did accordinglie.

"Afterwards, the king commanded cardinall Woolseie to go to this bishop, and to bring the booke awaie with him to deliuer it to his maiestie. But see this mishap! that a man in all other things so prouident, should now be so negligent: and at that time most forget himselfe, when (as it after fell out) he had most need to haue remembred himselfe. For this bishop hauing written two bookes (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his owne priuate affaires) did bind them both after one sort in vellame, iust of one length, bredth, and thicknesse, and in all points in such like proportion answering one another, as the one could not by anie especiall note be discerned from the other: both of which he also laid vp togither in one place of his studie.

"Now when the cardinall came to demand the booke due to the king: the bishop vnaduisedlie commanded his seruant to bring him the booke bound in white vellame being in his studie in such a place. The seruant dooing accordinglie, brought foorth one of those bookes so bound, being the booke intreating of the state of the bishop, and deliuered the same vnto his maister, who receiuing it (without further consideration or looking on) gaue it to the cardinall to beare vnto the king. The cardinall hauing the booke, went from the bishop, and after (in his studie by himselfe) vnderstanding the contents thereof, he greatlie reioised, hauing now occasion (which he long sought for) offered vnto him to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

"Wherefore he went foorthwith to the king, deliuered the booke into his hands, and bréefelie informed the king of the contents thereof; putting further into the king's hand, that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to séeke further than to the cofers of the bishop, who by the tenor of his owne booke had accompted his proper riches and substance to the value of a hundred thousand pounds. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence (what he had doon, how the cardinall vsed him, what the king said, and what the world reported of him) he was stricken with such gréefe of the same, that he shortlie through extreame sorrow ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After whose death the cardinall, which had long before gaped after the said bishoprike, in singular hope to atteine therevnto, had now his wish in effect" (iii. 540, 541).

189. Line 123: *There, on my conscience, put* UNWITTINGLY.—This word is only used elsewhere in Shakespeare in Richard III. ii. 1. 56.

190. Line 142: *I deem you an ill* HUSBAND.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, v. 1. 71, 72: "while I play the good *husband* at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university."

191. Line 142: *glad.*—F. 1 misprints *gald.*

192. Line 162: *The* PRIME *man of the state.—Prime* is used here for first, foremost. Compare Tempest, i. 2. 72: "Prospero the *prime* duke;" and 425: "my *prime* request." See, too, in the present play, i. 2. 67, and ii. 4. 229.

193. Lines 169–171:

> *my endeavours*
> *Have ever come too short of my desires,*
> *Yet* FIL'D *with my abilities.*

Ff. print *fill'd.* The reading in the text (an obviously accurate correction) is Hanmer's. *Fil'd* means kept pace with, as if walking in *file.* Compare i. 2. 41–43:

> I . . . front but in that *file*
> Where others tell steps with me.

The verb is not used anywhere else in Shakespeare.

194. Lines 190–199:

> *I do profess*
> *That for your highness' good I ever labour'd*
> *More than mine own;* THAT AM, HAVE, AND WILL BE,—
> *Though all the world should crack their duty to you,*
> *And throw it from their soul; though perils did*
> *Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and*
> *Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,*
> *As doth a rock against the chiding flood,*
> *Should the approach of this wild river break,*
> *And stand unshaken yours.*

It is not improbable that there is some corruption in this very puzzling passage. Many attempts have been made to mend it, and some to explain it. The best emendation, to my mind, is Grant White's, who reads: "that am *true,* and will be," which is really the alteration of only two letters. If the reading of the Folio is to be retained (as, in default of any conjecture approaching to certainty, seems best) it may be taken thus. The King, in his last speech, has said:

> I presume
> That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
> My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
> On you than any, so your hand and heart,
> Your brain, and every function of your power,
> Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
> As 't were in love's particular, be more
> To me, your friend, than any.

Wolsey, beginning a vehement protestation of his loyalty, and being in some confusion, intends by *that am, have, and will be* to answer Henry's closing words, and to assert that he is, has been, and will be, all that the King has just required of him. The only apology for such a construction lies in the perturbed state of mind into which the Cardinal has been thrown. Perhaps that is enough to account for it.

195. Line 197: *As doth a rock against the* CHIDING *flood.*—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 119–123:

> never did I hear
> Such gallant *chiding;* for, besides the groves,

The skies, the mountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

196. Line 214: *what* CROSS *devil.*—*Cross* is used here in the sense of perverse. Compare Romeo and Juliet, iv. 3. 3–5:

For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is *cross* and full of sin.

We still use the phrase, akin to this, "to be at *cross* purposes."

197. Lines 220–222:

What 's this? "To the Pope!"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to 's holiness.

Compare the account given by Holinshed of the circumstances which led to Wolsey's fall: "While the matter stood in this state, and that the cause of the queene was to be heard and iudged at Rome, by reason of the appeale which by hir was put in: the cardinall required the pope by letters and secret messengers, that in anie wise he should defer the iudgement of the diuorse, till he might frame the king's mind to his purpose.

"Howbeit he went about nothing so secretlie, but that the same came to the king's knowledge, who tooke so high displeasure with his cloked dissimulation, that he determined to abase his degrée, sith as an vnthankfull person he forgot himselfe and his dutie towards him that had so highlie aduanced him to all honor and dignitie" (iii. 740).

198. Lines 225–227:

I shall fall
Like a bright EXHALATION IN THE EVENING,
And no man see me more.

Compare Massinger, The Virgin Martyr, v. 2. 318:

In the evening,
When thou shouldst pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a *meteor?*

Fletcher, John van Olden Barnavelt, iv. 3:

Must all these glories vanish into darkness,
And Barnavelt pass with them and glide away
Like a spent *exhalation?*

and Beaumont and Fletcher, Thierry and Theodoret, iv. 1:

'T is of all sleeps the sweetest:
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall like spent *exhalations* to this centre.

199. Lines 228–349.—Holinshed's account of this interview is as follows: "In the mean time the king, being informed that all those things that the cardinall had doone by his power legantine within this realme, were in the case of the premunire and prouision, caused his atturnie Christopher Hales to sue out a writ of premunire against him, in the which he licenced him to make his atturneie.

¶ And further the seventéenth of Nouember the king sent the two dukes of Norffolke and Suffolke to the cardinals place at Westminster, who (went as they were commanded) and finding the cardinall there, they declared that the kings pleasure was that he should surrender vp the great seale into their hands, and to depart simplie vnto Asher, which was an house situat nigh vnto Hampton court, belonging to the bishoprike of Winchester. The cardinall demanded of them their commission that gaue them such an authoritie, who answered againe, that they were sufficient commissioners, and had authoritie to do no lesse by the kings mouth. Notwithstanding, he would in no wise agrée in that behalfe, without further knowledge of their authorities, saieng; that the great seale was deliuered him by the kings person, to inioy the ministration thereof, with the room of the chancellor for the terme of his life, whereof for his suretie he had the kings letters patents.

"This matter was greatlie debated betwéene them with manie great words, in so much that the dukes were faine to depart againe without their purpose, and rode to Windsore to the king, and made report accordinglie; but the next daie they returned againe, bringing with them the kings letters. Then the cardinall deliuered vnto them the great seale, and was content to depart simplie, taking with him nothing but onelie certeine provision for his house" (iii. 740, 741). The "articles collected from his life," hurled at Wolsey by the two dukes (lines 310–332), are all found in Holinshed (iii. 747), with three others, one of which probably suggested lines 294–296.

200. Line 250: *letters-patents.*—Knight and Collier print *letters patent*, but it is *letters patents* in the extract given above from Holinshed, and in Richard II. ii. 1. 202 and ii. 3. 130. The term is not used elsewhere in Shakespeare.

201. Line 280: *To be thus* JADED *by a piece of scarlet.*—*Jade* is used twice in Shakespeare with a similar meaning of "spurn, treat like a jade." In II. Henry VI. iv. 1. 52 we have "a *jaded* groom;" and in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 1. 33, 34:

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have *jaded* out o' the field.

The same word is used in the sense of "make ridiculous" in Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 178. Compare Cotgrave, s. v. "Rosse, a *jade.*" "Il n'est si bon cheval qui n'en deviendroit *rosse*: It would anger a saint, or *crestfall* the best man living to be so used."

202. Line 282: *And dare us with his cap like larks.*—The allusion is to the scarlet hat of a cardinal, and to a way of catching larks by engaging their attention by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth. Steevens quotes from Skelton's satire on Wolsey, Why Come Ye Not to Court:

The red hat with his lure
Bringeth al thinges under cure.

And Rolfe cites a parallel passage from Greene's Never Too Late, part i.: "They set out their faces as Fowlers do their daring glasses, that the Larkes that soare highest may stoope soonest."

203. Line 292: WHO, *if he live.*—F. 1 has *Whom*, the later Ff. *Who.*

204. Line 295: *the sacring bell.*—This is the name given to the little bell rung at the elevation of the Host. Compare Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 95: "In the meane time being neere to a church, he heard a little *saccaring bell* ring to the elevation of a morrow masse." Compare also The Merry Devil of Edmonton, iii. 1. 39–42:

Prioresse. You shall ring the *sacring Bell*,
Keepe your howers, and toll your knell,
Rise at midnight to your mattins,
Read your Psalter, sing your Lattins.
—Ed. Warnke and Proescholdt, pp. 27, 28.

Sacring is from the French *sacrer*, to consecrate. Rossetti in his translation of the "Ballade que Villon feit a la requeste de sa mère, pour prier Nostre-Dame," renders "La sacrement qu'on celebre à la messe" by "*sacring* of the mass."

205. Lines 305, 306:

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

This is the punctuation of Ff.; Pope read:

Now, if you can, blush and cry guilty, cardinal.

206. Line 321: *Gregory de* CASSADO.—So Ff., which Rowe corrected into "Gregory de *Cassalis.*" But Hall and Holinshed have *Cassado.* See the latter, iii. 747: "Item, he without the Kings assent, sent a commission en Gregorie de *Cassado,* Knight, to conclude a league betwéene the King and the duke of Ferrara, without the Kings knowledge."

207. Line 339: *By your power* LEGATINE. — F. 1 has *Legatiue* (turned *n*), which in F. 2, F. 3 became *Legantive,* and F. 4 *Legantine.* The correction was introduced by Rowe in his second edition. The word occurs in the passage of Holinshed quoted in note 199.

208. Line 343: *Chattels.*—So Theobald. Ff. have *Castles,* doubtless a misprint for *Catelles,* the form of the word in Hall. Theobald says: "I have ventured to substitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, because the judgment in a writ of *præmunire* is, that the defendant shall *be out of the king's protection;* and his *lands* and *tenements, goods* and *chattels,* forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure." Compare Holinshed: "After this, in the kings bench his matter for the premunire, being called vpon, two atturneis, which he had authorised by his warrant signed with his owne hand, confessed the action, and so had iudgement to foreit all his lands, tenements, goods and *cattels,* and to be out of the kings protection."

209. Line 351: *Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!*—Ff. have a note of interrogation after the first *Farewell,* and J. Hunter (New Illustrations of Shakespeare, ii. 108) defends this punctuation, finding in it much significance; but with little probability. Nothing is more common in the Ff. than the substitution of a note of interrogation for a note of exclamation.

210. Lines 352, 353:

to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of HOPES.

So Ff.; Steevens and most editors read *hope,* which is very likely right, though on the whole I am inclined to agree with Grant White, who says: "There is an appreciable, though a delicate distinction between the 'tender leaves of hope' and the 'tender leaves of hopes;' and the idea conveyed to me by the latter, of many desires blooming into promise of fruition, is the more beautiful, and is certainly less commonplace."

211. Line 369: *That sweet aspéct of princes, and* THEIR *ruin.*—*Their* has been unnecessarily altered, by Pope to *our,* by Hanmer to *his* (who reads *he* instead of *we* in the preceding line). The meaning is, the ruin inflicted by them. Compare ii. 2. 44: "And free us from *his* slavery," where "his slavery" means the slavery he imposes. Rolfe mentions the occurrence of three similar instances of the subjective genitive in a single scene (v. 1) of The Tempest: "your release," "their high wrongs," and "my wrongs."

212. Lines 397–399:

that his bones . . .
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'EM!

Ff. print *him,* which is retained only by the Old-Spelling editors. The correction (for it seems to be certainly required) was introduced by Capell. Steevens compares with the expression Drummond's Teares for the Death of Moeliades:

The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their tears
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appeares.

213. Line 408: *There was the weight that pull'd me down.*—Compare Cavendish, Life of Wolsey (ed. Singer, vol. i. p. 55): "Thus passed the cardinal his life and time, from day to day and year to year, in such great wealth, joy, and triumph and glory, having always on his side the king's especial favour, until Fortune, of whose favour no man is longer assured than she is disposed, began to wax something wroth with his prosperous estate, [and] thought she would devise a mean to abate his high port; wherefore she procured Venus, the insatiate goddess, to be her instrument. To work her purpose she brought the king in love with a gentlewoman that, after she perceived and felt the king's good will towards her, and how diligent he was to please her, and to grant all her request, wrought the cardinal much displeasure. This gentlewoman, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn," etc. See remainder of passage in note 116 above.

214. Lines 421, 422:

make USE *now, and provide*
For thine own future safety.

Use is interest. Compare Venus and Adonis, 768:

But gold that's put to *use* more gold begets.

Boyer (French Dictionary) has "Use, (Interest of Money) *intérêt,* rente d'argent prêté," and below "To put one's Money to use, *or* to lend it out upon use, *mettre son Argent a Intérêt.*"

215. Line 452: *There take an inventory of all I have.*—Douce says: "This inventory Wolsey actually caused to be taken upon his disgrace, and the particulars may be seen at large in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 546, edit. 1631. Among the Harl MSS. there is one intitled, 'An Inventorie of Cardinal Wolsey's rich Householde Stuffe. Temp. Henry VIII. The original book, as it seems, kept by his own officers.' See Harl. Catal. No. 599" (Variorum Ed. xix. 433).

216. Lines 456–458:

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Holinshed, in his account of Wolsey's last hours, states that the cardinal said to "master Kingston" (that is, Sir William Kingston) immediately before his death: "if I had serued God as diligentlie as I haue doone the king, he would not haue giuen me ouer in my greie haires: but it is the iust reward that I must receiue for the diligent paines and studie that I haue had to doo him seruice,

not regarding my seruice to God, but onelie to satisfie his pleasure" (iii. 755).

ACT IV. Scene 1.

217.—The account of the coronation (including the order of the procession) is taken from Holinshed, who gives very elaborate details of the proceedings (iii. 779 *et seq.*).

218. Line 8: *their* ROYAL *minds.*—As in II. Henry IV. 4. 1. 193 ("our *royal* faiths") *royal* is used here in the sense of loyal—that which is due to, or concerns, a king.

219. Line 20: SEC. Gent.—So F. 4; the earlier Ff. give this speech to the *First* Gentleman, who has but just spoken.

220. Line 34: *Kimbolton.*—F. 1, F. 2 have *Kymmalton;* F. 3, F. 4 print *Kimbolton.*

221. Line 37: The order of the PROCESSION.—Ff. have "The order of the *Coronation.*" This stage-direction is given much as in Ff., the only exception of importance being that instead of "They pass over the stage in order and state" (the reading of the Cambridge edd.) Ff. have "Exeunt, *first passing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and then A great Flourish of Trumpets.*"

222. Lines 53, 54:

First Gent. . . . *all the rest are countesses.*
Sec. Gent. *Their coronets say so.*

Compare Holinshed: "Now in the meane season euerie duches had put on their bonets a coronall of gold wrought with flowers, and euerie marquesse put on a demie coronall of gold, euerie countesse a plaine circlet of gold without flowers, and euerie king of armes put on a crowne of copper and guilt" (iii. 784).

223. Lines 82–92.—Holinshed says: "When she was thus brought to the high place made in the middest of the church, betwéene the quéere and the high altar, she was set in a rich chaire. And after that she had rested a while, she descended downe to the high altar and there prostrate hir selfe while the archbishop of Canturburie said certeine collects: then she rose, and the bishop annointed hir on the head and on the brest, and then she was led vp againe, where after diuerse orisons said, the archbishop set the crowne of gold of saint Edward on hir head, and then deliuered hir the scepter of gold in hir right hand, and the rod of iuorie with the doue in the left hand, and then the queere soong Te Deum, &c." (iii. 784).

ACT IV. Scene 2.

224. Line 7: *I* THINK.—So F. 2; F. 1 misprints *thanke.*

225. Lines 17–30.—Holinshed says: "The next daie he rode to Notingham, and there lodged that night more sicke: and the next daie he rode to Leicester abbeie, and by the waie waxed so sicke that he was almost fallen from his mule; so that it was night before he came to the abbeie of Leicester, where at his comming in at the gate, the abbat with all his conuent met him with diuerse torches light, whom they honorablie receiued and welcomed.

"To whom the cardinall said: father abbat, I am come hither to lay my bones among you, riding so vntill he came to the staires of the chamber, where he allighted from his mule, and master Kingston led him vp the staires, and as soone as he was in his chamber he went to bed. . . .

". . . Then they did put him in remembrance of Christ his passion, & caused the yeomen of the gard to stand by to sée him die, and to witnesse of his words at his departure: & incontinent the clocke stroke eight, and then he gave vp the ghost, and departed this present life: which caused some to call to remembrance how he said the daie before, that at eight of the clocke they should loose their master" (iii. 755).

226. Line 19: *covent.*—This is the older form of *convent,* and it is nearer the French *couvent.* The word is used again with this spelling in Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 133. In the form of *convent* it does not occur in Shakespeare. See note 180 to Measure for Measure.

227. Lines 33–44.—Holinshed thus sums up the character of Wolsey: "This cardinall (as you may perceiue in this storie) was of a great stomach, for he compted himselfe equall with princes, & by craftie suggestion gat into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pittiful, and stood affectionate in his owne opinion: in open presence he would lie and saie vntruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much & performe little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gaue the clergie euill example" (iii. 765).

228. Lines 35, 36:

one that by suggestion
TIED *all the kingdom.*

Ff. print "*Ty'de* all the Kingdome;" Hanmer, perhaps rightly, substituted *tithed.* The passage in Holinshed which is paraphrased here is: "& by craftie suggestion gat into his hands innumerable treasure" (whence the peculiar word *suggestion,* probably, as Schmidt remarks, =underhand practices). Tollet (Var. Ed. xix. 445) takes the word *tied* to mean "limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all the kingdom. . . . This construction of the passage may be supported from D'Ewes's Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments, p. 644: 'Far be it from me that the state and prerogative of the prince should be *tied* by me, or by the act of any other subject.'"

229. Lines 45, 46:

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. 80, 81:

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;

and Massinger's Maid of Honour, v. 2:

but all that I had done,
My benefits, in sand or water written,
As they had never been, no more remembered!

Steevens quotes from More's History of Richard III. a very similar expression to that in the text: "Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and whoso doth us a good turne, we write it in duste" (Works, p. 59, ed. 1557).

230. Lines 48–68.—This too follows very closely a second summary of Wolsey's character found in Holinshed: "This

cardinall (as Edmund Campian in his historie of Ireland describeth him) was a man vndoubtedly borne to honor: I thinke (saith he) some princes bastard, no butchers sonne, excéeding wise, faire spoken, high minded, full of reuenge, vitious of his bodie, loftie to his enimies, were they neuer so big, to those that accepted and sought his fréendship woonderful courteous, a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie, insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford,[1] the one ouerthrowne with his fall, the other vnfinished, and yet as it lieth for an house of students, considering all the appurtenances incomparable thorough Christendome, whereof Henrie the eight is now called founder, bicause he let it stand. . . . In commendam, a great preferrer of his seruants, an aduancer of learning, stout in euerie quarrel, neuer happie till this his ouerthrow. Wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honor, than all the pompe of his life passed" (iii. 756).

231. Line 78: *Cause the musicians play me that sad* NOTE.—*Note* is used many times by Shakespeare for tune, melody. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 79–81:

> *Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
> *Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
> Give me a *note*.

232. Lines 87–91:

> *Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop*
> *Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces*
> *Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?*
> *They promis'd me eternal happiness,*
> *And brought me garlands.*

Compare Dekker and Massinger, The Virgin Martyr, v. 1:

> *Theophilus.* How cam'st thou? to whom thy business?
> *Angelo.* To you;
> I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
> Upon a bloody errand; you entreated,
> That, when she came into that blessed garden
> Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,
> She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
> Some of that garde 1 fruit and flowers; which here,
> To have her promise sav'd, are brought by me.
> *Theo.* Cannot I see this garden?
> *Ang.* Yes, if the Master
> Will give you entrance. [*He vanishes.*
> *Theo.* 'T is a tempting fruit,
> And the most bright cheeked child I ever viewed.

233. Lines 97, 98:

> *How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,*
> *And of an earthy* COLD?

This is the reading of Ff.; which Dyce, in his 2nd ed., on the conjecture of S. Walker, alters into *colour*, an emendation which gives decidedly worse sense than the original. *Earthy cold* is a very good and reasonable phrase, and the conjunction of *pale* and *cold* extremely natural; whereas people are not usually, even when they are dying, of an "earthy *colour*," and a reference to colour would be almost tautological after "how *pale* she looks."

234. Line 102: *Knowing she will not* LOSE *her wonted greatness.* — F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *loose*, which was very generally used as a spelling of *lose*, which F. 4 prints.

235. Lines 108–173.—Holinshed gives but a brief account of the death of Katharine: "The princesse Dowager lieng at Kimbalton, fell into hir last sicknesse, whereof the king being aduertised, appointed the emperors ambassador that was legier here with him named Eustachius Caputius, to go to visit hir, and to doo his commendations to hir, and will hir to be of good comfort. The ambassador with all diligence did his dutie therein, comforting hir the best he might: but she within six daies after, perceuing hir selfe to waxe verie weake and feeble, and to féele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father vnto hir: and further desired him to haue some consideration for hir gentlewomen that had serued hir, and to sée them bestowed in marriage. Further, that it would please him to appoint that hir seruants might haue their due wages, and a yéeres wages beside. This in effect was all that she requested, and so immediately herevpon she departed this life the eight of Januarie at Kimbalton aforesaid and was buried at Peterborow" (iii. 795, 796). "This letter," says Malone, after quoting part of the above extract (Var. Ed. xix. 453), "probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history." The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it:

"My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,

"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles,—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

ACT V. Scene 1.

236.—The incident contained in the first two scenes of this act is taken from Foxe's Acts and Monuments, under date 1556. After relating the plot against Cranmer on the part of "his ancient enemy the bishop of Winchester," Foxe says: "The king perceiving their importunate suit against the archbishop (but yet meaning not to have him wronged, and utterly given over into their hands), granted unto them that they should the next day commit him to the Tower for his trial. When night came, the king sent sir Anthony Denny about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himself to the court, and coming into the gallery where the king walked, and tarried for him, his highness said, 'Ah, my lord of Canterbury! I can tell you news. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me, and the council, that you to-morrow, at nine of the clock, shall be committed to the Tower, for that you

[1] Christ Church, Oxford.

and your chaplains (as information is given me) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realm, such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared, the whole realm being infected with them, no small contentions and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late days the like was in divers parts of Germany: and therefore the council have requested me, for the trial of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witness in these matters, you being a councillor.'

"When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down and said, 'I am content, if it please your grace, with all my heart, to go thither at your highness's commandment. And I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my trial; for there be that have many ways slandered me: and now this way I hope to try myself not worthy of such report.'

"The king, perceiving the man's uprightness, joined with such simplicity, said, 'O Lord, what manner a man you be! What simplicity is in you! I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the pains to have heard you and your accusers together for your trial, without any such endurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easy thing it is, to procure three or four false knaves to witness against you? Think you to have better luck that way, than your Master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevail against you, for I have otherwise devised with myself to keep you out of their hands. Yet notwithstanding to-morrow, when the council shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a councillor, that you may answer their accusations before them, without any further endurance, and use for yourself as good persuasion that way as you may devise; and if no entreaty or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the King delivered unto the archbishop), and say unto them, 'If there be no remedy, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeal to the king's own person by this his token unto you all,' for' (said the king then unto the archbishop) 'so soon as they shall see this my ring, they know it so well, that they shall understand that I have resumed the whole cause into mine own hands and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.'

"The archbishop, perceiving the king's benignity so much to him-wards, had much ado to forbear tears. 'Well!' said the king, 'go your ways, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.' My lord, humbling himself with thanks, took his leave of the king's highness for that night.

"On the morrow about nine of the clock before noon, the council sent a gentleman-usher for the archbishop, who when he came to the council-door could not be let in; but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to wait among the pages, lackeys and serving-men all alone. Dr. Buts the king's physician resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highness, and said, 'My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted; for now he is become a lackey or a serving-man: for yonder he standeth this half-hour without the council-door amongst them.' 'It is not so,' quoth the king, 'I trow; the council hath not so little discretion as to use the the metropolitan of the realm in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone,' said the king, 'and we shall hear more soon.'

"Anon the archbishop was called into the council-chamber, to whom was alleged, as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no manner of persuasion or entreaty could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole council being thereat somewhat amazed, tho earl of Bedford with a loud voice, confirming his words with a solemn oath, said, 'When first you began this matter, my lords, I told you what would come of it. Do you think the king will suffer this man's finger to ache? Much more, I warrant you, will he defend his life against brabbling varlets!' And so incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands.

"When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness with a severe countenance said unto them, 'Ah, my lords! I thought I had had wiser men of my council than now I find you. What discretion was this in you, thus to make the primate of the realm, and one of you in office, to wait at the council-chamber door amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a councillor as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should try him as a councillor, and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciously, and if some of you might have had your minds, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I do you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may be beholden unto his subject [and so, solemnly laying his hand upon his breast, said], by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my lord of Canterbury, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whom we are much beholden;' giving him great commendations otherwise. And with that one or two of the chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his endurance, it was rather meant for his trial, and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him. 'Well, well, my lords,' quoth the king, 'take him and well use him, as he is worthy to be, and make no more ado.' And with that every man caught him by the hand, and made fair weather of altogethers, which might easily be done with that man" (ed. Rev. Joseph Pratt, n.d., vol. viii. pp. 24–26).

237. Line 7: *primero.*—Nares, *sub voce,* has a very lengthy account of this game of cards. He quotes the following description of the game from Barrington, Archæologia, vol. viii. p. 132, corrected by Duchot's Notes on Rabelais: "Each player had four cards dealt out to him, one by one; the seven was the highest card in point of number that he could avail himself of, which counted

for twenty-one; the six counted for eighteen, the five for fifteen, and ace for the same; but the two, the three, and the four, for their respective points only. The knave of diamonds was commonly fixed upon for the *quinola*, which the player might make what card or suit he thought proper; if the cards were of different suits, the highest number was the *primero* [or *prime*]; but if they were all of one colour, he that held them won the *flush*." The game was very fashionable till the introduction of *ombre*, after which, according to the Compleat Gamester, it went rapidly out of fashion. Compare Merry Wives, iv. 5. 104: "I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *primero*."

238. Line 36: *Stands in the gap and* TRADE *of moe preferments.*—Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 155–157:

> Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
> Some way of common *trade*, where subjects' feet
> May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;

where *common trade* means general traffic. Here the expression means the general course. Singer compares Udal's Apothegms: "Although it repent them of the *trade* or way that they have chosen."

239. Lines 42, 43:

> *Sir, I may tell it you, I think—I have*
> INCENS'D *the lords o' the council that,* &c.

The punctuation I have adopted is that of Dyce. That of the Ff., however generally followed, seems to me quite indefensible. Is it reasonable for a man to say (as with this pointing Lovell is made to say):

> Sir, I may tell it you, *I think I have*
> Incensed, &c.?

Incensed means, according to Nares, instructed, informed. The word is more properly, as he says, *insense*, to put sense into: "A provincial expression still quite current in Staffordshire, and probably Warwickshire, whence we may suppose Shakespeare had it." The same meaning seems to attach to the word in two other passages, Much Ado, v. 1. 242: "*incensed* me to slander the Lady Hero;" and in Richard III. iii. 1. 151–153:

> Think you, my lord, this little prating York
> Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother
> To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Halliwell quotes Palsgrave, 1530: "I insencè with folye, *je infatue.*"

240. Line 52: *convented; i.e.* convened. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 2. 58, 59:

> We are *convented*
> Upon a pleasing treaty;

and Measure for Measure, v. 1. 158: "Whensoever he's *convented.*" Cotgrave has: "Convenir en justice. To bring in suit, *convent* before a Judge, enter an action against."

241. Lines 68, 69:

> *her sufferance made*
> *Almost each pang a death.*

As Malone notes, this is almost a repetition of ii. 3. 15, 16:

> 'tis a sufferance panging
> As soul and body's severing.

242. Line 86: AVOID *the gallery; i.e.* leave the gallery. Compare Coriolanus, iv. 5. 24–26:

> *Third Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you *avoid* the house.
> *Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt
> Your hearth.

Compare, too, I. Samuel xviii. 11: "And David *avoided* out of his presence twice;" where the word is used intransitively. Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "Avoid [begone], *abi facesse.*"

243. Line 117: *by my* HOLIDAME.—In the Folio the word is spelt *Holydame.* Opinions differ whether *holidame* was a corruption of *halidom* (akin to the Anglo-Saxon word for holiness); or whether *halidom*, like *holidame*, was a corruption of *Holy Dame*, that is, Our Lady. *Halidom* occurs only once in Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 2. 135 (where it is spelt *hallidome* in the Folio); *holidame* in Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 99 (where it is spelt *hollidam*), and Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 43 (where it is spelt *holy-dam*).

244. Line 122: *indurance.*—Steevens explains this word, which does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, as meaning imprisonment (being in durance). It is taken from the passage in Fox, which is here paraphrased: "I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers stand together for your triall, without any such *indurance.*" Schmidt takes the word quite literally, endurance, suffering; Johnson gives it in his dictionary as delay. Perhaps this is the most probable explanation.

245. Lines 140, 141:

> *You take a* PRECIPICE *for no leap of danger,*
> *And* WOO *your own destruction.*

F. 1 prints *Precepit* and *woe*, which are corrected in F. 2.

246. Lines 161–163:

> *Now, good angels*
> *Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person*
> *Under their blessed wings!*

Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 103, 104:

> Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
> You heavenly guards!

247. Lines 176, 177:

> *Said I for this, the girl was like to him?*
> *I will have more, or else unsay't.*

In Samuel Rowley's chronicle-play on the reign of Henry VIII., When You See Me, You Know Me, there is a passage reminding me of this (B, *verso*, ed. 1632):

> *King.* Ladies attend her, Countess of *Salisburie*, sister Mary,
> Who first brings word that *Harry* hath a Sonne,
> Shall be rewarded well.
> *Wil.* I, ile be his surety: but doe you heare Wenches, she that brings the first tydings howsoever it fall out, let her be sure to say the Child's like the father, or else she shall have nothing.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

248. Line 19: Stage-direction: Enter the King and Butts at a window above.—Steevens observes, in reference to this stage-direction: "The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peep-holes may still be found in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. Among Andrew Borde's instructions for building a house, (see his Dietarie of Health,) is the following: 'Many of the chambers to have

a view into the chapel.' Again, in a Letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1573: 'And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, at a *window opening thereunto.*'" In Massinger's Roman Actor, ii. 1, the same contrivance is made use of for dramatic purposes. See the stage-direction: "Domitia appears at the window."

ACT V. Scene 3.

249.—I have followed the Cambridge editors in beginning a new scene here—an innovation which almost every editor has acknowledged to be justified. The Cambridge edd. say (note x.): "Mr. Grant White suggests that a new scene should begin here, although the stage-direction in the Folio is only 'A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed vnder the State,' &c. But this is plainly the mere result of the absence of scenery of any kind on Shakespeare's stage, and the audience were to imagine that the scene changed from the lobby before the Council Chamber to that apartment itself.' We have adopted his suggestion, thinking that the obvious propriety of changing the scene outweighs any inconvenience which might result for purposes of reference. Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson all follow Pope in calling this Scene V. Theobald also supposes a new scene to begin here, although in his edition the scenes are not numbered. Capell, by his stage-direction, indicated that the scene presented the Council-chamber and the lobby both at once to the eyes of the spectator."

250. Lines 11, 12:

> *In our own natures frail, and* CAPABLE
> *Of our flesh.*

Capable, several times in Shakespeare, means impressible, susceptible. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 126, 127:

> His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
> Would make them *capable.*

Some understand the word to mean here, capable of fleshly weaknesses, or susceptible to the temptations of the flesh.

251. Line 24: *Till they obey the* MANAGE.—This word is very frequently used by Shakespeare in reference to horses. Compare Richard II. iii. 3. 179:

> Wanting the *manage* of unruly jades;

and Pericles, iv. 6. 68–70 (the non-Shakespearian part): "My lord, she 's not pac'd yet: you must take some pains to work her to your *manage.*" The word is from the French *manége.* Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "To manage a horse, *Manier un cheval, le dresser;*" and below: "A horse well managed, *Cheval qui fait bien le manége, qui est bien dressé, qui manie bien.*" In the French part of the Dictionary he has: "Manege (exercise qu'on fait faire à un Cheval pour le dresser) *manage* or *managing of a Horse.*"

252. Lines 29–31:

> *as, of late days, our neighbours,*
> *The upper Germany, can dearly witness,*
> *Yet freshly pitied in our memories.*

This is probably an allusion, as Grey remarks (Variorum Ed. xix. 473), "to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522."

253. Line 39: *stirs against; i.e.* bestirs himself against. The term occurs again in Richard II. i. 2. 1–3:

> Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
> Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
> To *stir against* the butchers of his life!

254. Line 41: *Defacers of* A *public peace.*—Rowe prints *the*, which Dyce adopts, and which may not improbably be right.

255. Lines 76, 77:

> *'t is a cruelty*
> *To load a falling man.*

Compare iii. 2. 332, 333:

> O my lord,
> Press not a falling man too far!

256. Lines 85, 86, 87–91.—These two speeches are in Ff. given to the Chamberlain, but as *Cham.* is so very easy a misprint for *Chan.* it is more natural to suppose that this is the case here. The emendation was made by Capell. As Malone observes, "the Chancellor's apologizing to the King for the committal in a subsequent passage [147–153], likewise supports the emendation."

257. Lines 123–125:

> *But know, I come not*
> *To hear such* FLATTERY *now, and in my presence*
> *They are too thin and* BARE *to hide offences.*

Rowe, in his second ed., prints *flatteries*, which is very likely right, though *they* may refer to *commendations* above. *Bare* is the conjecture of Malone, adopted by Dyce. Ff. have *base.* Capell, whom many editors follow, introduced a semicolon after *presence;* but the turn of the phrase does not seem to me improved by the change. In Ff. line 125 ends with a comma, and the next line reads:

> To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell, &c.

I have adopted the pointing of Monck Mason, which is followed by Dyce and the Cambridge edd.

258. Line 133: THIS *place.*—Ff. print *his*, which Malone defends on the ground that *his* refers to the office of privy counsellor; the correction in the text was made by Rowe.

259. Line 146: *had ye* MEAN.—*Mean* is used a good many times by Shakespeare in the sense of *means*, as, for example, in Richard III. i. 3. 90, 91:

> You may deny that you were not the *mean*
> Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment,

the reading of the Ff.; the Qq. have *cause.*

260. Lines 162, 163:

> THAT *is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;*
> *You must be godfather, and answer for her.*

Rowe reads "*There* is," which certainly makes a smoother sentence; but the change is quite unnecessary. The king has just said, "I have a suit which you must not deny me;" and now he continues, "That is," or, in other words, "my suit is," &c. It is open to us to take the sentence in another way, and (changing the semicolon after *baptism* into a comma) understand (as Malone puts it), "My suit is, that you would be a godfather to a fair young maid, who is not yet christened." In this sense *her* would be redundant; just the contrary construction is found in ii. 1. 47, 48:

whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment—

where we should expect the addition of *for*.

261. Line 167: *Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.* — *Spoons* were in Shakespeare's time, as (says Schmidt) they are to this day in Germany, the usual gifts of the sponsors at a christening. Those who could afford it gave twelve gilt spoons, called "apostle spoons," because the figures of the apostles were carved on the handles. See the numerous references from contemporary literature given in the Variorum Ed. xix. 480–482. In Middleton's Chaste Maid in Cheapside, iii. 2, there is a very interesting and instructive christening scene, in which "Enter Sir Walter Whorehound, carrying a silver standing-cup and two *spoons*."

Sir Wal. A poor remembrance, lady,
To the love of the babe; I pray, accept of it.
[*Giving cup and spoons.*
Mis. All. O, you are at too much charge, sir!
2nd. Gos. Look, look, what has he given her?
What is 't, gossip?
3rd. Gos. Now, by my faith, a fair high standing-cup.
And two great 'postle spoons, one of them gilt.
1st. Pur. Sure that was Judas then with the red beard.

262. Line 175: *Good man, those joyful tears show thy true* HEART.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *hearts*.

ACT V. Scene 4.

263. Line 2: *do you take the court for* PARISH-GARDEN?—The *Paris-garden* was a bear-garden on the Bankside at Southwark, so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of Richard II. It was near the Globe Theatre, and in a line with Bridewell. Compare Dekker, Gull's Hornbook, ch. i.: "How wonderfully is the world altered! And no marvel, for it has lain sick almost five thousand years; so that it is no more like the old *théâtre du monde*, than old *Paris Garden* is like the King's Garden at Paris." I have retained *Parish-garden* (the reading of F. 1, F. 2, F. 3) as a characteristic vulgarism of the Porter's; F. 4 has *Paris-garden*, which is of course the correct word. Porters are not always correct speakers, as I can testify in reference to a certain gatekeeper who prefers to speak of the Comte de Paris as "the Paris count."

264. Line 3: *leave your* GAPING.—The word *gape* has lost part of the sense it once had, which was, not merely to open the mouth wide, but to shout with open mouth, to bawl. Boyer, French Dictionary, has (s. v. *Gape*) "He ever gapes, (*or* bawls) when he speaks, *Il crie*, ou *criaille toûjours quand il parle.*" In Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 47, 54, "a *gaping* pig," it is not certain whether the word is used in this sense or whether it refers to roast pig as served at table.

265. Lines 12-15:

't is as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep
On MAY-DAY MORNING; *which will never be.*

"The custom," says Nares, "of going out into the fields early on May-day, to celebrate the return of spring, was observed by all ranks of people. 'Edwarde Hall hath noted,' says Stowe, 'that K. Henry the Eighth, in the 7th of his raigne, on May-day in the morning, with queene Katheren his wife, rode a *Maying* from Greenwitch to the high ground of Shooter's hill' (Survey of London, p. 72, where some curious sports then devised for him are described). Stowe says also, 'In the moneth of May the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes together, had their several *Mayings*, and did fetch in May-poles,' &c. (p. 73)." See Twelfth Night, note 217.

266. Line 16: *Paul's.*—So F. 4: the earlier Ff. have *Powles*, which may perhaps be a vulgarism like *Parish-garden* above, but is more probably a mere variation in spelling.

267. Lines 22, 23:

I am not Samson, nor SIR GUY, *nor* COLBRAND,
To mow 'em down before me.

One of the famous exploits of Guy of Warwick was his encounter with the Danish giant Colbrand at Winchester. Sir Guy is said to have been the son of Siward, baron of Wallingford, and to have become Earl of Warwick through marriage with Felicia, daughter of Rohand, a warrior of the time of Alfred. He was nine feet high, and his sword, shield, breastplate, helmet, and staff are still to be seen in the Porter's Lodge at Warwick Castle, together with some of the gigantic bones of the dun cow which he killed at Dunsmore Heath, and other relics, no doubt equally authentic. His "porridge-pot" (capable of containing 102 gallons) is in the Great Hall. After his battle with Colbrand Sir Guy retired to a hermitage at Guy's Cliff, where he died in 929. The metrical romance of Guy of Warwick (Auchinleck and Caius MSS.) was edited by Professor Kölbing for the Early English Text Society in 1883 and 1887.

268. Lines 26, 27:

Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

Staunton says: "The expression, 'my cow, God save her!' or 'my mare, God save her!' or 'my sow, God save her!' appears to have been proverbial; thus, in Greene and Lodge's Looking Glasse for London, 1598, 'my blind mare, God bless her!'" Dyce quotes from a writer in the Literary Gazette of January 25, 1862, who states that a similar phrase is in common use to-day in the south of England. "'Oh! I would not do that for a cow, save her tail,' may still be heard in the mouths of the vulgar in Devonshire." This quite disposes of the delicate suggestion of Collier's MS. Corrector, who for *chine* substituted *queen*, and for *cow, crown*. In a communication to Notes and Queries, 7th Ser. vol. iv. Oct. 15, 1887, W. C. M. B. writes: "[The passage in the text is] an allusion to a vulgar saying, common then, viz.: 'A cow and a queen have one time.' Something of the sort I fancy I have heard myself, and Barnaby Googe, 1578, alludes to it as common; while it is of that rustic humour likely to be widely known and used without appearing in print, except as it may here, by allusion."

269. Lines 34, 35: *or have we* SOME STRANGE INDIAN *with* THE GREAT TOOL COME *to court?*—Mr. Robert Boyle, in his paper on Henry VIII., already quoted from, has an in-

teresting conjecture in connection with this line. After stating that in the Ff. the word "tool" is printed *Toole* (in italics, and beginning with a capital) after the manner of proper names, Mr. Boyle remarks: "There must evidently be some allusion intended. Now in Middleton's Fair Quarrel, which appeared in 1617, we have, Act IV. scene iv.:

> I yield; the great O Toole shall yield on these conditions.

Dyce explains in a note that, in 1622, Arthurus Severus O Toole was the subject of a poem by Taylor the Water Poet, to which a portrait of the celebrated Irishman is prefixed. His youth had been devoted to Mars, and his old age to the town of Westminster, which was at the date of the poem honoured with his residence.

"In Middleton's Fair Quarrel an Indian is mentioned in the same scene a little earlier 'How I and my Amazon stripped you as naked as an Indian.' That Middleton was poking his coarse fun at the comical Irishman is plain. What has escaped all commentators till now is, that Fletcher is doing exactly the same in Henry VIII. In 1611 five Indians came to England. In 1614 three of them returned, one went to the Continent, one died and was exhibited as a show. The allusion in the text is probably to the latter. But we must not forget that in the year 1617 there was much talk of the Indians. In that year the famous Pocahontas came over to England, and was presented to the queen ('come to court') by the equally famous Captain Smith."

In the argument to his poem in honour of the Irishman Taylor says: "*The Great* O Toole, *is the toole that my Muse takes in hand*" (Works, Spenser Society ed. p. 176). A good deal of chaff—about four pages of the Spenser Society's folio reprint—is devoted to him, but few biographical details are given. The context, certainly, in the Porter's speech in Henry VIII. suggests another explanation, but the printing of *Toole* as though it were a surname scarcely seems likely to have been accidental. Probably enough there is a play on the two senses in which the word might be taken.

270. Line 46: *fire-drake.*—Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has "A fire drake [meteor] *draco volans.*" The word means a fiery dragon, and was used both for a meteor and for the will-o'-the-wisp, as well as metaphorically for a man with a fiery face. Halliwell quotes Fulke's Meteors, 1670: "flying dragons, or as Englishmen call them, *fire-drakes*" (p. 67).

271. Line 49: *a haberdasher's wife of small wit.*—Malone points out that this same expression occurs in the Induction to Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady: "And all *haberdashers of small wit,* I presume.'

272. Line 50: *till her* PINK'D PORRINGER *fell off her head.*—Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 63–70:

> *Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
> *Pet.* Why this was moulded on a *porringer.*
> . . . . . .
> Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
> *Kath.* I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
> And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pinked means pierced in small holes. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has "To pink, *perfero; pinked, pertusus.*" Halliwell, in his Folio edition, gives a cut illustrative of *porringer* caps. He quotes from Fairholt: "This seems to be an allusion to the Milan bonnet extremely fashionable at this period. . . . They were generally made of velvet, and certainly bore an unlucky resemblance to an inverted porringer.

273. Lines 58–61: *suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work.*—Taylor, writing before 1617, thus describes the prowess of London "youths" who "put Play-houses to the sacke," &c.: "What auailes it for a Constable with an army of reuerend rusty Bill-men to command peace to these beasts, for they with their pockets in stead of Pistols, well char'd [*sic*] with stone-shot, discharge against the Image of Authority, whole volleys as thicke as hayle, which robustious repulse puts the better sort to the worser part, making the band of unscowred Halberdiers retyre faster than ever they came on, and shew exceeding discretion in prouing tall men of their heeles" ("Jack-a-Lent," in Taylor's Works, Spenser Soc. ed. p. 125).

274. Lines 63–67: *These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but* THE TRIBULATION OF TOWER-HILL, *or* THE LIMBS OF LIMEHOUSE, *their dear brothers, are able to endure.*—The allusions in this passage have never been explained; it contains, probably some contemporary allusion, the sense of which has escaped us. Four very lively pages are given up to the subject in the Variorum Edition (xix. 488–491), but it remains uncertain whether the skit (such as it is) is at the expense of the Puritans (which seems not unlikely) or falls merely upon the play-going youth of the period. On the latter supposition Steevens remarks: "*The Tribulation* does not sound in my ears like the name of any place of entertainment, unless it were particularly designed for the use of Religion's prudes, the Puritans. *Mercutio* or *Truewit* would not have been attracted by such an appellation, though it might operate forcibly on the saint-like organs of Ebenezer or Ananias.

"Shakespeare, I believe, meant to describe an audience familiarized to excess of *noise;* and why should we suppose the *Tribulation* was *not* a puritanical meeting-house because it was *noisy?* I can easily conceive that the turbulence of the most clamorous theatre has been exceeded by the bellowings of puritanism against surplices and farthingales; and that our upper gallery, during Christmas week, is a sober consistory, compared with the vehemence of fanatick harangues against Bel and the Dragon, that idol Starch, the anti-christian Hierarchy, and the Whore of Babylon.

"Neither do I see with what propriety the *limbs of Limehouse* could be called 'young *citizens,*' according to Malone's supposition. . . . The phrase, *dear brothers,* is very plainly used to point out some fraternity of canters allied to the *Tribulation* both in pursuits and manners, by tempestuous zeal and consummate ignorance."

275. Line 68: *I have some of 'em* IN LIMBO *Patrum.*—*Limbus Patrum* is, literally, the purgatory of the fathers, or the place where, in the middle ages, the saints who lived before the coming of Christ were supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. *In Limbo* was used jocularly (as it still sometimes is) for being imprisoned, or perhaps

it means here in the stocks. Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 149:

As far from help as *Limbo* is from bliss;

Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 32:

No, he's in Tartar *limbo*, worse than hell;

and All's Well, v. 3. 260–262: "for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of *Limbo*, and of Furies, and I know not what."

276. Lines 69, 70: *the* RUNNING BANQUET *of two beadles that is to come.*—Compare i. 4. 12 above, where the term, as here, is used in *double entendre.* See note 110.

277. Lines 85, 86:

And here ye lie baiting of BOMBARDS, *when*
Ye should do service.

A *bombard* was a large leather vessel for holding liquor, perhaps so named from its similarity to the *bombards* used in war: "large machines for casting heavy stones in the attack and defence of fortified places, called also lithoboli and petrariæ; they subsequently became improved into large cannons." Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 497, 498: "that swoll'n parcel of dropsies, that huge *bombard* of sack;" Tempest, ii. 2. 20–22: "yond same black cloud looks like a foul *bombard* that would shed his liquor;" and Ben Jonson, Masque of Augurs: "The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a *bombard* of sack."

278. Line 94: *I 'll* PECK *you o'er the pales else!*—Johnson read *pick*, for which *peck* is probably a vulgarism, and which means pitch. It is used again in Coriolanus, i. 1. 203, 204:

as high
As I could *pick* my lance.

Boyer, French Dictionary, has "To pick (*or* throw) a dart, *Jetter, lancer un dard, darder un javelot;*" and Coles gives "To pick a dart, *jaculor.*" "To *pick* or cast" is in Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

279. Stage-direction: standing-bowls.—These are mentioned by Holinshed among the christening gifts: "Then the archbishop of Canterburie gave to the princesse a standing cup of gold: the dutches of Norffolke gaue to hir a standing cup of gold, fretted with pearle: the marchionesse of Dorset gaue thrée gilt bolles, pounced with a couer: and the marchionesse of Exceter gaue thrée standing bolles grauen, all gilt with a couer" (iii. 787). There is a cut of some *standing bowls* (bowls elevated on feet or pedestals) in Rolfe, p. 205. See the reference to "standing-cups" in the passage quoted from Middleton in note 261.

280. Lines 1–4: *Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!*—This proclamation is taken, nearly verbatim, from Holinshed: "When the ceremonies and christening were ended, Garter cheefe king of armes cried alowd, God of his infinite goodnesse send prosperous life and long to the high and mightie princesse of England Elizabeth: and then the trumpets blew" (iii. 787).

281. Line 24: *Saba.*—In the Septuagint and Vulgate the Queen of Sheba (as our English version calls her) is spoken of as *Saba*, and so she is very generally known in our older literature, nor is the pretty name quite lost yet. Dyce quotes Marlowe's Faustus:

But she was chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as *Saba*, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
—Works, 1858, p. 87.

and Peele, Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes:

Diana for her dainty life, Susannah being sad,
Sage *Saba* for her soberness, &c.
—Works, 1861, p. 529;

and an unpublished copy of Latin verses addressed by William Gager to Queen Elizabeth:

Deservit Cassandra tibi: te *Saba* salutat.

282. Lines 37–39:

those about her
From her shall read the perfect WAYS *of honour,*
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

F. 1 prints *way*, which F. 4 corrects. The accuracy of the correction is proved by the word *those* in the next line; and Steevens compares the similar expression occurring earlier in the play (iii. 2. 436): "Wolsey, that once trod the *ways* of glory."

283. Lines 60–63:

But she must die;
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

This is, virtually, the punctuation of Ff.; Theobald read:

She must; the saints must have her yet a virgin;—

which does not seem a pretty way of pointing a compliment.

284. Lines 70, 71:

To you, my good lord mayor,
And YOUR *good brethren, I am much beholding.*

Ff. have "And *you* good Brethren," which is obviously out of place in the mouth of the king. The correction was made by Theobald on the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY VIII.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.
The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Admirer	i.	1	3
Allegiant	iii.	2	176
Appointment[1]	ii.	2	134
Archbishopric	ii.	1	164
Arrogancy[2]	ii.	4	110
Assent	iii.	2	310
	iv.	1	31
Avaunt (sub.)	ii.	3	10
Baiting[3] (verb)	v.	4	85
Benefit (vb. intr.)	i.	2	80
Blistered	i.	3	31
Board[4] (sub.)	i.	1	79
Bores[5] (verb)	i.	1	128
Bosom (verb)	i.	1	112
Brazier	v.	4	42
Broomstaff	v.	4	57
*Brother-love	v.	3	173
Camlet	v.	4	93
Carders	i.	2	33
Cardinal (adj.)	iii.	1	103
Censurers	i.	2	78
Choice[6] (adj.)	i.	2	162
Choir[7]	iv.	1	90
Choir[8]	iv.	1	64
Christening (sub.)	v.	4	10, 38, 78, 87
*Cinque-ports	iv.	1	49
Cited[9]	iv.	1	29
Clinquant	i.	1	19
Coarse	iii.	2	239
Conclave	ii.	2	100
Considering (sub.)	ii.	4	185
	iii.	2	135
Count-cardinal	i.	1	172
Creed	ii.	2	51
Crowd (sub.)	iv.	1	57

1 = direction; frequently used in its other senses.
2 *Arrogance* is used elsewhere.
3 = broaching?
4 = an assembly; used elsewhere in its other senses.
5 = overreaches.
6 = appointed.
7 = a band of singers; Venus and Adonis, 840.
8 = part of a church; Sen. lxxiii. 4.
9 = summoned; used in other senses elsewhere.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Decent	iv.	2	145
*Devil-monk	ii.	1	21
Discerner	i.	1	32
Disciples (sub.)	v.	3	112
Discourser	i.	1	41
Dog-days	v.	4	43
Domestics (sub.)	ii.	4	114
*Down-bed	i.	4	18
Emballing	ii.	3	47
Equal (adv.)	i.	1	159
Faints (vb. tr.)	ii.	3	103
*Fair-spoken	iv.	2	52
Fiddle (sub.)	i.	3	41
Fiddle (verb)	i.	3	42
Filed[10] (verb)	iii.	2	171
Fire-drake	v.	4	45
Fore-recited	i.	2	127
Foreskirt	ii.	3	98
*Fresh-fish	ii.	3	86
Friendless	iii.	1	80
Front[11] (verb)	i.	2	42
Full-charged	i.	2	3
Fullers	i.	2	33
*Full-hot	i.	1	133
Glory[12] (verb)	ii.	1	66
	v.	3	164
Grievingly	i.	1	87
Grubbed	v.	1	23
Haberdasher	v.	4	49
*Hard-ruled	iii.	2	101
Harm-doing	ii.	3	5
*Have-at-him	ii.	2	85
High-blown	iii.	2	361
Hoods[13]	iii.	1	23
Humble-mouthed	ii.	4	107
Illustrated	iii.	2	181
Innumerable	iii.	2	326
Inscribed	iii.	2	315
Irresolute	i.	2	209
Jewel-house	*iv.	1	111
	v.	1	34

10 = kept pace with.
11 = to march in the front; frequently used in other senses.
12 Son. xci. 1. 13 = cowls.

	Act	Sc.	Line
King-cardinal	ii.	2	20
Larder	v.	4	5
Legatine	iii.	2	339
Londoners	i.	2	154
Lop (sub.)	i.	2	96
Lutheran	iii.	2	99
Marchioness	ii.	3	63, 94
	iii.	2	90
Master-cord	iii.	2	106
Mention (sub.)	iii.	2	434
Meridian	iii.	2	224
Misdemeaned	v.	3	14
Mortar-piece	v.	4	48
Murmurers	ii.	2	131
*New-trimmed	i.	2	80
O'er-great	i.	1	222
O'ermount	ii.	3	94
Out-speaks	iii.	2	127
Outworks	i.	1	123
Papers (verb)	i.	1	80
Pausingly	i.	2	168
Peck[14] (verb)	v.	4	94
Perked	ii.	3	21
Perniciously	ii.	1	50
Phrase (verb)	i.	1	34
Pinked	v.	4	50
Popedom	iii.	2	212
Præmunire	iii.	2	340
Precipice	v.	1	140
Prejudice (sub.)	i.	1	182
	ii.	4	154
Privity	i.	1	74
Questioned[15]	ii.	4	50
Rail (sub.)	v.	4	93
Reciprocally	i.	1	162
Remarked	v.	1	33
Retainers	ii.	4	113
Revokement	i.	2	106
Rinsing	i.	1	167
Roads[16]	iv.	2	17

14 = pitch.
15 = doubted; often used in other senses.
16 = journeys.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Rod[17]	iv.	1	39, 89
Sacring bell	iii.	2	295
Sectary[18]	v.	3	70
Seemly[19]	iii.	1	178
Self-drawing	i.	1	63
Self-mettle	i.	1	134
Shire	i.	2	103
Sickened[20] (vb. tr.)	i.	1	82
Simony	iv.	2	36
Snuff[21] (verb)	iii.	2	96
Spanned	i.	1	223
Spare (sub.)	v.	4	21
Spider-like	i.	1	62
Spleeny	iii.	2	99
Springhalt	i.	3	13
Stagger[22]	ii.	4	212
State-statues	i.	2	88
Support (sub.)	ii.	3	64
Top-proud	i.	1	151
Tribulation	v.	4	65
Truncheoners	v.	4	54
Unbounded	iv.	2	34
Uncontemned	iii.	2	10
Undoubtedly	iv.	2	49
Unhandled[23]	iii.	2	58
Unite (vb. intr.)	iii.	2	1
Unpartial	ii.	2	107
Unqueened	iv.	2	171
Unrecounted	iii.	2	48
Unthink	ii.	4	104
Used[24] (vb. refl.)	iii.	1	176
Venom-mouthed	i.	1	120
Viscount	i.	4	93
*Water-side	ii.	1	95
Weak-hearted	iii.	2	390
Wild (adv.)	i.	4	26

17 = a kind of sceptre.
18 = a dissenter.
19 Son. xxii. 6.
20 = impaired.
21 *i.e.* a wick.
22 = bewilder; = make to reel, Rich. II. v. 5. 110.
23 = not treated; = not broken in, Merch. of Ven. v. 1. 72.
24 = behaved.

THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
FERDINAND, his son.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Alonso.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
GONZALO, an honest old counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } lords.
TRINCULO, a jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } presented by spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—On board a ship at sea; afterwards various parts of an island.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Indefinite.

TIME OF ACTION.

One day.

THE TEMPEST.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The Tempest was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623, and occupies the first place in that collection. The text is far from accurate.

The only authentic record of any previous performance is the notice discovered by Malone, in Vertue's MSS., of the play having been acted at court in February, 1613, on occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, Elector Palatine. We shall shortly find good reason to conclude that this was also the date of composition. That this date was at all events not earlier than 1603 is evident from the fact that the leading features of Gonzalo's commonwealth (act ii. sc. 1) are derived from Florio's translation of Montaigne, published in that year. This entirely overthrows Mr. Hunter's theory, advanced in a special essay, that the date of composition was 1596. Elze's notion that it was 1604 avoids this particular objection, but has no groundwork except this critic's fixed idea that the last ten or twelve years of Shakespeare's life were spent in idleness. If this is not admitted, the internal evidence of the versification, clearly establishing that the play belongs to the last group of Shakespeare's creations, proves also that it must have been written after 1608 at all events. The metrical test is quite decisive on this point, the proportion of double endings being, roughly speaking, 33 per cent, against 25 per cent in Antony and Cleopatra (1608), and 12 per cent in As You Like It (1599). The value of such tests may be, and has been, exaggerated; but there can be no doubt that an approximation to Fletcher's system of versification in a Shakespearian play of early date, would be as great a prodigy as the occurrence of a mammal in the Silurian epoch.

Apart from the internal evidence of the metre, another kind of internal evidence proves that the play could not have been written before 1610 at the earliest. In act 1, sc. 2, Ariel speaks of

> the deep nook, where once
> Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
> From the still-vex'd Bermoothes.

In May, 1609, the fleet of Sir George Somers, bound for Virginia, was scattered by a tempest in mid-ocean, and one of the ships, driven out of her course, was wrecked on the Bermudas, thence sometimes called the Somers or Summer Islands. The exhausted sailors had given up all hope, when the vessel was found to be "jammed in between two rocks," in just such a nook as that described by Ariel. They spent nine months on the island; and having at length refitted their ship, arrived safely in Virginia. A narrative of their adventures was published in 1610 by Sylvester Jourdan, under the title of "A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called The Isle of Devils." Malone first pointed out the connection of this narrative with The Tempest, and it seems marvellous that any one should have disagreed with him. The scene of the drama, as we shall see, was not intended to be laid in the Bermudas, and Shakespeare could not, therefore, follow the pamphlet with perfect exactness. But there can, as Hudson expresses it, "be no rational doubt" that he derived hints from Jourdan, and he must accordingly have had the latter's pamphlet before him. The only question is, what interval elapsed ere he used it? The point was at one time thought to have been decided by an entry in the record of the Master of the Revels of a performance of The Tempest at Whitehall in 1611. But this is a forgery. We believe it to be demonstrable that Ver-

tue's mention of its performance at court, on occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage, refers to its first representation anywhere, and indicates the date of composition also. We proceed to state the reasons for this conviction, first remarking that, if written for private representation in 1613, it had still found its way to the public stage by 1614, as proved by Ben Jonson's peevish allusion in "Bartholomew Fair" (1614) to "servant-monsters," and "those that beget *tempests* and such-like drolleries." This is the only literary reference to The Tempest prior to its publication in 1623.

The most likely reason why the editors of the first Folio placed The Tempest at the head of Shakespeare's works is their perception that his earliest comedies formed an unfitting portal to such a temple. It certainly indicates no idea on their part that it was a work of early date. Tradition, on the contrary, has always regarded it as his last work, appealing to Prospero's declaration of his purpose to break and bury his staff, and drown his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound." Shakespeare certainly could not have taken leave of the stage in more majestic or appropriate language, but the speech may well have begotten the tradition. We believe, however, that tradition is substantially though not literally right, and that the most recent editors and critics have placed the play too early by two or three years. With one consent they date it at 1610 or 1611, for no other reason than that the proportion of lines with double endings is slightly less than in The Winter's Tale. This is indeed to ride a hobby to death, and discredit a sound axiom. That Shakespeare's career as a dramatic artist is divided into well-marked periods by the peculiarities of his metre is true, and most important to be known; but it by no means follows that each successive play signalized a further development of the peculiarity. In the case of The Tempest, unless we greatly err, the date of the first representation can be fixed with absolute confidence at an early day in February, 1613, and the recognition of this fact gives the key to the drama, and reveals it as anything rather than an aimless sport of fancy. We contend with Tieck that the piece was written for representation on occasion of the marriage of James the First's daughter, Princess Elizabeth, to Frederick, Elector Palatine, and that the chief human personages represent James himself and the princely bride and bridegroom. We have here only room for a brief abstract of the arguments advanced by us in the Universal Review for April, 1889.

The Tempest, in the first place, has all the marks of a play originally written for private representation before a courtly audience. It is shorter by a third than an average play of Shakespeare's. It has scarcely any change of costume or change of scene. It has two elaborate masques, of the description then habitually presented before persons of distinction on great occasions. The most important of these, the nuptial masque of Juno, Ceres, and Iris in the fourth act, would be an absolute impertinence on any other theory than that it formed part of a play represented on occasion of a marriage. Yet it is no interpolation to adapt the play to such a purpose, for, supposing it removed, the greater part of the fourth act disappears with it; and the noblest passage in the drama, "the cloud-capp'd towers," &c., grows out of it, and could not have been written if it had not existed. When, in addition to these indications that The Tempest must have been composed for private representation as a nuptial drama, we find, as we do from Vertue, that it actually was represented at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, it is fair to claim that the argument is effectually clenched, and that no reasonable doubt can remain. For, if the piece was not written for performance on this occasion, it must have been the revival of a play written for performance on some other similar occasion. We have seen, however, that it belongs to the latest period of Shakespeare's art, and cannot have been conceived before the narrative of the shipwrecked sailors, who arrived in Virginia about February, 1610, had been published in England. No incident to evoke such a drama had occurred between 1610 and the end of 1612, when the betrothal took place, and then the circumstances exactly

fitted such a play as The Tempest. A foreign prince from beyond the seas espouses an island princess who has never left her home, the union being brought about by the wisdom of her sage father, potent in all lawful arts, but the inexorable enemy of witchcraft, precisely the character which James the First supported in his own estimation. Prospero is the idealization of James, not without strokes of delicate irony, showing that while Shakespeare sincerely honoured what was admirable in the king, he sees over him and through him. His art and his judgment are still more brightly displayed in another particular. The marriage followed close upon a funeral. Prince Henry had died in the preceding November; the calamity could not be left out of sight, and yet the nuptial joy must not be darkened. With exquisite skill Shakespeare images forth the bereavement in the supposed death of Ferdinand, which occupies so important a place in The Tempest. James's grief is thus not ignored, but is transferred from himself to his enemy; the sense of loss mingles almost imperceptibly with the general cheerfulness; and at last the childless Prospero gains a son in Ferdinand, as James was regaining one in Frederick. If this interpretation is correct, the play gains greatly in significance, and Shakespeare appears not only as the consummate poet, but as the accomplished courtier and well-bred man of the world. Our astonishment at his genius must be further heightened, were it possible, by the revelation of the briefness of the time required for the composition and production of so wonderful a work. The supposed death of Ferdinand is so central an incident that the play cannot have been planned prior to the death of Prince Henry on November 6, 1612, while it cannot have been represented later than the celebration of the marriage on February 14 following. All must have been done within three months at the utmost—probably considerably less.

We therefore feel justified in assigning The Tempest to the year 1613, thus making it at least two years posterior to The Winter's Tale. We are thus warranted in believing, if we please, that Shakespeare really did bid farewell to the stage in the person of Prospero. One or two of his plays may possibly be later still; but the only one of which this can be positively asserted — Henry the Eighth—is but in part his.

Only one possible original of the plot of The Tempest has hitherto been pointed out, and it is uncertain whether Shakespeare and his supposed model did not derive their theme from a common source. The affinity, nevertheless, between the plot of his drama and that of Jacob Ayrer's Fair Sidea is undeniable. The German play has been translated into English by Mr. Albert Cohn, in his "Shakespeare in Germany." In it Ludolph, like Prospero a banished prince and benevolent magician, is introduced dwelling in a forest with his daughter Sidea and a familiar spirit, Runcifal. The son of the usurper falls into his hands, like Ferdinand; is set, like Ferdinand, to carry logs; is, like Ferdinand, pitied by the magician's daughter; and, like him, finally united to her. It is impossible that Ayrer should be the borrower, as he died in 1605. It is equally certain that Shakespeare did not read German; but an account of Ayrer's piece may have been brought him by one of the English actors, who in that age were continually traversing Germany, or both plays may have been founded upon some ballad or chapbook yet to be discovered. A ballad entitled *The Inchanted Island*, which has been adduced as the source of the plot, is evidently a much later composition than the play, and founded upon it.

The scene of the action must be conceived to be an imaginary island in the Mediterranean, which the reader may locate anywhere he pleases between Tunis and Naples, the starting-point and terminus of Alonso's interrupted voyage. There is not the smallest reason for identifying it, as Mr. Hunter demands, with Lampedusa; and it would be perfectly irrational, with Chalmers and other commentators, to make Ariel fetch dew *from* Bermuda *to* Bermuda. The imagination which created Ariel and Caliban was assuredly equal to summoning an island from the deep, and remanding it thither when its purpose was fulfilled:

These let us *wish* away.

The surpassing imagination of The Tempest has naturally recommended it to artists of creative power, especially Fuseli in last century and Poole in this. Three designs for it, with others illustrative of Macbeth and King John, were the only fruits of Kaulbach's ambitious undertaking of a complete pictorial illustration of Shakespeare. They are of the highest merit. The various adaptations and imitations will fall under another head, but a word must be said here on a remarkable companion drama, M. Renan's Caliban. In this brilliant satire Caliban, transferred with his master to Milan, is represented as the type of the new democracy. By playing on the baser passions of the multitude he overthrows culture and refinement personified in Prospero; but on obtaining the throne finds that he has need of them, and ends by becoming a very respectable specimen of spurious civilization.—R. G.

STAGE HISTORY.

Some faint light is cast upon the early stage history of The Tempest. The play, though it stands foremost in the Folio, is held one of the latest works of its author. Malone's ascription of the date to a period subsequent to the appearance of Jourdan's Discovery of the Barmvdas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels, 4to, 1610, is generally accepted; and Mr. Fleay is not alone in assuming The Tempest to be the last of Shakespeare's plays in the order of composition. October to November, 1610, is, Mr. Fleay supposes, the date of its first appearance (Chronicle History, 249). In the Booke of the Revels, extending from 31st Oct. 1611, to 1st Nov. 1612, a manuscript in the Audit Office, is a page containing the following entry: "By the Kinges players Hallomas night was presented at Whithall before the Kings Majestie a play called the Tempest.—The Kings players the 5th of November, a play called the Winter Nightes Tayle." The authenticity of this entry has been disputed by palæographers. It is accepted, however, by Collier (Hist. of Dram. Poesy, i. 369), a somewhat dubious authority, and by Halliwell-Phillipps (Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare, i. 214). It concurs with, if it is not supported by, a statement of Malone, who, speaking of The Tempest in the account of the incidents, says: "I know that it had a being and a name in the autumn of 1611," words which draw from Halliwell-Phillipps the observation, "he was not the kind of critic to use these decisive words unless he had possessed contemporary evidence of the fact." Supposing the authority for this performance of 1st Nov. 1611, to be inadequate, Malone points out, on the authority of the MSS. of Mr. Vertue, "that the Tempest was acted by John Hemminge and the rest of the Kings company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector in the beginning of the year 1613" (Shakespeare, by Boswell, ii. 464; Collier, Hist. of Dram. Poetry, i. 369).

Neither of these representations was, it may be assumed, the first. The Tempest was probably given at an earlier date at the Blackfriars' Theatre. Dryden, in his preface (dated Dec. 1, 1669) to The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island, of which more anon, says: "The Play itself had previously been acted with success in the Black-Fryers." The music to some of the lyrics was written by Robert Johnson, one of the royal musicians, "for the lutes," a fact which, with the introduction of the masque, emboldens Halliwell-Phillipps to conjecture that the play "was originally written with a view to its production before the court" (Outlines, ii. 309). Halliwell-Phillipps also thinks it "not at all improbable that the conspicuous position assigned to this comedy in the First Folio is a testimony to its popularity." That it was popular is proved by the imitations of portions of its story by Fletcher, Suckling, and succeeding writers.

After these appetizing but unsatisfactory glimpses, Shakespeare's Tempest recedes for a century and a half from observation.

On 7th November, 1667, Pepys witnessed at Lincolns Inn Fields "The Tempest, an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day." It was acted in presence of the king and the court, and was, continues Pepys, "the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musique in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter, which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit,

but yet good above ordinary plays." This, it is needless to say, is the alteration of Shakespeare by Dryden and D'Avenant, known as The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island, 1670, 4to. Of all the indignities to which Shakespeare was subjected this is, in some respects, the worst. Nothing in The Tempest, as subsequent experience has shown, called for alteration. The adapters have, however, vulgarized some of the most exquisite of human creations, have supplied Caliban with a female counterpart and sister in Sycorax, and Miranda with a sister who, like herself, has never seen a man, have coupled Ariel with Milcha, and have introduced Hippolyto, a rightful heir to the dukedom of Mantua, who has never seen a woman. Alterations do not end here; but there is no need to dwell upon the absurdities or abominations of a play that is easily accessible. Dryden boasts of his share in this work, and declares in the preface that from the first moment the scheme was confided to him by D'Avenant he "never writ anything with more delight." He is careful, however, to state that the counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely, the conception of a man who had never seen a woman, was due to D'Avenant. The entire preface, a sustained eulogy of D'Avenant, who at this time was dead, leaves room for no suspicion of interested motives. Following the preface comes the rhymed prologue, which is devoted to the praise of Shakespeare, and concludes:

> But Shakespear's magic could not copy'd be.
> Within that circle none durst walk but he.

The compliment in the last line is one of the happiest and most ingenious ever paid. Strange that the disciple who paid it should dare himself to don the robes of the necromancer and imitate his art.

Of the first representation of this work, we know that Cave Underhill was the Trincalo, since it is so stated at a subsequent revival (Genest, Account of the English Stage, ii. 262). All else that is known is what is told in the preface, that the directors of the pageant

> are forc'd to employ
> One of our women to present a boy.

This suggests that Hippolyto was then, as generally in subsequent performances, taken by a woman. It is probable that some attempt at scenic effect was made at the first production of The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island. When next seen at Dorset Gardens, in 1673, it was converted into what was then called an opera. Downes has passed with slight mention the previous performances of The Tempest, simply stating in a note that Macbeth, King Lear, and The Tempest were acted in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and adding that The Tempest was altered by Sir William D'Avenant and Mr. Dryden before it was made into an opera. Not much more expansive is he concerning the revival. His words with their curious orthography and punctuation are: "The Year after in 1673. The Tempest or the Inchanted Island made into an Opera by Mr. *Shadwell*, having all New in it; as Scenes, Machines: particularly one scene Painted with *Myriads of Ariel* Spirits; and another flying away, with a Table Furnisht out with Fruits, Sweet meats and all sorts of Viands; just when Duke *Trinculo* (*sic*) and his Companions' were going to Dinner; all was things perform'd in it so Admirably well, that not any succeeding Opera got more Money" (Roscius Anglicanus, p. 35). Once more we are in ignorance as to the cast. The music was by Purcell. Concerning a third representation given at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 13th Oct. 1702, all that is known is that Cave Underhill repeated Duke Trincalo. Underhill, who retired from the theatre the following year, acted till he was past eighty. So excellent was he "in the part of Trinculo in The Tempest that he was called Prince Trinculo" (Davies, Dram. Misc. iii. 134). Davies is in error. It is Duke Trinculo that Underhill was called. In Tom Brown's clever and not very delicate Letters from the Dead to the Living are letters from Tony Lee to C—ve U—rh—l, and from C—ve U—rh—l to Tony Lee, from which Davies has taken carelessly his information. In these Underhill speaks of himself as Duke Trinculo the comedian (Works of Tho. Brown, ii. 141–147, ed. 1707). Duke is the title which Trincalo takes in Dryden's play.

Some contribution to a cast of The Tempest

is furnished 4th June, 1714, when the play was produced at Drury Lane, with Powell as Prospero, Johnson as Caliban, Bullock as Trincalo, Ryan as Ferdinand, Mrs. Mountfort as Hippolyto, and Mrs. Santlow as Dorinda. Miranda and Ariel are not even named. At the same house, on 2nd Jan. 1729, Kitty Raftor, subsequently immortal as Mrs. Clive, played Dorinda. She was then at the outset of her career in London, and was in her eighteenth year. Mrs. Cibber, another delightful actress, was Hippolyto. Mills was Prospero, Wilks Ferdinand, Shepherd Stephano, Miller Trincalo, Norris Ventoso, Harper Mustacho. Miss Robinson, jun., Ariel, and Mrs. Booth Miranda. Caliban is omitted. This was an excellent cast, but unfortunately no details concerning the performance are traceable.

To the many iniquities of the same class of Garrick must be added the fact that Dryden and D'Avenant's alteration of The Tempest was given by him at Drury Lane on 26th Dec. 1747. The principal features in the cast are the Hippolyto of Peg Woffington, the Ariel of Kitty Clive, and the Trincalo of Macklin. Berry was Prospero, Lee Ferdinand, I. Sparks Caliban, Mrs. Green Dorinda, and Mrs. Mozeen Miranda. With this performance a few times repeated the adaptation of Dryden and D'Avenant, in its original shape, disappears. Previous to this, on 31st Jan. 1746, what is called Shakespeare's Tempest, "never acted there before," had been produced at Drury Lane. At this period the theatres were almost deserted, in consequence of the rising in Scotland and the north. The following is the first recorded cast of Shakespeare's play:

Prospero	= L. Sparks.
Ferdinand	= Delane.
Caliban	= I. Sparks.
Stephano	= Macklin.
Trinculo	= Barrington.
Anthonio	= Goodfellow.
Alonzo	= Bridges.
Gonzalo	= Berry.
Boatswain	= Blakes.
Miranda	= Miss Edwards.
Ariel	= Mrs. Clive.

A musical entertainment, called Neptune and Amphitrite, was played at the conclusion, apparently as a species of masque. This was very probably taken from D'Avenant and Dryden. Lacy, the manager of Drury Lane, who was the first to revive Shakespeare according to the original text, though not without additions, had applied, upon the descent of the Highlanders upon Derby, to raise two hundred men for the defence of the person and government of the king. In this body the whole company of Drury Lane was to be engaged.

When next The Tempest was revived by Garrick at Drury Lane, 11th Feb. 1756, it was as an opera, the authorship of which, on not quite convincing evidence, has been ascribed to Garrick. Prospero, a singing character, was taken by Beard. A species of interlude, spoken by Havard as an actor and Yates as a critic, appears in the St. James's Magazine, i. 144. The music to The Tempest is by John Christopher Smith, who was the amanuensis of Handel. Two songs in this, "Full fathom five" and "The owl is abroad," remained favourites. Into this version are interpolated, from Dryden's Tyrannick Love, the lines:

> Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,
> Half tippled, at a rainbow feast.

Theophilus Cibber ascribes the adaptation to Garrick. He says, speaking of Garrick: "Were *Shakespear's* Ghost to rise, would he not frown Indignation on this Pilfering Pedlar in Poetry, . . . who thus shamefully mangles, mutilates, and emasculates his Plays? *The Midsummer Night's Dream* has been minc'd and fricaseed into an indigested and unconnected Thing called *The Fairies*. . . . *The Winter's Tale* mammoc'd into a Droll; *The Taming of the Shrew* made a Farce of; . . . and *The Tempest* castrated into an Opera. . . . oh what an agreeable Lullaby might it have prov'd to our Beaus and Belles to have heard *Caliban*, *Sycorax*, and one of the Devils trilling of Trios" (Theophilus Cibber to David Garrick, Esq., with Dissertations on Theatrical Subjects, 1759, p. 36). The plays mentioned were all published anonymously; but Cibber's charge was not denied, and Garrick, it is to be feared, cannot be acquitted of the

responsibility. Cibber claims to have himself played in The Tempest (of Dryden) Ventoso, Mustacho, and Trincalo. Of the performances, however, no record is preserved.

When next Garrick produced The Tempest at Drury Lane, 20th Oct. 1757, Shakespeare's version was at length adopted. Mossop was then the Prospero, Holland Ferdinand, Berry Caliban, Woodward Stephano, Yates Trinculo, and Miss Pritchard Miranda. About 1760, in pursuit of the ruinous system of rivalry which distinguished them, the two theatres in Dublin, Crow Street and Smock Alley, produced The Tempest at the same time. The following is the cast at the two houses:

	Crow Street.	Smock Alley.
Prospero	Fleetwood	Mossop.
Stephano	Woodward	Brown.
Alonzo	Adcock	Sowdon.
Sebastian	Knipe	Heaphy.
Antonio	Morris	Heatton.
Gonzalo	Mynitt	(West) Digges.
Trinculo	———	Griffith.
Caliban	Glover	Sparks.
Ariel	Mrs. Glover	Miss Young.
Miranda	———	Miss Macartney.

Hitchcock says, "they continued playing it till both lost money by it;" and adds, "with respect to scenery, machinery, and decorations, Crow Street certainly was superior. Carver was then one of the first scene painters in Europe; Mr. Messink the first machinist ever known in this kingdom; and Finny, their carpenter, had infinite merit" (Hist. View of the Irish Stage, ii. 63, 64).

Edinburgh had been before Dublin in producing The Tempest, but it was in Dryden's version. The Caledonian Mercury of 27th December, 1733, reports: "Yester night, at the Edinburgh Theatre, to the fullest audience that has been for some considerable time, was acted the *Tempest, or Inchanted Island*, with universal applause, every part, and even what required machinery, being performed in great order." No cast is preserved. It is probable that Barret played Prospero, Wycomb Trincalo, and Mrs. Miller Hippolito. This is, however, mere conjecture. On March 14, 1750, it was revived, "with all the original music composed by the late Mr. Purcel, and all other decorations proper to the play." Salmon was Trincalo, Mrs. Salmon Ariel, Conyers Neptune, and Mrs. Hinde Amphitrite. Conyers was also "the Grand Singing Devil" (Dibdin, Edinburgh Stage, 65). At the outset of Digges's management of the Edinburgh theatre, December, 1756, the operatic version, with Smith's music, all but the recitative, was performed. The announcement states that "a principal scene of the *Tempest*, rais'd by magic, is new painted for the occasion, with a perspective representation of the ship, rocks, ocean, &c. The stage will be entirely darkened for the representation of the storm; the candles therefore cannot be lighted till after the commencement of the first act." Mrs. Hopkins was Miranda, Mrs. Ward Dorinda, and Mrs. Love Ariel. Heyman was Prospero, Love Trinculo, Younger Ferdinand, Stamper Hypolito (*sic*) and Caliban (with new song in character), and Sadler Milcha (ib. 93, 94).

The first representation of Shakespeare's Tempest at Covent Garden took place 27th Dec. 1776, with Hull as Prospero, Mattocks as Ferdinand, Wilson as Stephano, Quick as Trinculo, Dunstall as Caliban, Miss Brown as Miranda, and Mrs. Farrel as Ariel. It was acted six times, Woodward being on one occasion, if not more, substituted for Wilson as Stephano. On the 4th of January following The Tempest was revived at Drury Lane. This was probably an arrangement of The Tempest by R. B. Sheridan, with music by Thomas Linley, jun., of which the songs only were printed, 8vo, 1777. Bensley was Prospero, Vernon Ferdinand, Moody Stephano, Baddeley Trinculo, J. Aikin Gonzalo, and Bannister Caliban. Ariel was announced as by a young lady (Miss Field), and Miranda also by a young lady (Mrs. Cuyler). When nine years later, at Drury Lane, 7th March, 1786, it was once more revived, the representatives of Prospero, Caliban, Stephano, Gonzalo, and Ariel were the same—a rather remarkable fact. Miss Field, however, having married, appeared as Mrs. Forster. Barrymore was Ferdinand, and Mrs. Crouch Ariel.

A new version of The Tempest, by John Philip Kemble, was produced at Drury Lane 13th Oct. 1789. It was announced as Shake-

speare's, but the transparent inaccuracy is betrayed in the names of the characters. Kemble restored a good deal of Shakespeare, but kept far too much of Dryden. In some quarters, indeed, the play was spoken of as Dryden's. The cast was—

Prospero	=	Bensley.
Ferdinand	=	Kelly.
Caliban	=	Williames.
Stephano	=	Moody.
Trincalo	=	Baddeley.
Alonzo	=	Packer.
Gonzalez	=	J. Aikin.
Antonio	=	Phillimore.
Hyppolito (*sic*)		Mrs. Goodall.
Ariel	=	Miss Romanzini.
Miranda	=	Mrs. Crouch.
Dorinda	=	Miss Farren.

From Young's Memoirs of Mrs. Crouch, we learn that Miss Farren and Mrs. Crouch were dressed "in white ornamented with spotted furs; coral beads adorned their heads, necks, and arms. They looked beautiful, and rendered the characters uncommonly interesting" (i. 73, 74). Mrs. Goodall had a fine figure in male attire, Miss Romanzini sang "with great taste," and Mr. Kelly "evinced feeling and judgment throughout" (ibid.). The relative shares of Shakespeare and Dryden in the production and in Kemble's revised version are traced by Genest (Account of the Stage, vi. 575–578). The first version was printed in 8vo, 1789, and the second in 8vo, 1806 and 1807. On 22nd Feb. 1797, the earlier version of Kemble was revised at Drury Lane, with Miss Farren and Mrs. Crouch in their old characters, Mrs. Powell as Hippolito, Palmer as Prospero, Charles Kemble as Ferdinand, Bannister as Caliban, Bannister, jun., as Stephano, and Suett as Trinculo. Little interest was inspired by the performance. When revised 9th Dec. of the same year Miss De Camp was Ariel, Miss Miller Dorinda, and Mrs. Crouch Miranda. On May 4th, 1789, at the same house, Powell was Prospero, Sedgwick Caliban, Miss De Camp Hippolito, and Mrs. Jordan Dorinda.

Kemble's second version of The Tempest was produced at Covent Garden 8th Dec. 1806, Kemble playing Prospero. The cast also included—

Ferdinand	=	Charles Kemble.
Gonzalo	=	Murray.
Caliban	=	Emery.
Stephano	=	Munden.
Trinculo	=	Fawcett.
Hippolito	=	Miss Logan.
Miranda	=	Miss Brunton.
Dorinda	=	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Ariel	=	Miss Meadows (her first appearance on any stage).

This revival was successful, being acted twenty-seven times. It is pleasant, however, to hear that some of the introductions from Dryden were hissed by the public, and were in consequence withdrawn. Kemble's Prospero was popular in spite of the drawbacks of his pronunciation. Concerning it Leigh Hunt says: "The character of Prospero could not have been sustained by any one actor on the stage with so much effect as by Mr. Kemble. The majestic presence and dignity of the princely enchanter, conscious of his virtue, his wrongs, and his supernatural power, were displayed with an undeviating spirit, with that proud composure which seems a peculiar property of this actor" (Critical Essays, Appendix, p. 33). His perfectly accurate, if possibly pedantic, pronunciation of aches as aitches in the lines—

> I'll rack thee with old cramps,
> Fill all thy bones with *aches*, make thee roar—

incurred much condemnation, and was severely censured by Leigh Hunt. Anxiety to hear it, and express disapproval of it, is said to have helped to fill the theatre, and The Tempest was consequently acted more frequently than it would otherwise have been. Cooke one night was substituted for Kemble in the part. Public curiosity was agog to know how he would treat the word. Cooke rather cleverly omitted the line. Genest also condemns strongly Kemble's obstinacy, and says he "might have retained his own opinion in private conversation, but as an actor it was his duty to conform to the sense of the public" (Account of the Stage, viii. 47), an opinion we venture to regard as heretical. Of Miss Meadows, the daughter of a well-known actor, Leigh Hunt speaks in terms of praise, though he confesses to not making sufficient allow-

ance "for that look of corporeality which an actress, however light her motions may be, cannot avoid in the representation of a being who is air itself" (ib. Appendix, 32). Emery's Caliban he declares "one of the best pieces of acting we have ever seen. He conceived with infinite vigour that union of the man and the beast, which renders the monster so odious and malignant a being; nothing could be more suitable to the character than the occasional growlings which finished the complaints of the savage, and the grinning eagerness of malignity which accompanied his curses on Prospero" (ib.). With just criticism that has not obtained the attention it deserves he continues: "It appeared to us, however, that after he had drunk so much of a liquor to which he was unaccustomed, and indeed after he had acknowledged its power by reeling on the stage, he should not have displayed so sober a voice in his song: we think that Shakespeare intended the song to be given in the style of a drunkard, by the break which he has marked in the line—

ban—ban—Ca—Caliban—

which could hardly have been a chorus" (ib.). On Kemble's dalliance with Dryden and D'Avenant Hunt is justly severe. From the Monthly Mirror we learn that Stephano was played by Munden, and that he and Fawcett did justice to the characters assigned them. The critic continues:—"Trinculo appeared, for the first time, in a fool's coat: That he was a *jester* we know, for he is so called in the original *dramatis personæ*, and that he should wear a party-coloured dress appears proper, from the speech of Caliban, 'What a pied ninny's this.' We presume also that Mr. Kemble has some good reason for making him the king's jester; but of the authority for this we are not aware, unless the honour of being wrecked in the same vessel with the King may have been sufficient to entitle him to the distinction" (vol. xxii. p. 419). Kemble's later version was revived at Covent Garden under Fawcett's management 26th Oct. 1812, with Young as Prospero, C. Kemble Ferdinand, Mathews Stephano, Blanchard Trinculo, Emery Caliban, Mrs. H. Johnston Hippolito, Miss Bolton Ariel, Miss Sally Booth Dorinda, and Miss Cooke Miranda.

Macready's first appearance as Prospero took place at Covent Garden 15th May, 1821, in a version compounded from Shakespeare and Dryden and D'Avenant, to which Reynolds contributed new songs and dialogue (Memoirs, ii. 411). Abbott was Ferdinand, Duruset Hippolito, Egerton Alonzo, Emery Caliban, W. Farren Stephano, Blanchard Trinculo, Miss Foote Ariel, Miss Hallande Miranda, and Miss Stephens Dorinda. It was acted eleven times (Genest; fifteen times, Reynolds). After uttering a further protest against the maintenance of Dryden's indecencies, a writer in the New Monthly (?Talfourd) condemns the mounting, in which the genius of pantomime triumphs over that of poetry, and Harlequin is the first of enchanters (iii. 277). Macready's declamation and the delicious singing of Miss Stephens and Miss Hallande are praised. Emery's Caliban "may," it is said, "be like a savage from the woods of Yorkshire, but breathes little of the wondrous isle;" while the writer goes into raptures over one character, regarding "the bright vision of Miss Foote, which glitters over the stage as the personified spirit of the beautiful story" (ib.). Gold's London Magazine (iii. 643) speaks of Prospero as "not the most favourable part for the development of Macready's talents." Macready reappeared as Prospero at Drury Lane 5th Oct. 1833. He "acted it but indifferently" (Reminiscences by Sir J. Pollock, i. 387), but "the play went off well."

Under his own management Macready at Covent Garden, 13th Oct. 1838, at length produced Shakespeare's Tempest in something approaching to its integrity. The following was the cast:—

Prospero	= Macready.
Alonzo	= Warde.
Sebastian	= Diddear.
Antonio	= Phelps.
Caliban	= Geo. Bennett.
Stephano	= Bartley.
Trinculo	= Harley.
Miranda	= Miss Helen Faucit.
Ariel	= Miss Priscilla Horton.
Iris	= Mrs. Serle.
Juno	= Miss Rainforth.

A selection of music from Purcell, Linley, and Arne was given, and elaborate mounting was provided. It was acted fifty-five times to an average of over £230. The performance was generally approved.

Phelps produced The Tempest 7th April, 1847, during his third season at Sadler's Wells, with much success. He played Prospero to the Ferdinand of Marston, the Caliban of Geo. Bennett, the Trinculo of Scharf, the Stephano of A. Younge, the Miranda of Miss Laura Addison, and the Ariel of Miss Julia St. George. It was revived at the same house with unimportant modifications in the cast 25th Aug. 1849, the opening of Phelps's sixth season. On 1st July, 1857, Charles Kean revived The Tempest at the Princess's with much splendour of *mise en scène*. Charles Kean was Prospero, Ryder Caliban, Harley Trinculo, and Matthews Stephano; Miss Carlotta Leclercq Miranda, Miss Bufton Ferdinand, and Miss Kate Terry Ariel. Miss Poole led an invisible choir. The literary interest of the revival was swallowed up in scenic effect, and the Ariel of Miss Terry (Mrs. Arthur Lewis) is the only performance that stands out in the recollection. Charles Calvert produced the play at the Prince's, Manchester, in October, 1864, and filled the rôle of Caliban. At the Queen's Theatre, London, in October, 1871, John Ryder appeared as Prospero, with George Rignold as Caliban and Miss Henrietta Hodson as Ariel. In September, 1879, Charles Vandenhoff took the part of Prospero at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham. Mr. Frank Benson gave the play during his Lyceum season of 1900, and added Caliban to the long list of his London appearances in Shakespearian parts. At the Court Theatre, October 26, 1903, The Tempest was produced under the auspices of Mr. J. H. Leigh, who played Caliban. Mr. H. B. Tree, whose splendidly staged and capably acted presentations of Shakespeare at the Haymarket have secured the gratitude of lovers of the drama, gave the play on September 14, 1904. Tree was the Caliban, Haviland the Prospero, Lionel Brough the Trinculo, and Miss Viola Tree the Ariel.

We dare not, in notes intended to supply trustworthy information, deal with conjecture; nor do we venture without apology to put forward the following suggestion. After the production of The Winter's Tale and The Tempest, Shakespeare, in the opinion of Mr. Fleay, retired from theatrical life. It would add keen interest to the play if we could believe that he played in it the character of Prospero, and so took in it farewell of the stage as well as of dramatic literature. The lines spoken by Prospero—

> I'll break my staff,
> Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
> And deeper than did ever plummet sound
> I'll drown my book.
>
> —Act v. sc. 1.

And those which follow—

> And thence retire me to my Milan, where
> Every third thought shall be my grave.—Ib.—

have been connected with Shakespeare's retirement from active life. How keen an interest would have been felt had he appeared as Prospero. In favour of this there is, of course, no evidence; and we dare go no further than suggest that Prospero is of the declamatory character, like those parts which have been associated with Shakespeare as an actor, such as Adam and the Ghost in Hamlet, and can scarely be regarded as a rôle in which a tragedian would hope for a great addition to his reputation.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The quality of The Tempest which impresses first and most forcibly is its wonderful imagination. It has no basis in history or in contemporary manners. A wholly ideal world is called into being by the poet with such ease, grace, and decision, that his power seems boundless, and we feel that he could have created twenty Tempests as easily as one. Two of the characters lie outside the bounds of humanity, and are nevertheless so absolutely organic, so perfectly consistent in conception and faithful to the laws of their being, that it never occurs to us to doubt their existence any more than that of the human personages. Two of these latter are as ideal as the laws of humanity permit, one a supreme enchanter, who holds the rest in the hollow of his hand; the other the most subtle essence of

innocent maidenhood. The other characters, though often ordinary people enough, gain poetry from their environment. Scene, plot, incidents, personages—all are out of the common; an enchanted world summoned into existence by the magician's wand, and ready to disappear at his bidding.

We can appreciate the supremacy of Shakespeare's genius by comparing The Tempest with a somewhat similar piece also written by a great poet—Calderon's El Mayor Encanto Amor (No Magic Like Love), one of the plays translated by the late Denis Florence M'Carthy. The subject of this play is the sorceries of Circe, who, save that she is beautiful and her witcheries alluring, gives Ulysses and his companions much the kind of reception they might have expected from Sycorax. Ulysses is a kind of Prospero, and the humours of Gonzalo, Stephano, and Trinculo are combined in the *gracioso* Clarin. The piece is a constant stream of the most beautiful lyric poetry; but the plot and the characters are entirely conventional; there is ingenuity enough, but not a glimpse of Shakespeare's sublime invention, and we see that a rude narrative of a shipwreck was more to the Englishman than all Homer to the Spaniard. In most of his other plays Shakespeare has accommodated himself to restraints of time, place, and circumstance; in The Tempest he appears as absolute sovereign; yet fully as observant as elsewhere of the eternal laws of art. Here, more than anywhere else, we seem to see the world as, if it had depended upon him, Shakespeare would have made it.

The world of The Tempest being thus in so peculiar a degree the creation of Shakespeare's own mind, it is of especial interest to inquire what kind of a world it is. And this is the more important, as the play, coming at or near the close of his dramatic career, represents, as no other can, the ultimate conclusions of that mighty intellect, and the frame of mind in which he was prepared to take leave of the things of earth. The result of the investigation is exactly where we should have wished. The Tempest is one of the most cheerful of his dramas. Its cheerfulness is, moreover, temperate and matured, a cheerfulness all the more serious for having been acquainted with grief. Unlike many writers, Shakespeare had not commenced his career under the influence of morbid feelings. There is nothing dismal even in Romeo and Juliet or the Merchant of Venice; As You Like It is the climax of innocent gaiety, and Henry IV. of humour. It is in middle life that melancholy and moodiness and obstinate questionings come upon him, and he produces his analogues of Werther and the Robbers. In Hamlet he propounds life's enigma only to give it up; in Troilus and Cressida he paints its deceptions, and in Measure for Measure its deformities; in Timon he brings the whole human race in guilty, and proscribes it. Then the cloud lifts, and in Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, and The Tempest we find him returning to his old sunny creed, though the sunshine may be that of even rather than of morn. Especially is The Tempest a drama of reconciliation and peace, authoritatively confirmed by the verdict of the highest reason impersonated in Prospero:

> Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
> Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
> Do I take part: the rarer action is
> In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
> The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
> Not a frown further.

In this point of view The Tempest is an advance even upon the two immediately preceding dramas, Cymbeline and The Winter's Tale. In both, enormous injuries resulting from causeless jealousy are obliterated, and, as concerns the minds of the sufferers, made as though they had never been. But in both these instances the wrong was not wilful, and sprang from the error of misguided affection. In The Tempest it is of far deeper dye, and Prospero, moreover, is an injured sovereign, not a tender and forgiving woman. Yet his mercy is as complete, but it is of another kind. It is rather the contemptuous indifference, not only of a prince who feels himself able to despise his enemies, but of a sage no longer capable of being very deeply moved by external accidents and the mutations of earthly fortune. He does not in his heart very greatly care for his dukedom, or very deeply resent the villainy that

has deprived him of it. The happiness of his daughter is the only thing which touches him very nearly, and one has the feeling that even the failure of his plans to secure this would not have embittered his life. Nay, so far does he go in detachment from the affairs of the world, that without any external enforcement he breaks his staff, drowns his book, and, but for the imperishable gains of study and meditation, takes his place among ordinary men. That this Quixotic height of magnanimity should not surprise, that it should seem quite in keeping with the character, proves how deeply this character has been drawn from Shakespeare's own nature. Prospero is not Shakespeare, but the play is in a certain measure autobiographical. Unlike, perhaps, others of the later plays, Othello (if we are right in attributing this to 1609), Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, it alludes to no event in Shakespeare's life or that of any one dear to him, but it is nevertheless a chapter of mental history. It shows us more than anything else what the discipline of life had made of Shakespeare at fifty—a fruit too fully matured to be suffered to hang much longer on the tree. Conscious superiority untinged by arrogance, genial scorn for the mean and base, mercifulness into which contempt enters very largely, serenity excluding passionate affection, while admitting tenderness, intellect overtopping morality, but in no way blighting or perverting it, such are the mental features of him in whose development the man of the world had kept pace with the poet, and who now shone as the consummate example of both. We shall have to speak by and by of the little foibles which Shakespeare has allowed to mingle with Prospero's portrait, partly lest it should be said that the great delineator of character had striven to depict the undiscoverable perfect man, and partly because the purpose of his play compelled him to keep an eye on James the First. These failings are not his own. Nor are we to think that the lesson of the piece is a practical quietism; that "trust in God" excludes "keeping the powder dry." Shakespeare seems to have inserted a speech, otherwise insignificant, to guard against such a supposition:

> I find my zenith doth depend upon
> A most auspicious star, whose influence
> If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
> Will ever after droop.

Another great poet has portrayed for us an aged, potent, and benevolent enchanter. It is interesting to compare Prospero with the Faust of the Second Part; who, far more distinctly than Shakespeare's creation, impersonates the author, and sums up his final view of life. It is plain that the Time Spirit has been at work, and that either of these poets would have written differently in the century of the other. Though Shakespeare was a more practical man than Goethe, and quite exempt from what, did reverence allow, we might describe as the latter's "fads," the Faust of the Second Part is a more practical and energetic person than Prospero, and much more strongly impressed with the paramount duty of labouring for the common weal in his day and generation. On the other hand, although Goethe was a more highly cultivated man than Shakespeare, and much more advanced in years, his Faust does not possess the calm superiority and pure, thrice-defecated refinement of Prospero. The ex-manager of the Globe, with his constant eye to the main chance, has produced a pattern for scholars; the statesman and courtier has given a model for the ordinary man. We must ascribe this in great measure to the different circumstances of the periods of the respective authors. The gospel of work was very imperfectly understood in Shakespeare's time. So far as recognized, it had been intrusted to religious communities, by that time corrupted, and in Shakespeare's country extinct, nor did the problems of the age force it forward. Again, Shakespeare's purpose in writing The Tempest was, as we have seen, a merely temporary and occasional one. But for the royal marriage, and the accident of the bridegroom coming from beyond the seas, the piece would never have existed at all. It was necessary to exhibit a counterpart of James, and the qualities of James which the poet especially desired to bring forward were precisely those which experience and meditation had developed in himself. Shakespeare does not present Prospero as an ideal of humanity, but his own

nature overflows into his creation. Goethe, on the other hand, knew perfectly what he was about when he was drawing Faust, and did mean to bequeath to the world a compendium of life's lesson as he had learned it. The wisdom of his eighty years is summed up in the immortal quatrain:

> Ja, diesem Sinne bin ich ganz ergeben,
> Das ist der Weisheit letzter Schluss,
> Nur Der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben
> Der täglich sie erobern muss.

Evidently the fracture of his magic staff is the very last thing that would have occurred to Faust.

Neither Faust nor Prospero is a perfect character. Each has a past to be repented of. Prospero, indeed, has not, like Faust, committed crime, but neither has he, like Faust, been exposed to the temptations of a supernatural intelligence. His errors have been the product of his own nature; he has, like the monarch he shadows forth, been too bookish for a king:

> for the liberal arts
> Without a parallel: those being all my study,
> The government I cast upon my brother,
> And to my state grew stranger, being transported
> And rapt in secret studies.

Prospero's narrative, in which this is confessed, is a subtle piece of dramatic irony; he does not blame himself, or suspect that he may be lowering himself in his daughter's opinion, or see anything except the treachery from which he has suffered, but which he has himself invited. There is, besides, a slight tinge of irony in Shakespeare's conception of his wisdom; it is admirable and adequate to the end it would attain, but a little too fussy and self-conscious to rank as the very highest manifestation of intellect. It is what one continually sees in men of great parts and long experience, intimately persuaded that no one can do anything so well as themselves, and perhaps not without ground for that conviction, but a trifle too obtrusive in the assertion of it. The remaining deductions from Prospero's perfection are also conspicuous in Faust. Shakespeare and Goethe, delineating aged men, have given them a tinge of petulance and peevishness. In Faust this becomes unreasoning injustice, and makes him, contrary to his intention, reenact the tragedy of Naboth's vineyard. In Prospero it is a mere foible, visible in his somewhat pedantic manner to his daughter; his susceptibility when she does not give him sufficient attention, though knowing that he has himself caused her drowsiness, and his tartness toward Ariel. One can imagine how a tamed and civilized Caliban might contrive to stir up the populace against him, though this is not M. Renan's idea.

If Prospero is imperfect, Miranda is perfection, with the abatement only that we see her in a peculiar and limited set of circumstances, and must take her on trust for the rest. She is not a Cordelia or an Imogen, so tried in the fire as to justify the confidence that she could not possibly come short in any circumstance of life. She is rather a Perdita, "a wave of the sea" caught and shown for an instant in so exquisitely graceful an attitude that we are only too thankful to be sure that "she will ever do nothing but that." In some respects this pair of heroines are the most wonderful of all Shakespeare's women, for nowhere else is such an effect obtained with so little apparent effort. Mere outlines produce the impression of elaborate paintings, and that seems the freest exuberance of the most careless genius which is in reality the reward of profoundest study and severest toil. It would be far easier to create or copy a Lady Macbeth than a Miranda. It is amazing with how few speeches and how little action this effect is produced. Certain it is that when Miranda offers to carry the logs for Ferdinand she seems to put all the grace and lovingness of womankind into that single act; and that no one ever stumbled at her frank surrender to, or rather appropriation of, a prince whom she has hardly seen:—

> Hence, bashful cunning!
> And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
> I am your wife, if you will marry me;
> If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
> You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
> Whether you will or no.

What volumes it speaks for Shakespeare's freshness of heart that Imogen, Perdita, and

Miranda should be the last creations of the veteran dramatist!

The other human personages do not require much notice. Being Shakespeare's, they are exactly what they ought to be; but, unless Gonzalo be excepted, they have no other office than that of necessary wheels in the mechanism of the piece. Ferdinand is a gallant young lover, rewarded beyond his deserts as lovers sometimes are, and as his prototype was expected to suppose himself. Alonso's grief and remorse are conveyed with all the power of which a cheerful subject admitted. The conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian, which is, as Coleridge remarks, "an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout," is artfully managed so as not to shock us overmuch, and is in its turn parodied by the conspiracy of Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban. The whole of the dramatis personæ, except the sailors, may be observed to arrange themselves into two camps, a camp of light and a camp of darkness, connected by the junction of the guilty but not ignoble Alonso with his sapient counsellor, in virtue of whose fidelity he still has a hold on the world of good. The full and extreme contrast is not between Caliban and Ariel, but Caliban and Miranda.

The two supernatural personages, Ariel and Caliban, are universally considered the most remarkable instances of Shakespeare's imagination when it absolutely transcends the limits of the knowable—bolder than the fairies of the Midsummer Night's Dream, more original than the witches of Macbeth. "Ariel," says Coleridge, "has in everything the airy tint which gives the name." *Delicate*, his master's favourite epithet, is that which suits him best; he is graceful, dainty, volatile. Consorting with humanity, he has with all his levity learned in a measure to enter into its joys and sorrows; one can imagine him provoking and capricious, but not inhuman.

> Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
> Of their afflictions?

his master says with something like surprise. Caliban, on the contrary, is gross and earthy, without the rudiment of a moral sense. This constitutes his hopeless inferiority, for he is not devoid of intellect. His mistake in "taking a drunkard for a god" is rather the effect of ignorance than stupidity; he has very practical notions how to get rid of Prospero. Schlegel observes that he generally speaks in verse; it is further noticeable that one of the most poetical passages of the drama is put into his mouth:—

> Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
> That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
> Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
> The clouds methought would open, and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd
> I cried to dream again.

But all this merely appeals to the animal nature. With all his sensitiveness to physical impressions, Caliban is a moral idiot. He is not, as has been fancifully maintained, the "missing link" between man and brute; but he does indicate what man would be if his progress had been solely upon intellectual lines.

The Tempest is not one of those plays whose interest consists in strong dramatic situations. The course of the action is revealed from the first. Prospero is too manifestly the controlling spirit to arouse much concern for his fortunes. Ferdinand and Miranda are soon put out of their pain, and Ariel lies beyond the limits of humanity. The action is simple and uniform, and all occurrences are seen converging slowly towards their destined point. No play, perhaps, more perfectly combines intellectual satisfaction with imaginative pleasure. Above and behind the fascination of the plot and the poetry we behold Power and Right evenly paired and working together, and the justification of Providence, producing that sentiment of repose and acquiescence which is the object and the test of every true work of art.

> Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
> Should become kings of Naples?

—R. G.

Pros. A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it.—(Act i. 2. 146–148.)

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On board a ship at sea: a storm, with thunder and lightning.*

Enter Master and Boatswain severally.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely,[1] or we run ourselves a-ground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare,[2] yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to the master's whistle! [*Exeunt Mariners.*]—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men. 11

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 21

Boats. None that I more love than myself. [You are a counsellor;—if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand[3] a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.]—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

[1] *Yarely,* nimbly. [2] *Yare,* ready. [3] *Hand,* handle.

[*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course! [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown?] Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog! 44

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! [you whoreson, insolent noise-maker,] we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I 'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, [and as leaky as an unstanched wench.] 51

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!

Re-enter Mariners wet.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

[*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let 's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I 'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[1] cheated of our lives by drunkards:—
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning, 60
The washing of ten tides!]

Gon. [He 'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.]

[*A confused noise within,*—"Mercy on us!" "We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—
"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"] [*Exit Boatswain.*

[*Ant.* Let 's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let 's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,—ling, heath, broom, furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The island: before the cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
[The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out.] O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
[Had I been any god of power, I would 10
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.]

Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement:[2] tell your piteous[3] heart
There 's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,—
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,—who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, 20
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'T is time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,

[1] *Merely,* absolutely.

[2] *Amazement,* perturbation of mind. [3] *Piteous,* pitiful.

And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his robe.*
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such prevision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair 30
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
Mir. You have often

Mir. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces.—(Act i. 2. 5-8.)

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless[1] inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."
Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not 40
Out[2] three years old.
Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pros. By what? by any other house or person?

[1] *Bootless*, profitless. [2] *Out*, full.

Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mir. 'T is far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. [But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here, 51
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.
Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,]
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir,
A princess,—no worse issu'd.[1]
Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence? 60
Or blessed was 't we did?
Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mir. O my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[2] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from[3] my remembrance! Please you, further.
Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put 69
The manage[4] of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories[5] it was the first,
And Prospero the prime[6] duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
[Dost thou attend me?
Mir. Sir, most heedfully.
Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits, 79
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash[7] for over-topping,—new-created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new-form'd 'em;] having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.
Mir. O, good sir, I do.
Pros. [I pray thee, mark me.]
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, [all dedicated
To closeness,[8] and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but[9] by being so retir'd, 91
O'er-priz'd[10] all popular rate,[11]] in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; [and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans[12] bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,[13]
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:]—hence his ambition growing,—
[Dost thou hear?
Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for,] he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties 110
He thinks me now incapable; confederates[14]—
So dry[15] he was for sway—with the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—
The most ignoble stooping.
Mir. O the heavens!
Pros. [Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

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[1] *Issu'd*, descended. [2] *Teen*, sorrow. [3] *From*, out of.
[4] *Manage*, management. [5] *Signiories*, states.
[6] *Prime*, first. [7] *Trash*, restrain, lop.
[8] *Closeness*, retirement. [9] *But*, save.
[10] *O'er-priz'd*, outvalued.
[11] *Rate*, estimation. [12] *Sans*, without.
[13] *Out o' the substitution*, because of the deputyship.
[14] *Confederates*, conspires. [15] *Dry*, thirsty.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly[1] of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Pros. Now the condition.]
This King of Naples, being an enemy 121
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu[2] o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently[3] extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness, 130
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.
[*Mir.* Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint[4]
That wrings mine eyes to 't.
Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.[5]]
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. [Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question.] Dear, they durst not,— 140
So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,[6] they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

[1] *But nobly,* other than nobly.
[2] *In lieu,* in consideration.
[3] *Presently,* immediately.
[4] *Hint,* subject.
[5] *Impertinent,* irrelevant.
[6] *In few,* in short.

Pros. O, a cherubin 152
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd[7] the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach,[8] to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, 161
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed
Master of this design,—did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much;[9] so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise:—
[*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here 171
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit[10]
Than other princess'[11] can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,—
For still 't is beating in my mind,—your reason
For raising the sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—
Now my dear lady[12]—hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon 181
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dulness,

[7] *Deck'd,* sprinkled.
[8] *An undergoing stomach,* an enduring courage.
[9] *Have steaded much,* have stood us in good stead.
[10] *Made thee more profit, i.e.* made thee profit more.
[11] *Princess',* princesses (elision made on account of the metre).
[12] *Now my dear lady,* now my auspicious mistress.

And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.— [*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now:
Approach, my Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly, 190
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds,—to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.[1]
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point[2] the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure.—(Act i. 2. 189, 190.)

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,[3]
Now in the waist,[4] the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I 'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,[5] 200
Then meet, and join. [Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not:] the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
[*Pros.* My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[6]
Would not infect his reason?]
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd

[1] *Quality*, skill, ability.
[2] *To point*, exactly.
[3] *Beak*, bow.
[4] *Waist*, the part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.
[5] *Distinctly*, separately.
[6] *Coil*, turmoil.

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel, 211
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,[1]—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."
Pros. Why, that 's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself; 221
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle[2] of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pros. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook,[3] where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd[4] Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd; 230
[Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep:] and for[5] the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[6]
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there 's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

[1] *Up-staring*, standing on end.
[2] *An odd angle*, an out-of-the-way corner.
[3] *Nook*, bay.
[4] *Still-vex'd*, constantly disturbed.
[5] *For*, as for. [6] *Flote*, flood, sea.

Ari. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses.[7] The time 'twixt six and now 240
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,[8]
Let me remember thee[9] what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pros. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget 250
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tred the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy[10]
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me. 260
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
[To enter human hearing,] from Argier,[11]
[Thou know'st,] was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. [Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.]

[7] *Two glasses, i.e.* two hours. [8] *Pains*, tasks.
[9] *Remember thee*, remind thee.
[10] *Envy*, malice. [11] *Argier*, Algiers.

Pros. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, 270
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for[1] thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,[2] she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans 280
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.
Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou 'st howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.
Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
Pros. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea: 301
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mir. [*Waking*] The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mir. 'T is a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pros. But, as 't is, 310
We cannot miss[3] him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.—What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*Within*] There 's wood enough within.
Pros. Come forth, I say! there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked[4] dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!
Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall forth at vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging 329
Than bees that make 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.

[1] *For*, because. [2] *Hests*, commands. [3] *Miss*, do without. [4] *Wicked*, baneful.

This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first, 332
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:—
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us d thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care.—(Act i. 2. 344-346.)

For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me 342
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.
Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; I lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child. 348
[*Cal.* O ho! O ho!—would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of[1] all ill!] I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like

[1] *Capable of*, impressible by.

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. [But thy vile race,[1]
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou 360
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.]
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning[2] me your language!
Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,[3] 369
Fill all thy bones with aches,[4] make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee.—
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S *song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:
Foot it featly[5] here and there; 380
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth? 387
It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion[6]
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 't is gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change 400
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden, within.* Ding-dong.]
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember[7] my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:[8]—I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,[9]
And say what thou see'st yond.
Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 't is a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses 412
As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wreck; and, but[10] he 's something stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit!
I 'll free thee 420
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess

[1] *Race*, nature. [2] *Learning*, teaching.
[3] *Old cramps*, plenty of cramps.
[4] *Aches*, pronounced as a dissyllable.
[5] *Featy*, nimbly.
[6] *Passion*, grief. [7] *Remember*, commemorate.
[8] *Owes*, owns.
[9] *Advance*, lift up. [10] *But*, except that.

On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer 422
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?
Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.
Pros. How! the best!
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee? 431
Fer. A single[1] thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?—(Act i. 2. 387.)

And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd,
Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.
Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control[2] thee, 439
If now 't were fit to do 't.—At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes.—Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.—
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business 450
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

[1] *Single*, weak. [2] *Control*, confute.

Pros. Follow me.— [*To Ferdinand.*
Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor.—Come;
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together: 461
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.

Fer. No:
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.—(Act i. 2. 434-466.)

Pros. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience 470
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[1]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father!—

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!

[1] *Ward*, posture of defence.

To[1] the most of men this is a Caliban, 480
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. Come on; obey: [*To Ferdinand.*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats 488
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a-day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough 492
Have I in such a prison.
Pros. [*Aside*] It works.—[*To Ferdinand*] Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[*To Ferdinand*] Follow me.—
[*To Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pros. Come, follow.—Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause—
So have we all—of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. [Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us:] then wisely, good sir, weigh 8
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir,—
Seb. One:—tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purpos'd. 20
Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
Gon. Therefore, my lord,—
Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alon. I prithee, spare.
Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock. 30
Ant. The cockerel.
Seb. Done! The wager?
[*Ant.* A laughter.
Seb. A match!]
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
[*Seb.* Yet,—
Adr. Yet,—
Ant. He could not miss't.] 40
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[2]

[1] *To*, compared to.

[2] *Temperance*, temperature.

[*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.]
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
[*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or as 't were perfum'd by a fen.
Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live. 50
Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.
Gon. How lush[1] and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green[2] in 't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.]
Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—
Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are. 60
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being [rather new-dy'd than stain'd with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks our garments are now] as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis. 71
Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
[*Adr.* Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.[3]
Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.
Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!
Seb. What if he had said "widower Æneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it! 80
Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
Adr. Carthage!
Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

[1] *Lush,* luxuriant.
[2] *An eye of green,* a tinge of green.
[3] *To their queen, i.e.* for their queen.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.
Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.
Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next? 89
Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.
Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
Gon. Ay.
Ant. Why, in good time.]
Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
[*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.
Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. 100
Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.
Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?]
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; [and, in my rate,[4] she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd, 110
I ne'er again shall see her.] O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt 121
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he 's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

[4] *Rate,* reckoning.

But rather lose her to an African; 125
[Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she 'd bow.] We have lost your son, 131
I fear, for ever: [Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:]
The fault 's your own.
Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.
Gon. My Lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
[*Seb.* Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly. 140
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.[1]
Seb. Foul weather!
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He 'd sow 't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?
Seb. Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate; 149
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too,—but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty,—
Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce 159
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison,[2] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle,—whores and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?—
Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me. 171
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible[3] and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given! 180
Seb. An[4] it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, *invisible; solemn music playing.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.]
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us. 190
[*All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio.*
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.
Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

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[1] *Cloudy*, gloomy.

[2] *Foison*, plenty. [3] *Sensible*, sensitive. [4] *An*, if.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them! 199
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian,—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown 208
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; [and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me;[1] which to do 220
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well, I am standing water.
Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Seb.] Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, 230
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,—
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd,—hath here almost persuaded,—
[For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only]
Professes to persuade,[2]—the king his son 's alive,—
'T is as impossible that he 's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that "no hope"
What great hope have you! [no hope, that way, is 240
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink[3] beyond,
But doubt discovery there.] Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He 's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; [she that from Naples
Can have no note,[4] unless the sun were post,—
The man-i'-the-moon's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she from whom 250
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this!—How say you?
'T is true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis;

[1] *If heed me, i.e.* if you heed me.

[2] *Only professes to persuade,* persuasion is his only profession.

[3] *Wink*=smallest space.

[4] *Note,* information

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant.] A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!"—Say, this were death 260
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; [lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat.] O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater[1] than before: my brother's servants 273
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience,—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a kibe,[2]
'T would put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied[3] be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother, 280
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. [For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion[4] as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.]
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke 292
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter Ariel, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie, 300
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. [*Waking*] Now, good angels
Preserve the king!
[*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why, how now!—
[*To Alonso*] Ho, awake!—
[*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Alon. [*Waking*] What 's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose, 310
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
[*Ant.* O, 't was a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.]
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:

[1] *Feater*, more trimly. [2] *Kibe*, a sore heel.
[3] *Candied*, congealed.
[4] *Suggestion*, prompting, temptation.

I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*

Trin. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.—(Act ii. 2. 25-28.)

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:—
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal[1] a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now, lo!

[1] *By inch-meal,* inch by inch.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me. [*Lies down.*

Enter TRINCULO.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard[1] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.[2] A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; [any strange beast there makes a man:] when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud[3] till the dregs of the storm be past. 43

[*Creeps under Caliban's garment.*

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber,[4] the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery, 50
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,[5]
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O! 58

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster. 75

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee. 84

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [*gives Caliban drink*]: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again [*gives Caliban drink*].

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drown'd; and these are devils: —O, defend me! 92

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague.—[*Gives Caliban drink.*] Come,

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[1] *Bombard,* a large flagon.
[2] *Poor-John,* hake fish dried and salted.
[3] *Shroud,* take shelter.
[4] *Swabber,* one who mops the deck of a ship.
[5] *Tang,* twang.

—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!— 100

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me?—Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo, —be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Draws Trinculo out by the legs from under Caliban's garment.*] —Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege[1] of this moon-calf?[2] [can he vent Trinculos?] 111

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. 120

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! [which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore. 128

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.]

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book [*gives Trinculo drink*]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. —How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague? 139

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man-i'-the-moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book:— I will furnish it anon with new contents:— swear. [*Gives Caliban drink.*

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!—I afeard of him!—a very weak monster:—the man-i'-the-moon!—a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth. 150

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I'll kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,— 160

Ste. Come, kiss. [*Gives Caliban drink.*

Trin. But that the poor monster 's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

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[1] *Siege*, excrement. [2] *Moon-calf*, abortion.

To snare the nimble marmoset; I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I 'll get thee 175
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.—(Act ii. 2. 192.)

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I 'll make for fish; 184
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—Get a new man.

[Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom! 191
Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed,—
And he 's compos'd of harshness! I must remove 9
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour;
Most busiest when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *behind.*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: [when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you.] My father 19
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:
He 's safe for these three hours.
Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I 'll carry 't to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it, 30
And yours it is against.
[*Pros.* [*Aside*] Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.
Mir.] You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest[1] to say so!
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; [and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage 41
Brought my too diligent ear: for several[2] virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,[3]
And put it to the foil:] but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

[1] *Hest*, command. [2] *Several*, separate. [3] *Ow'd*, owned.

Mir. [I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen 50
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—] I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,— 60
I would not so!—[and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.] Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Mir. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
[If I speak true! if hollowly, invert 70
What best is boded me to mischief!] I,
Beyond all limit of what else[4] i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pros. [*Aside*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;

[4] *What else*, whatever else there may be.

If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow[1]
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell 90
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda severally.*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true!—(Act iii. 1. 68-70.)

At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head. 10

[*Caliban drinks.*

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

[1] *Fellow,* companion.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard. 20

Ste. We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you 'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster? 33

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. "Lord," quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity. 42

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island. 50

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more.—[*To Caliban*] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; 60
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not. 70

Cal. What a pied ninny's this!—Thou scurvy patch![1]—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink naught but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes[2] are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go further off. 81

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that [*strikes Trinculo*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha! 90

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake.

---

[1] *Patch*, fool. [2] *Quick freshes*, springs of fresh water.

Or cut his wesand[1] with thy knife: remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot,[2] as I am, nor hath not 101
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I:—burn but his books.
[He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax 110
As great'st does least.

Ari. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so? take thou that [*strikes Trinculo*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.—(Act iii. 2. 83–85.)

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?
Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.]
Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?
Trin. Excellent.
Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head. 121

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?
Ste. Ay, on mine honour.
Ari. This will I tell my master.
Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch[3]
You taught me but while-ere?[4]
Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*
Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free. 132

[1] *Wesand*, windpipe. [2] *Sot*, fool.
[3] *Troll the catch*, sing the tune.
[4] *But while-ere*, but a while ago.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us! 141

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Cal. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again.—(Act iii. 2. 146–149.)

Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches 150
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. 160

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin,[1] I can go no further, sir;

[1] *By 'r lakin,* by our Lady.

My old bones ache: [here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights[1] and meanders!] by your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd[2] with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
[Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.]
Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian*] I am right glad that he's so out of hope. 11
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Antonio*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.
Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, they cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Seb. [*Aside to Antonio*] I say, to-night: no more. [*Solemn and strange music.*
Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter below, several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these? 20
[*Seb.* A living drollery.[3] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

[1] *Forth-rights*, straight paths.
[2] *Attach'd*, seized.
[3] *Drollery*, puppet-show.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 't is true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse[1]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.]
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?
[*Alon.* Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.]
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, [whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.
[*Alonso, Sebastian, &c. draw their swords.*
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle[2] that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like[3] invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that 's my business to you,—] that [you three]
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
[The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,]
Lingering perdition—[worse than any death
Can be at once—] shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart's-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

[1] *Muse,* wonder at.

[2] *Dowle,* fibre of down.

[3] *Like,* alike.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.

[*Pros.* [*Aside*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, — whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*
Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass[1] my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I 'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.*
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[2]
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you.] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. *Before Prospero's cell.*

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live: [who once again
I tender to thy hand:] all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.
Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: [but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[3] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 't is now,—the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can,[4] shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pros. Fairly spoke.]
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

---

[1] *Bass,* utter in a deep tone. [2] *Ecstasy,* madness.
[3] *Aspersion,* sprinkling. [4] *Can, i.e.* is able to make.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40
Some vanity[1] of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Presently?
Pros. Ay, with a twink.[2]
Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "Go,"
And breathe twice, and cry, "So, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?
Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. [Do not approach 49
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*
Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow![3]
Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.[4]
Pros. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel!] bring a corollary,[5]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly![6]—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease; 61
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[7] them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn;[8] thy pole-clipt vineyard;[9]
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I, 71
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 80
My bosky[10] acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath my queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate[11]
On the bless'd lovers.
Cer. [Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis[12] my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90
I have forsworn.
Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows, 99
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.]
Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

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[1] *Vanity,* illusion.
[2] *With a twink,* in a twinkling.
[3] *Good night your vow! i.e.* farewell to your vow.
[4] *Liver,* supposed to be the seat of love.
[5] *A corollary,* a surplus. [6] *Pertly,* briskly
[7] *Stover,* fodder for cattle.
[8] *Lass-lorn,* forsaken of his mistress.
[9] *Pole-clipt vineyard,* vineyard where the poles are *clipt,* or embraced, by the vines. *Vineyard* is pronounced as a trisyllable. [10] *Bosky,* woody.
[11] *Estate,* give as a possession. [12] *Dis,* Pluto.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,[1] 110
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines[2] call'd to enact 121
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd[3] father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
[Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;]
There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command: 131
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits*] Well done;
—avoid,[4]—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion[5]
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.[6]

Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air: 150
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,[7] shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on;[8] and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity: 160
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pros. [*To Ariel*] Come with a thought!—
I thank thee, Ariel: come!

Re-enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with[9] Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets? 170

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

---

[1] *Foison plenty, i.e.* plentiful abundance.
[2] *Confines,* abodes.
[3] *Wonder'd,* able to perform wonders.
[4] *Avoid,* begone.
[5] *Passion,* strong emotion.
[6] *Distemper'd,* disturbed.
[7] *Inherit,* possess.
[8] *On,* of.
[9] *To meet with, i.e.* to encounter.

Advanc'd[1] their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns, 180
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
[There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.]

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!—(Act iv. 1. 256–258.)

For stale[2] to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost; 190
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.—

Re-enter Ariel, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.[3]

Prospero *and* Ariel *remain, invisible. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack[4] with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation. 200

Ste. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If

[1] *Advanc'd,* lifted. [2] *Stale,* a decoy. [3] *Line,* lime-tree.

[4] *The Jack,* the Jack-o'-lantern.

I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;—
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster. 212

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts. 220

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery[1].—O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean 230
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

[1] *Frippery*, old-clothes shop.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace. 240

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate;[2] there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime[3] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low. 250

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pros. [Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!]

[*Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews 260
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard[4] or cat-o'-mountain.[5]

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Pass of pate*, sally of wit.
[3] *Lime*, birdlime.
[4] *Pard*, leopard.
[5] *Cat-o'-mountain*, wild cat.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage.[1] How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pros. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
[Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove[2] which weather-fends[3] your cell;] 10
They cannot budge till your release.[4] The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
[And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo;"
His tears run down his beard, like winter's-drops
From eaves of reeds.] Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself, 22
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend 29
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, 42
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs[5] pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.*

[A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, 59

[1] *Goes upright with his carriage,* bends not under his burden. [2] *Line-grove,* lime-grove.
[3] *Weather-fends,* protects from the weather.
[4] *Till your release,* till released by you.
[5] *Spurs,* the roots, projecting like spurs.

Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand, 60
For you are spell-stopp'd.—]
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[1]—[The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir 69
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act,—
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.

Ari. On the bat's back I do fly.—(Act v. 1. 91.)

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse[2] and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore, 81
That now lies foul and muddy.] Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
[Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:—]
[*Exit Ariel.*

I will discase me,[3] and myself present
As I was sometime[4] Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Re-enter ARIEL; *who sings while helping to attire Prospero.*

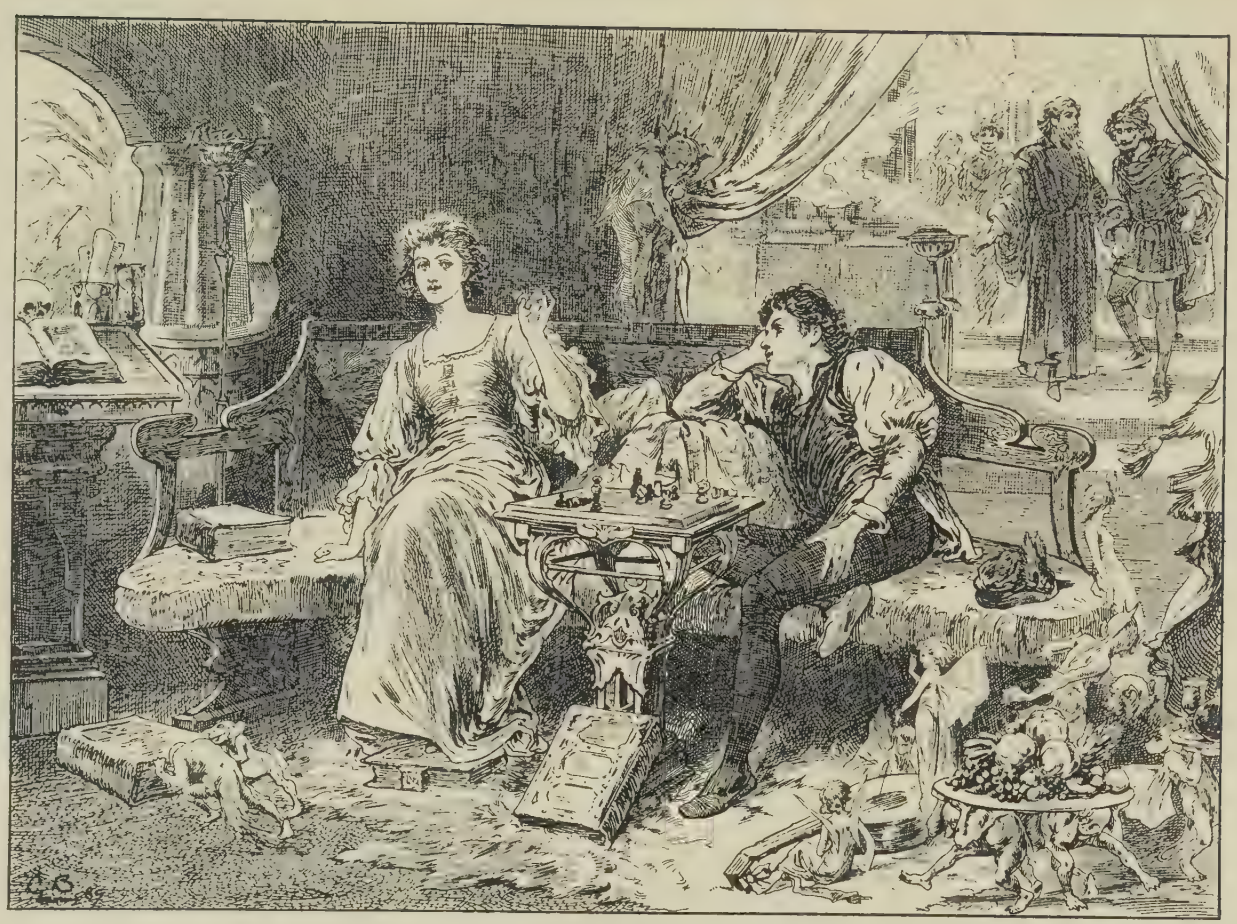
Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry. 90
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

[1] *Fall fellowly drops,* let fall companionable drops.
[2] *Remorse,* pity.
[3] *Discase me,* undress myself. [4] *Sometime,* formerly.

Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee. 101
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*
[*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!]
Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid 110
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whether[1] thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle[2] to abuse[3] me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.[4]—But how should Prospero 119
Be living and be here?
Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.
[*Pros.* You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—
[*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify[5] you traitors: at this time 128
I 'll tell no tales.
Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.]
Pros. [No.—]
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
[How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—]
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.
[*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pros. I rather think 141
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter!
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish 150
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,[6]
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath:] but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely 160
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;

[1] *Whether*, pronounced as a monosyllable.
[2] *Trifle*, phantom. [3] *Abuse*, deceive.
[4] *My wrongs*, *i.e.* the wrongs I have done.
[5] *Justify*, prove.
[6] *Admire*, wonder.



[illegible] line 172

Mir Sweet lord, you play me false.

[For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting.] Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing; 169
[At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.]

The cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
[*Seb.* A most high miracle!]
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.
[*Kneels to Alonso.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about! 180
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Pros. 'T is new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she 's mortal;
But by immortal Providence she 's mine: 189
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that 's gone.
[*Gon.* I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you gods, 201
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars,—In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom 211
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves
When no man was his own.[1]]
Alon. [*To Ferdinand and Miranda*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be 't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—[Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land?] What is the news? 220
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
[Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—]
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. [*Aside to Prospero*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

---

[1] *His own*, master of himself.

Pros. [*Aside to Ariel*] My tricksy spirit!
[*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches; 231
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.]
Ari. [*Aside to Prospero*] Was't well done?
Pros. [*Aside to Ariel*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. 241
[*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct[1] of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single[2] I'll resolve you[3]—
Which to you shall seem probable—of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful, 250
And think of each thing well.—] [*Aside to Ariel*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel*]—How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

[1] *Conduct*, conductor.

[2] *Single*, by myself.

[3] *Resolve you*, explain to you.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio,[1] bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight. 260

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

[*Seb.* Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, 270
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal.] I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe:[2] [where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?[3]—]
How cam'st thou in this pickle? 281

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell; 291
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train 300
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which—part of it—I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away,—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solémnized; 309
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to Ariel*] My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,—

[1] *Coragio* (Ital.), courage.
[2] *Reeling ripe,* drunk to the point of reeling.
[3] *Gilded 'em,* made them drunk.

Which is most faint: [now, 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples.] Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands: 10
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 20

NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1.—Reference has been made in the Introduction to a play of Calderon's, El Mayor Encanto Amor, in which there is considerable similarity to The Tempest. It may be interesting to compare the first scene, which, like Shakespeare's, deals with a shipwreck—with how much less vivid an effect! I give it in M'Carthy's translation (Love the Greatest Enchantment, 1861, pp. 21–23).

Act the First.—The Sea and Coast of Sicily.

A ship is discovered struggling with the waves: in it are Ulysses, Antistes, Archelaus, Polydorus, Timantes, Florus, Lebrel, Clarin, and others.

Antistes. We strive in vain,
Fate frowns averse, and drives us o'er the main
Before the elements.
Archelaus. Death wings the wind, and the wild waves immense
Will be our graves to-day.
Timantes. Brace up the foresail.
Polydorus. Give the bow-line way.
Florus. The rising wind a hurricane doth blow.
Antistes. Hoist!
Lebrel. To the mainsheet!—
Clarin. Let the clew-lines go!—
Ulysses. O Sovereign Jove!
Thou who this gulf in mountainous foam dost move,
Altars and sacrifice to thee I vow,
If thou wilt tame these angry waters now.
Antistes. God of the Sea, great Neptune! in despite
Of Juno's care, why thus the Greeks affright.
Archelaus. And see the kindling Heavens are all ablaze,
With angry bolts and lightning-wingèd rays.
Clarin. Son of Silenus, truly called *divine!*
Save from a watery death these lips that lived on wine!
Lebrel. Let not, O Momus! 't is his latest wish,
A man who lived as flesh now die as fish!
Timantes. This day, these waves that round about us rise
Will be our icy tombs:—
All. Have pity, O ye skies!—
Polydorus. It seems that they have listen'd to our prayer—
Our wild lament that pierced the darksome air—
Since suddenly the winds begin to cease.
Archelaus. Yes, all the elements proclaim a peace:—
Antistes. And for our greater happiness,
(Since good and evil on each other press)
See, on the far horizon's verge
The golden summits of the hills emerge
From out the mist that shrouds the lowlier strand.
Timantes. The clouds are scatter'd now;
All. The land! the land!
Ulysses. Beneath this promontory, which doth lie
A link of stone betwixt the sea and sky,
Turn the tired prow:
Polydorus. The rock bends beetling o'er:—
Antistes. All hands descend on shore:—
All. All hands on shore!
Antistes. After the war of waves the air grows bland:—
Ulysses. Shipwreck we have subdued.
All. To land! to land!
[*The vessel anchors and all the crew disembark.*

2. Line 3: GOOD, *speak to the mariners.*—The word *good* here is evidently used in reference to the boatswain, not the *cheer.* Compare line 16 below: "Nay, *good*, be patient." The word is often thus used in Shakespeare, generally followed by *now*, as in Comedy of Errors, iv. 4. 22: "*Good, now*, hold thy tongue."

3. Lines 3, 4: *fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground.*—In a note at the end of The Tempest (Var. Ed. xv. 184–186) Malone gives the following very interesting communication from a distinguished naval officer, the second Lord Mulgrave: "The first scene of The Tempest is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakspeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time. . . .

"The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

"The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakspeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

"He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable.

"The events certainly follow too near one another for the strict time of representation; but perhaps, if the whole length of the play was divided by the time allowed by the critics, the portion allotted to this scene might not be too little for the whole. But he has taken care to mark intervals between the different operations by exits.

1st Position.	*1st Position.*
Fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground.	Land discovered under the lee; the wind blowing too fresh to hawl upon a wind with the topsail set. Yare is an old sea term for briskly, in use at that time. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.
2d Position.	*2d Position.*
Yare, yare, take in the top-sail, blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.	The topsail is taken in. 'Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.' The danger in a good sea boat is only from being too near the land; this is introduced here to account for the next order.

3d Position. Down with the top mast.—Yare, lower, lower, bring her to try with the main course.	*3d Position.* The gale encreasing, the top-mast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drift less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to.
4th Position. Lay her a hold, a hold; set her two courses, off to sea again, lay her off.	*4th Position.* The ship, having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hawled up; the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way.
5th Position. We split, we split.	*5th Position.* The ship not able to weather a point, is driven on shore."

4. Line 11: *Play the men.*—Malone compares 2 Samuel x. 12: "let us *play the men* for our people."

5. Line 13: *Where is the master,* BOATSWAIN?—Ff. print *boson,* which is still the pronunciation of the word.

6. Line 15: *you do* ASSIST THE STORM.—Compare Pericles, iii. 1. 19:

> Patience, good sir; do not *assist the storm.*

7. Lines 17, 18: *What* CARE *these roarers for the name of king?*—Ff. have *cares,* which the Cambridge editors preserve as "probably from Shakespeare's pen," and because "in the mouth of a boatswain it can offend no one." But if Shakespeare wrote it, as is possible, it is certainly not probable that he would desire its preservation. A singular verb preceding a plural noun was never other than a vulgarism, however commonly used, and the Clarendon Press editor quotes a very apt instance in Richard II. iii. 4. 24, where F. 1 has "Here *comes* the gardeners," but Q. 1, the better text, has "Here *come* the gardeners."

The word *roarer,* which does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, was used in his time in the sense of bully, riotous fellow. See Kastril in Jonson's Alchemist, the "angry boy," as he is there called, for a specimen of the *roarer.*

8. Line 25: *we will not* HAND *a rope more; i.e. handle.* Compare Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 62, 63:

> Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
> First *hand* me.

Cotgrave renders *manier,* "to handle, *hand,*" &c.

9. Line 32: *his complexion is perfect gallows.*—Here, and again below, line 49, and in v. 1. 217, 218, is an allusion to the proverb, "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned." Compare also The Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 156–158:

> Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
> Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
> Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

10. Line 38: *Bring her to try with main-course!*—Steevens quotes from Smith's Seaman's Grammar, 1627, under the article, How to handle a ship in a storm: "Let us lie as *Trie with our maine course;* that is, to hale the tacke aboord, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboord." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes from Edwards' Life of Ralegh the following illustrative passage describing the disasters which befel his ships at the outset of the Island voyage in 1597: "On Twesday morninge, my sealf, the Bonaventer, the Mathew, and Andrew, were together, and steered for the North Cape, not doubtinge butt to have crost the fleet within six howres, butt att the instant the winde changed to the south, and blew vehemently; so as wee putt our sealves under our fore corses, and stood to the west into the sea. Butt on Twesday night I perceved the Mathew to labor very vehemently, and that shee could not indure that manner of standinge of, and so putt her sealf *a try with her mayne course*" (vol. ii. pp. 171, 172).

11. Line 52: *Lay her a-hold.*—To lay a ship *a-hold* is defined in Admiral Smyth's Sailors' Wordbook as "a term of our early navigators, for bringing a ship close to the wind, so as to hold or keep to it."

12. Lines 52, 53: *set her two courses! off to sea again.*—This is the punctuation introduced by Holt; Ff. have "set her two courses off to Sea againe," which would mean, keep her two points further out from land—which may be the meaning. The *two courses* which were to be *set* are the mainsail and the foresail.

13. Line 63: *And gape at wid'st to* GLUT *him.*—The word *glut,* in the sense of englut, swallow, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Johnson compares Milton, Paradise Lost, x. 632, 633:

> nigh burst
> With suck'd and *glutted* offal.

14. Lines 70, 71: *ling, heath, broom, furze.*—This is the emendation of Hanmer, which it is difficult not to accept. The Ff. have *long heath, Browne firrs,* which a few editors retain, though no satisfactory reason has yet been given why *heath* should be spoken of as *long* or *furze* as *brown,* at a time too when the speaker had other things than adjectives to think of. Farmer quotes from Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Holinshed (fol. 91a): "*Brome* . . . *heth, firze,* brakes, whinnes, *ling,*" &c.

ACT I. Scene 2.

15. Line 7: *Who had, no doubt, some noble* CREATURES *in her.*—Ff. print *creature;* the emendation adopted is Theobald's. It is obviously demanded by Miranda's words before and after: "*those* that I saw suffer," and "Poor *souls, they* perish'd!"

16. Line 13: *The* FRAUGHTING *souls within her.*—Theobald altered *fraughting* to *freighting,* but *fraught* was the word in use in Shakespeare's time. Compare Marlowe, The Jew of Malta, i. 1:

> Bid the merchants and my men dispatch
> And come ashore and see the *fraught* discharg'd.

Fraughting is of course used in the sense of "making up the freight." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave: "Freteure: A fraughting, loading, or furnishing of a (hired) ship."

17. Line 19: *more better.*—Compare line 439 below, "more braver." Similar reduplications are not infrequent in Shakespeare, as in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 6. 76: "a *more larger* list of sceptres;" Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 17: "some *more fitter* place;" &c.

18. Line 29: *that there is no* SOUL.—The sentence here is left unfinished—probably with an intentional abruptness. The sense is perfectly clear from the context, and

a slight break of this sort is very natural. Rowe marred the line by adding "lost," and Theobald proposed *foil* for *soul*, Johnson *soil*;—alterations not merely unnecessary, but improbable in themselves.

19. Line 41: OUT *three years old; i.e.* full three years old. Compare iv. 1. 101: "And be a boy right *out*."

20. Line 50: *In the dark* BACKWARD *and* ABYSM *of time?* —Shakespeare uses the adverb *inward* in a similar way as a noun. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 138: "I was an *inward* of his." *Abysm* is the earlier form of the word "abyss," showing more directly its origin from the Old French *abysme* (*abîme*). It occurs in two other places of Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 147, and Sonnet cxii. 9.

21. Line 53: *Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since.*—This is the only place in Shakespeare where *year* is used instead of *years* in anything but an intentionally colloquial way. Perhaps its use here is intended to mark the unwontedly familiar tone of Prospero's communication. I think something of the same effect is found in the particular rhythm of the line, which should not, in my opinion, be read (as we are usually instructed to read it) "Twelve ye-ar since, Miranda, twelve year since." Similar expansions and contractions are certainly to be found in Shakespeare, but anything of the sort is quite unnecessary here. Read simply, with a slight extra accent on the first word, the line has to my ear a very expressive rhythm, not unlike that of Tennyson in The Grandmother:

> Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.
> —Works, 1879, p. 263.

22. Line 56: *Thy mother was* A PIECE OF VIRTUE.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 28: "the piece of virtue," and see note 189 to that play.

23. Lines 57–59:

> *and thy father*
> *Was Duke of Milan;* AND *his only heir*
> A *princess,—no worse issu'd.*

The reading here adopted, that of Pope, seems to me much the best, requiring as it does the least possible change of the original text, and giving at least as good sense as anything else that has been suggested. Ff. have "*And* Princesse," which some retain, inserting *thou* before "his only heir" in the preceding line. This indeed is the final decision of the Cambridge editors, who in the Cambridge ed. print the Folio text verbatim, and in the Clarendon Press adopt the reading of Pope. But the omission of such a word as *thou* seems to me much less likely than the substitution of *And* for *A*, when there have been no less than three *Ands* already in the sentence. Dyce, in his notes to the play, cites four similar misprints of *And* for *A*. He, however, adopts Hanmer's reading, *thou* for *and*, in line 58, as well as the change of *And* to *A*.

24. Line 64: *teen.*—Shakespeare uses *teen* (meaning sorrow) five or six times (compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 13: "and yet, to my *teen* be it spoken"), though even then it was going out of use. Compare Chaucer, The Knightes Tale, 2247, 2248:

> That nevere was ther no word hem bitweene
> Of jelousye, or any other *teene.*

Rossetti uses it in his translation of Villon's Ballade des Dames du temps jadis, where he renders:

> Pour son amour eut cest essoyne,

by—

> From Love he won such dule and *teen.*

25. Line 70: *The* MANAGE *of my state.*—Compare King John, i. 1. 37, 38:

> Which now the *manage* of two kingdoms must
> With fearful bloody issue arbitrate;

and Richard II. i. 4. 38, 39:

> Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,—
> Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege.

26. Line 71: *Through all the* SIGNIORIES *it was the first.* —*Signiories* are here used in the sense of principalities—"the states of Northern Italy, under the government of single princes originally owing feudal obedience to the Holy Roman Empire" (Clarendon Press ed.). Elsewhere in Shakespeare it is used for estates or manors.

27. Line 72: *And Prospero the* PRIME *duke; i.e.* the first in rank. Compare Henry VIII. iii. 2. 161, 162:

> Have I not made you
> The *prime* man of the state?

In the present scene, line 425, it is used with the meaning of first in order: "my *prime* request."

28. Line 81: *To* TRASH *for* OVER-TOPPING.—The word *trash* is a term used chiefly in hunting, meaning to restrain. See note 5 to Taming of the Shrew, where the following quotation from Hammond's Works (vol. i. p. 23) is given: "That this contrariety always interposes some objections to hinder or *trash* you from doing the things that you would, *i.e.* sometimes the Spirit *trashes* you from doing the thing that the Spirit would have done." Some, influenced by the word *over-topping*, have understood *trash* as meaning "to lop," a meaning which has never been given to it elsewhere. *Over-top*, certainly, is used of trees, as in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 12. 23, 24:

> this pine is bark'd,
> That *overtopp'd* them all;

but, considering how extremely fond Shakespeare was of the word *top*, in all its senses and connections, there is no reason why he should not have used it here in the sense of "*outstrip.*" This makes the hunting metaphor complete. Compare Othello, ii. 1. 312, 313, where, if Warton's emendation of *trash* for *trace* be accepted (as, in this edition, it is), we read:

> If this poor trash of Venice, whom I *trash*
> For his quick hunting, stand the putting on.

29. Lines 83, 84:

> *having both the* KEY
> *Of officer and office.*

The *key* meant here is, as Sir John Hawkins states (Var. Ed. xv. 31), the key for tuning the harpsichord, spinet, or virginal.

30. Lines 89, 90:

> *all dedicated*
> *To* CLOSENESS.

Closeness, in the sense of retirement, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Closeness, (Reservedness *or* Secrecy) *Reserve, Connexion, Circonspection.*"

31. Line 92: O'ERPRIZ'D *all popular rate; i.e.* outvalued all popular estimation. Compare Cymbeline, i. 4. 87, 88: "Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's *outpriz'd* by a trifle"—where *outprized* is used with the same meaning.

32. Lines 93–96:

> *and my trust,*
> *Like a good parent, did beget of him*
> *A falsehood, in its contrary as great*
> *As my trust was.*

This is an allusion to the proverb, ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων τέκνα πήματα, *heroum filii noxæ*, or, as Johnson puts it, "a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it."

33. Lines 99–102:

> *like one*
> *Who having* INTO *truth, by telling of it,*
> *Made such a sinner of his memory,*
> *To credit his own lie.*

This is the reading of the Ff., which has been greatly doubted, and altered in several ways, most plausibly by Warburton, who changed *into* to *unto*, by which, certainly, we get a very fair sense: "like one who having made such a sinner unto (or against) truth of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it." But is not the text of the Ff. quite intelligible, and not more contorted in construction, without alteration? The sense, taken thus, is: "like one who having made such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it into truth"—a peculiar expression certainly, but not without parallels enough. Arrowsmith, in his Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators, pp. 44–46 (cited by Dyce in his notes), gives several examples of similar constructions; *e.g.* The Times, Oct. 10, 1862: "Some feasible line of frontier which may also be *discussed into familiarity;*" Ben Jonson's Underwoods: "By thanking thus the courtesy to life." Malone quotes a passage closely parallel to that in the text from Bacon's account of Perkin Warbeck in his History of Henry VII. 1622, p. 120: "Nay himselfe, with long and continuall counterfeiting, and with oft telling a *Lye*, was turned by habite almost into the thinge hee seemed to be, and from a *Lyar*, to a *Belieuer*."

34. Lines 109, 110:

> ME, *poor man, my library*
> *Was dukedom large enough.*

Shakespeare sometimes, as here, omits the preposition; the meaning of course is "*For* me." Compare Cymbeline, v. 5. 464, 465:

> *Whom* heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
> Have laid most heavy hand;

and Timon of Athens, v. 1. 63, 64:

> *Whose* thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
> Not all the whips of heaven are large enough.

35. Line 111: *confederates.*—The verb *confederates* (*i.e.* conspires) is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare, but compare *confederacy*, in a similar sense, in Henry VIII. i. 2. 2, 3:

> I stood i' the level
> Of a full-charged *confederacy;*

and so probably in II. Henry VI. ii. 1. 168, &c.

36. Line 112: *So* DRY *he was for sway; i.e.* thirsty, as in our common vulgarism. It is used again, without intentional colloquialism, in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 31:

> When I was *dry* with rage and extreme toil.

"With the King of Naples" is printed in Ff. "*with* King of Naples," and some editors print *wi' the.* No doubt the mark of elision was accidentally omitted by the printer, who should have printed *with'.* A similar omission occurs in line 173 below. See note 49.

37. Line 122: HEARKENS *my brother's suit.*—*Hearkens* is again used transitively in II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 304: "Well, *hearken* the end," where, however, the Q. has *hearken at.*

38. Line 123: IN LIEU O' *the premises.*—Shakespeare only uses *in lieu of* in the present sense of "in consideration of, in return for." Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 408–412:

> Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
> Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
> Of grievous penalties; *in lieu whereof,*
> Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
> We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

39. Line 133: *I, not remembering how I cried* OUT *then.*—There is some plausibility in Steevens' conjecture, that *out* should be *on't*, but not enough certainty to make the change advisable.

40. Lines 134, 135:

> *it is a* HINT
> *That wrings mine eyes* TO 'T.

That is, it is a subject that draws tears from mine eyes. *Hint* is used here as in ii. 1. 3: "Our *hint* of woe;" *i.e.* our theme of woe. *To't* means "to do it," that is, to cry; Steevens, through some misunderstanding, thought the words inappropriate or unnecessary, and omitted them, to the equal detriment of sense and metre.

41. Line 138: *impertinent; i.e.* irrelevant, the literal meaning of the word, now out of use, though we use *pertinent* in its original sense. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, except in a misapplication of it by Launcelot in the Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 146. *Impertinency* is used in Lear, iv. 6. 178:

> O, matter and *impertinency* mix'd!

42. Line 139: *Well* DEMANDED, WENCH.—Both *demanded* and *wench* are here used in somewhat other than the modern way: *demanded* being merely "asked" (the French *demandé*), without any peremptory signification, and *wench* being equivalent to "my girl"—a term of affection, not of contempt. The word indeed is still used in some parts of the country with this meaning—certainly in Warwickshire.

43. Lines 145–147:

> *where they prepar'd*
> *A rotten carcass of a* BOAT, *not rigg'd,*
> *Nor tackle, sail, nor mast.*

Ff. print *Butt*, for which no satisfactory meaning has been found. The correction is obvious. It was introduced by Rowe from Dryden's version. Malone thinks that Shakespeare had in mind here the similar treatment undergone by Edwin at the hands of his brother Athelstane. See Holinshed, 1586, vol. i. p. 155.

44. Lines 147–149:

the very rats
Instinctively HAVE *quit it: there they* HOIST *us,*
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us.

Rowe, following Dryden, altered *have* to *had*, but the change from the past to the present seems intentional, as in the Latin "historical present." *Hoist*, in the next line, may be either past or present, probably the latter, thus carrying on the description with the same vividness, as if all were happening over again. Compare with line 149, Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 100: "how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them." In the same play a good example may be found of the change from past to present, v. 2. 83–85: "she *lifted* the princess from the earth; and so *locks* her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart."

45. Line 155: *When I have* DECK'D *the sea with drops full salt.—Deck'd* is usually explained as a provincialism for "sprinkled," and so it would seem to be, despite Schmidt's protest in his Lexicon. "To speak of floods," he says, "as being increased by tears is an hyperbole too frequent in Shakespeare. Prospero means to say that he shed so many tears as to cover the surface of the sea with them." But I do not see how *deck'd* can be taken in this large sense of "covered." In the other passages given in the Lexicon it means simply "dressed," and refers either literally or figuratively to clothes. No such meaning is possible here. Probably it is to be taken as equivalent to the North Country *deg*, which means to damp, used particularly of clothes damped before being ironed. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Carr's Glossary of the Craven Dialect, where *deg* is thus explained; Atkinson's Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect, where *dagg* or *degg* is defined "to sprinkle with water, to drizzle;" and Brockett's Glossary of North-Country words, where we find "*Dag*, to drizzle."

46. Line 157: *An undergoing* STOMACH; *i.e.* an enduring or sustaining courage. *Stomach* is more generally used in the sense of anger or resentment, occasionally as arrogance; in the present sense of dogged courage it occurs in Hamlet, i. 1. 99, 100:

some enterprise
That hath a *stomach* in't;

and II. Henry IV. i. 1. 127–130:

The bloody Douglas . . .
Gan vail his *stomach*, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs.

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes II. Macc. vii. 21: "Yea, she exhorted every one of them in her own language, filled with courageous spirits; and stirring up her womanish thoughts with a manly *stomach*, she said unto them."

47. Lines 162, 163:

WHO *being then appointed*
Master of this design.

This parenthesis is of course inaccurate in construction, but the inaccuracy was probably Shakespeare's, not the printers'. Pope smoothened things by omitting *who*, and Capell by changing *who* into *he*.

48. Line 169: *Now I arise.*—Three explanations of these words have been given: (1) that Prospero, for some unknown reason, accompanies the act of rising with this statement to his daughter; (2) that the words mean, "Now I rise in my narration," "now my story heightens in its consequence;" (3) that Prospero thus declares that the turning-point of his own fortunes was come, and that now he began to *arise*—"his reappearance from obscurity a kind of resurrection, or like the rising of the sun." This view seems the most reasonable, and it is probable that Prospero also literally rose from his seat, as in the next line he tells his daughter to *sit still*. To account for this movement Collier's MS. Corrector introduces the stage-direction, "Put on robe again," which, in the Cambridge editors' form, "Resumes his mantle," I have adopted.

49. Line 173: *Than other* PRINCESS' *can.*—The first three Ff. have *princesse*, F. 4 *princess*. The reading in the text was introduced by Dyce on a conjecture of Sidney Walker, who, rightly as I think, took the *princesse* of the Ff. for an instance of elision of final *es* or *s*, for the sake of metre. Compare the Ff. text of Richard III. ii. 1. 137:

Looked pale when they did hear of *Clarence* death;

and of Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 357:

These two *Antipholus*, these two so like.

Compare, too, Macbeth, v. 1. 29: "Ay, but their *sense are* shut," and see note 236 to that play. Rowe reads *princes*, which seems more of an alteration of the original than the reading I have adopted, and, to say the least, no better in meaning, though *prince* in Shakespeare's day was sometimes used of women.

50. Lines 181–184:

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.

Compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 218–221:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

51. Line 194: *Perform'd to point; i.e.* in every point, exactly. The expression occurs again in Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 254: "agree with his demands *to the point*." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave: "A Poinct. Aptly, fitly, conueniently."

52. Lines 196–206.—Capell (School of Shakespeare, p. 7) quotes the following passage from Hakluyt's Voyages, ed. 1598, vol. iii. p. 450: "I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came vpon the toppe of our maine yarde and maine maste, a certaine little light, much like vnto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the Cuerpo-santo, and saide it was S. Elmo, whom they take to be the aduocate of Sailers. . . . This light continued aboord our ship about three houres, flying from maste to maste, from top to top: and sometime it would be in two or three places at once." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes a similar account of the phenomenon known as St. Elmo's fire from Purchas his Pilgrimes, ed. 1625, Part I. lib. iii. c. 1. § 6, p. 133.

53. Line 196: *now on the* BEAK; *i.e.* the bow. Boyer, in

his French Dictionary, has: "The Beak, *or* Beak-head of a ship, *l'Eperon, le cap, le Poulaine*, ou *l'Avantage d'un Navire;*" and Coles, Latin Dictionary, renders *Rostrum*, "a bill, beak, snout, the *beak of a ship.*"

54. Line 197: *the waist; i.e.* the hollow space between the quarter-deck and the forecastle. Boyer has: "The Wast of a ship, (that Part between the Main-mast, and the Fore-castle) *le milieu d'un Navire.*"

55. Line 200: *bowsprit.*—Ff. spell this word *Bore-spritt*, a misprint for *boltsprit* or *bowsprit.*

56. Line 201: *Jove's* LIGHTNINGS, *the precursors.*—Ff. have *lightning;* the correction is Theobald's.

57. Line 206:

Ari. *Yea, his dread trident shake.*
Pro. *My brave spirit!*

Various expedients have been suggested for mending the metre of this line, which, however, is not more irregular than many of Shakespeare's. But the most amusing contribution to the question comes from Farmer, who gravely informs us in the solemn pages of the Variorum, that "lest the metre should appear defective, it is necessary to apprize the reader, that in Warwickshire and other Midland counties, *shake* is still pronounced by the common people as if it was written *shaake*, a dissyllable." Certainly the Warwickshire people do lengthen out their words in the most extensive manner—a drawl which to my ear is often musical—but can any mortal believe that Shakespeare in a play like The Tempest would introduce a provincial pronunciation to eke out a not quite long enough line!

58. Line 213: *With hair up-staring.*—Compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 279, 280:

> Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
> That mak'st my blood cold and my *hair to stare?*

i.e. to stand on end. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has, s.v. *Stare:* "His Hair stares up, (*or* stands on end) *Ses cheveux se dressent*, ou *se herissent.*"

59. Line 218: *On their* SUSTAINING GARMENTS *not a blemish.—Sustaining garments* certainly means "garments that sustained them," as in Hamlet, iv. 7. 176, 177:

> Her clothes spread wide,
> And mermaid-like awhile *they bore her up.*

But from the context it seems rather more probable that what Shakespeare meant, inaccurately as he expressed it, was, as Monck Mason says, "garments which bore, without being injured, the drenching of the sea."

60. Line 224: *in this* SAD KNOT; *i.e.* thus folded, as if in melancholy. Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 2. 4:

> Marcus, unknit that *sorrow-wreathen knot;*

and Sir John Suckling's famous description of Ford, in the Sessions of the Poets:

> Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,
> With *folded arms* and melancholy hat.

61. Lines 228, 229:

> *Thou call'dst me up at midnight to* FETCH DEW
> *From the* STILL-VEX'D BERMOOTHES.

Compare Bermuda. A Colony. A Fortress and a Prison. . . . By a Field Officer. (Longman, 1857): "The dampness of the climate would be less remarked, if a more solid style of building were adopted as well as a more general use of the fire-places. But even from the earliest discovery of the islands, this peculiarity of the atmosphere must have been well known, otherwise Shakspeare would not have made Prospero call Ariel 'up at midnight to fetch dew' from so distant a spot—the first recorded article of export, by the way. It is to be regretted, that Ariel did not carry away with him more of the dew, for there is still a great deal too much" (pp. 35, 36). Henley remarks: "The epithet here applied to the Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous." Compare Heywood, The English Traveller, ii. 2:

> *1st Gal.* Whence is your ship—from the *Bermoothes?*
> *Reig.* Worse, I think from Hell:
> We are all lost, split, shipwrecked, and undone.

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes the following passage from Stow's Annals (ed. Howe, 1631), p. 1020, relating to the fleet under Sir George Summers sent out by the Virginia Company in 1609: "Sir George Sommers, sitting at the stearne, seeing the ship desperate of reliefe, looking euery minute when the ship would sinke, hee espied land, which, according to his, and Captaine Newports opinion, they iudged it should be that dreadfull coast of the *Bermodes*, which Iland[s] were of all Nations, said and supposed to bee enchanted and inhabited with witches and deuills, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous Thunder, storme, and tempest, neere vnto those Ilands, also for that the whole coast is so wonderous dangerous, of Rockes, that few can approach them, but with vnspeakable hazard of ship-wrack." References to the Bermudas are very common in the Elizabethan age, and the name of the islands is frequently coupled with tales of enchantment and witchcraft. Compare Fletcher's Women Pleased, i. 2:

> The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell
> To victual out a witch for the *Burmoothes.*

62. Line 234: *the Mediterranean* FLOTE.—*Flote*, meaning flood or sea, is by some derived from *float*, by others from the French *flot.* The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Minsheu's Guide into Tongues, 1617: "A Flote or waue. G. Flót. L. Fluctus." Compare Ford, Love's Sacrifice, i. 2:

> Traitor to friendship, whither shall I run,
> That, lost to reason, cannot sway the *float*
> Of the unruly faction in my blood?

63. Lines 239–241:

Pros. *What is the time o' the day?*
Ari. *Past the mid season.*
Pros. *At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now*
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

This passage has been supposed by some to be wrongly distributed, because Prospero is represented as answering his own question. Warburton, adopting the conjecture of Theobald and Upton, gives "Past the mid season at least two glasses" to Ariel. Johnson reasonably considered that the passage need not be disturbed, "it being common to ask a question, which the next moment

enables us to answer;" but he adds: "he that thinks it faulty, may easily adjust it thus:

> *Pros.* What is the time o' the day? Past the mid season?
> *Ari.* At least two glasses.
> *Pros.* The time 'twixt six and now, &c."

Staunton, on the other hand, prints the passage thus:

> *Pros.* At least two glasses—the time 'twixt six and now—
> Must by us both be spent most preciously.

But this, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks, would make it four in the afternoon, which hardly answers to Ariel's "Past the mid season." It would also, as Mr. Daniel points out in his Time-analysis of the play, reduce the time of the play to little more than two hours, while according to Prospero and Ariel it was a little above four, and on the testimony of Alonzo and the Boatswain about three.

64. Line 242: *Since thou dost give me* PAINS; *i.e.* tasks. Compare the expression "to take *pains.*" See Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 11, 12:

> Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
> After his studies or his usual *pain?*

65. Line 248: *made no mistakings.*—I have followed Pope in omitting *thee,* which in the Ff. is redundant alike as to metre and sense, and has very obviously found its way into the text by confusion with the preceding clause, "Told *thee* no lies," and the word just above it in the preceding line: "done *thee* worthy service."

66. Line 249: *thou* DIDST *promise.*—F. 1 and F. 2 have *did.*

67. Line 261: *Argier.*—*Argier* or *Argiers* was the old form of Algiers. The King of *Argier* is a character in both parts of Marlowe's Tamburlaine. The word is found as late as Dryden, Limberham, iii. 1: "you *Argier's* man."

68. Lines 266, 267:

> *for one thing she did*
> *They would not take her life.*

Boswell supposed that "the thing she did" was some circumstance found by Shakespeare in the novel from which he drew his story (if any such novel existed). But it seems to me that the allusion is merely to the fact, mentioned in line 269, that she was "with child."

69. Line 269: *This* BLUE-EY'D *hag.*—Staunton conjectured *blear-eyed,* but, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks: "*Blue-eyed* does not describe the colour of the pupil of the eye, but the livid colour of the eye-lid, and a blue eye in this sense was a sign of pregnancy. See Webster, Duchess of Malfi, ii. 1. 'The fins of her *eyelids* look most teeming *blue.*'" Euripides uses the word κυανανγής—literally dark-blue-gleaming—in his description of Death in Alkestis, which Browning renders:

> Hades' self,
> He, with the wings there, glares at me, one gaze
> All that *blue brilliance,* under the eye-brow!
> —Balaustion's Adventure, p. 46.

And on the next page Browning speaks of "the *blue-eyed* black-winged phantom." Here of course the reference is to the lurid blue-black colour of thunder-clouds, and it is possible Shakespeare may have meant this in describing his witch as *blue-eyed.*

70. Lines 270, 271: *Thou . . .* WAST *then her servant.*—So Rowe, after Dryden; Ff. print *was.*

71. Lines 301–303:

> *Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:*
> *Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible*
> *To every eyeball else.*

F. 1 has:

> Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o' th' sea,
> Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine; inuisible
> To euery eye-ball else.

F. 2 inserts *to* in line 301, and Rowe, in his second edition, omits *thine and,* changes which I cannot but consider absolutely necessary, the first on account of the metre, the second on account both of metre and of sense. Malone arranges the lines thus:

> Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
> To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
> To every eyeball else.

But such jolting lines are no more to be called rhythmical than the lines as they stand in F. 1. And, apart from the question of metre, why should Prospero say that Ariel should be invisible to every sight but "*thine* and mine"? The very idea seems ridiculous, not at all less so because Malone assures us that Ariel might look at his image in the water and then he would see himself! Prospero would show more consideration for the feelings of Ariel than is at all customary with him if he were to take all that trouble to explain to his spirit-slave that his invisible garb would not render him invisible to himself.

72. Line 311: *We cannot* MISS *him; i.e.* do without him. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Lyly, Euphues and his England (ed. Arber), p. 264: "Bringing vnto man both honnye and wax, each so wholsome that wee all desire it, both so necessary that we cannot *misse* them."

73. Lines 323, 324:

> *a* SOUTH-WEST *blow on ye,*
> *And blister you all o'er!*

The south was thought to be the quarter from which noxious vapours came. Compare Coriolanus, i. 4. 30:

> All the contagion of the *south* light on you!

74. Line 326: *urchins,* literally hedgehogs, and thence, hedgehogs being uncanny creatures and sometimes the familiars of witches (as in Macbeth, iv. 1. 2), coming to have the signification of mischievous elves. Such is obviously the meaning in Merry Wives, iv. 4. 49: "Like *urchins,* ouphs, and fairies." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1603, p. 14, where the word is used for hobgoblins: "And further, that these ill mannered *vrchins,* did so swarme about the priests, in such troupes, and thronges, that they made them sometimes to sweat, as seemes, with the very heate of the fume, that came from the devils noses." In the passage in the text, *urchins* is probably used literally of hedgehogs. Compare ii. 2. 10–12:

> then like *hedgehogs,* which
> Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
> Their pricks at my footfall.

75. Lines 326–328:

> *urchins*
> *Shall forth at vast of night that they may work*
> *All exercise on thee.*

Ff. print:

> Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
> All exercise on thee—

which most if not all editors have punctuated:

> Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
> All exercise on thee.

Steevens explains that different spirits were at liberty to act only during well-regulated periods, and thus the present passage would mean: "shall, for that void stretch of night during which they may work, practise mischief on thee." An emendation, however, has been proposed by Mr. Thomas White, which, without changing a letter (but only a "space") and without any alteration of punctuation, gives so very much better sense that I have adopted it. Everyone who has corrected proofs knows how common is an error of spacing such as that by which *forth at* becomes *for that.* The alteration is thus of the simplest. Dr. Ingleby, The Still Lion, 1874, p. 110, warmly recommending the emendation, says: "Three morsels of knowledge, indeed, are requisite for the full comprehension of the sense: *to forth* was a common phrase for *to go forth; vast of night* meant *dead of night;* and *exercise* meant *chastisement.* Ignorance of one or some of these things has hitherto hindered the reception of Mr. Thomas White's restoration. It has been argued by a very competent critic and editor [Mr. Aldis Wright, in the Clarendon Press ed.] that *exercise* must be a verb, because *to work exercise* would, otherwise, be a pleonasm which it would be impertinent to impute to Shakespeare. Nothing can be more fallacious than this style of argument. Pleonasms are the very stuff of the Elizabethan and Jacobian writers. In our Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures, for instance, St. Paul is made to say (2 Cor. viii. 11): 'Now therefore, perform ye the doing of it.' But nevertheless, *to work exercise* is not a pleonasm: it means *to inflict punishment.*" Dr. Ingleby mentions on the following page that in the former edition of The Still Lion the line had appeared with an additional misprint:

> Shall forth at vast of night, that they *make* worke—

which certainly shows the ease with which misprints creep in. With the expression *vast of* night compare Hamlet, i. 2. 198 (Q. 1603):

> In the dead *vast* and middle of the night.

76. Line 332: *When thou* CAMEST *first.*—Ff. have *cam'st;* the emendation is Rowe's. Ritson conjectured *cam'st here.*

77. Line 334: *Water with berries in't.*—This would seem to refer to coffee, then known only by report. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy, 4th ed. 1632, part ii. sect. 5. mem. 1. subs. 5: "The Turkes haue a drinke called *coffa* (for they use no wine), so named of a berry as blacke as soot, and as bitter, (like that blacke drinke which was in vse amongst the *Lacedemonians*, and perhaps the same) which they sip still of, and sup as warme as they can suffer." This passage first occurs in the 4th edition, 1632; it is evidently derived from Sandys' Travels, 1615, where, describing the fashions of the Turks, the writer says: "Although they be destitute of taverns, yet they have their *coffa-houses*, which something resemble them. There they sit chattering most of the day; and sippe of a drinke called *coffa*, (of the berry that it is made of) in little china dishes, as hot as they can suffer it: blacke as soote, and tasting not much unlike it, (why not the black-broth, which was in use amongst the Lacedæmonians,) which helpeth, as they say, digestion, and procureth alacrity" (p. 66).

78. Line 338: *brine-pits.*—This expression is used again in Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 129:

> And made a *brine-pit* with our bitter tears.

79. Line 339: *Cursed be I that did so!*—F. 1 has *Curs'd be I that did so*, the later Ff. *Curs'd be I that I did so.* The reading in the text was introduced by Steevens.

80. Line 351.—This speech is in Ff. given to Miranda. The correction was made by Theobald after Dryden.

81. Line 369: *I'll rack thee with* OLD *cramps.*—*Old* is frequently used in Shakespeare and the Elizabethan writers as an intensive epithet. See note 107 to Macbeth, and compare S. Rowley, When You See Me, You Know Me, H 3, back: "heerle be *old* shuffling, then, ha, will there not?"

82. Line 370: *Fill all thy bones with* ACHES.—*Aches* is pronounced here as a dissyllable. See note 240 to Much Ado.

83 Line 373: *my dam's god,* SETEBOS.—Shakespeare probably found the name *Setebos* in Eden's History of Travel, 1577, from which Farmer quotes: "the giantes, when they found themselves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them" (p. 434). Eden translated from Pigafetta's narrative of the voyage of Magellan, 1554. The passage is thus rendered in the Hakluyt Society's version by Lord Stanley of Alderley: "when they saw the trick that had been played them, they began to be enraged and to foam like bulls, crying out very loud '*Setebos,*' that is to say, the great devil, that he should help them" (p. 53). On p. 55 we read: "When one of them dies, ten or twelve devils appear, and dance all round the dead man. It seems that these are painted, and one of these enemies is taller than the others, and makes a greater noise, and more mirth than the others: that is whence these people have taken the custom of painting their faces and bodies, as has been said. The greatest of these devils is called in their language *Setebos*, and the others *Cheleule.*" The same narrative is given in Purchas his Pilgrimes, 1636, Part I. book ii. ch. 2, p. 23. Those who wish to know the newest light upon the character of *Setebos* may be directed to Browning's poem, Caliban upon Setebos.

84. Lines 378, 379:

> *Courtsied when you have and kiss'd*
> *The wild waves* WHIST.

That is, when you have courtsied, and kissed the wild waves into silence—a far more beautiful reading than that introduced by Steevens, who puts a stop after *kiss'd*, and makes *The wild waves whist* parenthetical. As the Cambridge edd. say, the punctuation of the Ff. is supported by what Ferdinand says in lines 391–393:

> This music crept by me upon the waters,
> Allaying both their fury and my passion
> With its sweet air.

Boyer in his French Dictionary gives "Whist, (an Interjection of Silence) *St, Paix, Silence, Chut.*" Compare Lord Surrey's translation of book ii. of the Æneid, line 1:

They *whisted* all, with fixed face attent;

and Lyly, The Maid's Metamorphosis:

But everything is quiet, *whist*, and still.

Milton imitates the passage in the text very closely in his Hymn on the Nativity, line 64:

The winds, with wonder *whist*,
Smoothly the waters kist.

85. Line 380: *Foot it* FEATLY.—Dyce compares Lodge's Glaucus and Scilla, 1589:

Footing it featly on the grassie ground.

Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 176, "She dances *featly*." Boyer has: "Featly, (*adv.* from feat) *Proprement, adroitement, gentiment.*"

86. Line 381: *the burden bear.*—This is Pope's correction of the Ff.'s transposition, *beare the burthen.* The arrangement of the burden is that of Capell. See note 94 to As You Like It.

87. Line 396: *fathom.*—Ff. print *fadom.*

88. Line 405: *The ditty does* REMEMBER *my drown'd father.—Remember* is used in the sense of commemorate or mention in I. Henry IV. v. 4. 101, and II. Henry IV. v. 2. 142. Compare our present use of the expression "Remember me to So-and-So," which occurs in Henry VIII. iv. 2. 160, 161:

Remember me
In all humility unto his highness.

89. Line 408: *The* FRINGED CURTAINS OF THINE EYE ADVANCE.—Compare Pericles, iii. 2. 99–101:

Her *eyelids*, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold.

Advance is used, as often in Shakespeare, for lift. Compare iv. 1. 177 below:

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses;

and King John, ii. 1. 207:

These flags of France, that are *advanced* here.

90. Line 427: *If you be* MAID *or no?*—F. 4 reads *made*, which Warburton elaborately defends as a poetical beauty, supposing Ferdinand to ask Miranda if she were *mortal* or no. But see lines 447–449:

O, *if a virgin*,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.

More than two pages of the Variorum Ed. are devoted to a discussion of this question.

91. Lines 437, 438:

the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

This is the only reference we get in the play to any son of the Duke of Milan. The reference here must have slipped in accidentally, perhaps from a remembrance of such a character in the original story.

92. Lines 438–440:

The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could CONTROL *thee,*
If now 't were fit to do 't.

Staunton queries *control* as perhaps a misprint for "console," but the word is evidently used here in the sense of "confute." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Comptroll, S. (*or* Contradiction) *Contradiction*," and "To Comptroll, V. A. (*or* find Fault with) *Controler, trouver à redire.*" The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Bacon, History of Henry VII., 1622: "As for the times while hee was in the *Tower*, and the manner of his Brothers death, and his owne escape; shee knew they were things a verie few could *control*" (p. 116).

93. Line 443: *I fear you have done yourself some* WRONG; *i.e.* I am afraid you have made a mistake, or misrepresented yourself. Compare Merry Wives, iii. 3. 221: "You do yourself mighty *wrong*, Master Ford;" and Measure for Measure, i. 2. 41: "I think I have done myself *wrong.*"

94. Line 468: *He's* GENTLE, *and not* FEARFUL.—Both *gentle* and *fearful* may be interpreted in two ways, and so, perhaps, Shakespeare intended. One explanation, and I think the best, is, "He 's of gentle birth, and therefore no coward;" according to the other, we should understand, "He 's gentle, and not capable of inspiring fear, not terrible." Smollett says in Humphry Clinker: "To this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in the Tempest would express herself nearly in the same terms—Don 't provoke him; for, being *gentle*, that is, *high-spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult."

95. Lines 468, 469:

What, I say,
My FOOT *my tutor!*

Sidney Walker conjectured that *foot* was a misprint for *fool*, comparing Fletcher's Pilgrim, iv. 2:

When *fools* and mad-folks shall be *tutors* to me.

Dyce adopts this reading, but the change seems to me, to say the least, unnecessary. Compare Lyly, Euphues and his England (ed. Arber): "Then how vaine is it Euphues (too mylde a word for so madde a minde) that the *foote* should neglect his office to correct the *face*" (p. 261). And see Timon of Athens, i. 1. 92–94:

Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The *foot* above the *head.*

96. Line 478: *Thou think'st there* IS *no more such shapes as he.*—So Ff. Rowe printed *are*, which many editors have received. But this construction is very common in Shakespeare. Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 371: "There *is* no more such masters." Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, § 335, says: "When the subject is as yet future and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular might be regarded as the normal inflection." He gives a number of examples.

97. Line 484: *Thy* NERVES *are in their infancy again.—Nerve* is used here in the sense of sinew. See note 25 to Coriolanus.

98. Lines 490–493:

Might I but through my prison once a-day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Compare Chaucer, Knightes Tale, 370–375:

> For elles hadde I dweld with Theseus
> I-fetered in his prison evere moo.
> Than hadde I ben in blisse, and nat in woo.
> Oonly the sighte of hire, whom that I serve,
> Though that I nevere hire grace may deserve,
> Wolde han sufficed right ynough for me."

One of the most interesting parts of Stendhal's Chartreuse de Parme develops the same motive—the chapters where Fabrice is in prison.

ACT II. Scene 1.

99. Line 5: *The* MASTER *of some merchant, and the merchant.*—Ff. have *Masters*, a reading which can only be understood if we accept so roundabout an explanation as that given by the Clarendon Press ed., that the *masters of some merchant* are "the joint owners of a merchant-man, who grieve for the loss of the vessel while the merchant laments the loss of the cargo." Johnson's emendation seems obvious. *Merchant* in the sense of "merchant-man" was commonly used. Compare Marlowe, Tamburlaine, part I. i. 2:

> And Christian *merchants*, that with Russian stems
> Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea,
> Shall vail to us, as lords of all the lake.

100. Lines 18, 19.—There are similar plays upon the words *dollar* and *dolour* in Measure for Measure, i. 2. 50; and Lear, ii. 4. 54. Steevens quotes The Tragedy of Hoffman, 1637:

> And his reward be thirteen hundred *dollars*,
> For he hath driven *dolour* from our heart.

101. Line 28: *Which,* OF *he or Adrian.*—Irregular as this construction is, there is no reason to suspect that it is not as Shakespeare wrote it. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 336, 337:

> Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
> *Of* thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Sidney Walker, in his Critical Examination of Shakespeare's Text, vol. ii. p. 353, incidentally quotes an illustrative passage from Sidney's Arcadia, ed. 1598, p. 63: "But then the question arising, who should be the former [*i.e.* the first to fight] against Phalantus, *of* the blacke, or the ill apparelled knight," &c.

102. Line 36: Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.*—This is the arrangement of Theobald. Ff. give *So, you're paid* to Antonio, which can only be understood if we take *paid* in an ironical sense, as in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 108: "I am *paid* for 't now." This does not seem a very probable meaning here.

103. Line 43: *Temperance was a delicate wench.*—Names such as Temperance were much used among the Puritans. Steevens quotes Taylor the Water-poet, who, describing some loose women, says:

> Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,
> To be called Prudence, *Temperance*, Faith, or Grace.

Of these names, all but *Temperance* are still met with. Readers of Mehalah will remember that charming woman Admonition.

104. Line 52: *lush; i.e.* luxuriant, succulent. Malone quotes Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, xv:

> Then green, and voyd of strength and *lush* and foggy is the blade,
> And cheeres the husbandman with hope;

where the original has,

> Tunc herba recens, et roboris expers
> Turget, et insolida est, et spe delectat agrestes.

In Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1, line 251 is generally read (as in this edition):

> Quite over-canopi'd with *lush* woodbine.

Qq. and Ff. have *luscious.* See note 124 to that play. Browning uses the word in the Prologue to his Pacchiarotto, line 5:

> And *lush* and lithe do the creepers clothe
> Yon wall I watch, with a wealth of green.

105. Line 55: *With an* EYE *of green in't.*—An *eye* means a small tinge, a slight shade of colour. Steevens quotes Sandys, Travels, 1637, p. 73: "His [Sultan Achmet's] under and upper garments are lightly of white sattin, or cloth of silver tissued with *an eye of greene*, and wrought in great branches."

106. Line 86: *His word is more than the* MIRACULOUS HARP.—An allusion either to the harp of Amphion, which raised the walls of Thebes, or to the harp of Apollo, which raised the walls of Troy.

107. Line 94: Gon. *Ay.*—Staunton gave this exclamation to Alonso, considering it a "sigh or exclamation on his awaking from his trance of grief." Perhaps it may be so, but there is no reason why it should not be uttered by Gonzalo, either in an inquiring tone, not knowing what they mean, or as a sort of "Yes, yes, have it so if you will."

108. Lines 118, 119:

> OAR'D
> *Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke.*

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Pope's Odyssey, xvi. 247:

> And what bless'd hands have *oar'd* thee on the way.

Compare Tennyson, To E. L., on his Travels in Greece, lines 16–18:

> and Naiads *oar'd*
> A glimmering shoulder under gloom
> Of cavern pillars.

109. Lines 129–131:

> *and the fair soul herself*
> *Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at*
> *Which end o' the beam* SHE'D *bow.*

Ff. read *should*, which the Cambridge edd. retain, supposing an antecedent *she* or *it* to be omitted, as is sometimes the case in Shakespeare. Rowe, in his second ed., omits *o'*; Malone regards *should* as a contraction of *she would*, meant to be printed *sh'ould.* This seems the most reasonable supposition. On *loathness* (*i.e.* reluctance) see note 242 to Antony and Cleopatra.

110. Line 135: *the* DEAR'ST *o' the loss.*—*Dear* is frequently used in the sense of anything, pleasurable or the reverse, which touches one very closely. Compare Richard III. v. 2. 20, 21:

> He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
> Which in his *dearest* need will fly from him.

This is the reading of the Ff.; the Qq. have:

> Which in his *greatest* need will shrink from him.

Compare, too, Fletcher, The Maid in the Mill:

> You meet your *dearest* enemy in love
> With all his hate about him.

111. Lines 150-164.—This ideal commonwealth, as has often been pointed out, is one of Shakespeare's debts to Montaigne, Livre I. ch. xxx, "Des Cannibales" (ed. Louandre, vol. i. p. 309). The passage in Florio's translation is as follows: "It is a nation, I would answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no vse of service, of riches or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no vse of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pârdon, were never heard of amongst them" (p. 102). Malone imagined that it was this essay which caused Shakespeare to make the scene of his play a desert island, and adds: "The title of the chapter, which is—'Of the Caniballes'—evidently furnished him with the name of one of his characters. In his time almost every proper name was twisted into an anagram. Thus,—'I moyl in law,' was the anagram of the laborious William Noy, Attorney General to Charles I. By inverting this process, and transposing the letters of the word *Canibal*, Shakespeare (as Dr. Farmer long since observed) formed the name of *Caliban*."

112. Line 152: *tilth; i.e.* tillage. The word occurs only here and in Measure for Measure, iv. 1. 76. See note 162 to that play.

113. Line 181: *an it had not fallen* FLAT-LONG.—*Flat-long* is used for a blow given, not with the edge, but with the side, of the sword. Compare *flatling* in The Faerie Queene, v. 5. 18:

> Tho with her sword on him she *flatling* strooke.

114. Line 185: *We would so, and then go a* BAT-FOWLING.—*Bat-fowling* is defined in Boyer's French Dictionary: "Chasse aux oiseaux pendant la Nuit." A very elaborate description of the sport is given by Gervase Markham in his Hunger's Prevention, 1621: "For the manner of *Bat-fowling* it may be vsed either with Nettes, or without Nettes: If you vse it without Nettes (which indeede is the most common of the two) you shall then proceede in this manner. First, there shall be one to cary the Cresset of fire (as was shewed for the *Lowbell*) then a certaine number as two, three, or foure (according to the greatnesse of your company) and these shall haue poales bound with dry round wispes of hay, straw, or such like stuffe, or else bound with pieces of Linkes, or Hurdes, dipt in Pitch, Rosen, Grease, or any such like matter that will blaze.

"Then another company shal be armed with long poales, very rough and bushy at the vpper endes, of which the Willow, Byrche, or long Hazell are best, but indeed according as the country will afford so you must be content to take.

"Thus being prepared and comming into the Bushy, or rough ground where the haunts of Birds are, you shall then first kindle some of your fiers as halfe, or a third part, according as your prouision is, and then with your other bushy and rough poales you shall beat the Bushes, Trees, and haunts of the Birds, to enforce them to rise, which done you shall see the Birds which are raysed, to flye and play about the lights and flames of the fier, for it is their nature through their amazednesse, and affright at the strangenes of the light and the extreame darknesse round about it, not to depart from it, but as it were almost to scorch their wings in the same; so that those who have the rough bushye poales, may (at their pleasures) beat them down with the same, & so take them. Thus you may spend as much of the night as is darke, for longer is not conuenient; and doubtlesse you shall finde much pastime, and take great store of birds, and in this you shall obserue all the obseruations formerly treated of in the *Lowbell;* especially, that of silence, vntill your lights be kindled, but then you may vse your pleasure, for the noyse and the light when they are heard and seene a farre of, they make the birds sit the faster and surer" (pp. 98-100).

115. Line 221: *I am standing water; i.e.* neither flowing nor ebbing, midway, passive, easily influenced. Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 168: "'tis with him in *standing water*, between boy and man."

116. Line 226: *Ebbing men.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 43:

> And the *ebb'd man*, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
> Comes dear'd by being lack'd.

117. Lines 230, 231:

> *a birth, indeed,*
> *Which* THROES THEE *much to yield.*

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 7. 81, 82:

> With news the time's with labour, and *throes* forth
> Each minute some.

118. Lines 242, 243:

> *Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,*
> *But* DOUBT *discovery there.*

Capell reads *doubts*, and he has been generally followed. But the change does not seem to me to be necessary, as we may very well understand *doubt* as dependent on the preceding *cannot—i.e.* cannot but be doubtful as to discovering anything there.

119. Lines 250, 251:

> *she from whom*
> *We all were sea-swallow'd.*

This is the generally accepted emendation of Rowe. Ff. print "She *that* from whom," of which several acute critics have tried hard to make sense. Accepting Rowe's emendation, the passage of course simply means "coming from whom." Spedding very ingeniously suggests that the reading should be punctuated: "*She that—from whom? All were sea-swallow'd,*" &c.; that is, "From whom should she have note? The report from Naples will be that all were drowned. We shall be the only survivors." This punctuation has been finally adopted by the Globe edd. But it seems to me that the construction is incredibly broken, and though Spedding says that to him the break in the construction is characteristic of the speaker, I cannot think of any other speech of Antonio's at all similarly broken. Mr. Aldis Wright, in the Claren-

don Press ed., preserving the F. text *literatim*, suggests that "there is a confusion of two constructions; Antonio beginning a fresh sentence, as he had done the three previous ones, with 'she that,' and then changing abruptly to 'from whom,' which made the preceding relative superfluous." But is it not more probable that the repetition of the *that* came, not from Antonio, but from the printer? Nothing could be more natural.

120. Line 266: *A* CHOUGH *of as deep chat.*—Compare All's Well, iv. 1. 22: "*choughs'* language, gabble enough, and good enough."

121. Line 273: *feater; i.e.* more trimly. See note 85.

122. Line 276: *a kibe; i.e.* a chilblain. Compare Hamlet, v. 1. 152, 153: "the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his *kibe;*" and Lear, i. 5. 8, 9: "If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of *kibes?*" See Jonson, the Alchemist, i. 1:

> Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your *kibes*.

123. Lines 282–284:

> *If he were that which now he's like,* THAT'S DEAD;
> *Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,*
> *Can lay to bed for ever.*

"The words *that 's dead,*" says Farmer, "are evidently a gloss, or marginal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a supplement is useless to the speaker's meaning, and one of the verses becomes redundant by its insertion." This conjecture seems to me a very reasonable one, though not certain enough to be adopted into the text.

124. Line 299: *to keep* THEM *living.*—Dyce prints *thee*, but the change, though plausible, seems unnecessary, as similar changes of construction are not uncommon in Shakespeare. *Them* evidently refers to Gonzalo and Alonso.

125. Lines 306–309.—In the distribution of these speeches I have followed Dyce, who partly followed Staunton. The Ff. print:

> *Gon.* Now, good Angels preserue the King.
> *Alo.* Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
> Wherefore this ghastly looking?
> *Gon.* What's the matter?

Staunton made the change—rightly, as I think—on the authority of Gonzalo's words just after (317–320):

> Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
> And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
> I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
> I saw their weapons drawn.

It is evident from this that Gonzalo was the first to awake, and that he roused the king; which renders the redistribution of the speeches necessary.

126. Line 321: *That's* VERILY.—It is likely enough that this is a misprint for *verity*, and Pope's emendation right. But adverbs certainly were used by Shakespeare for adjectives, as in i. 2. 226, 227:

> *Safely* in harbour
> Is the king's ship;

and Coriolanus, iv. 1. 53: "That's *worthily.*"

ACT II. SCENE 2.

127. Line 3: *By inch-meal; i.e.* inch by inch, as in *piecemeal*, which we still use. In Cymbeline, ii. 4. 147, Shakespeare uses *limb-meal* in a similar sense:

> O, that I had her here, to tear her *limb-meal!*

The termination "-meal" is from the Anglo-Saxon *mælum*, the dative of *mæl*, a part.

128. Line 9: *that* MOW *and chatter at me.*—Compare iv. 1. 47, where the word is used as a noun. It is only used as a noun in two other places—Hamlet, ii. 2. 381, 382: "those that would make *mows* at him while my father lived," and Cymbeline, i. 6. 41: "Contemn with *mows* the other." In the former passage the Qq. read "mouths," and the expression "to make mouths" (as we now say, "to make faces") occurs in Hamlet, iv. 4. 50, and Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 238. The original word was *mows*, which means grimaces. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives: "A mow [mock] *labrorum diductio;*" and "To mow, *labra diducere, vultum & os distorquere.*"

129. Line 21: *bombard; i.e.* a large flagon made of leather. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 496, 497: "that swoll'n parcel of dropsies, that huge *bombard* of sack;" and Henry VIII. v. 4. 85, 86:

> And here ye lie baiting of *bombards*, when
> Ye should do service.

130. Lines 28–34: *Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,* &c.—Such exhibitions were frequent in Shakespeare's time. Malone quotes from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert: "A license to James Seale to shew a *strange fish* for half a yeare, the 3d of September, 1632." The *dead Indian* may perhaps be an allusion to the Indians brought to England by Sir Martin Frobisher in 1576.

131. Line 40: *gaberdine.*—See Merchant of Venice, note 98.

132. Line 52: *For she had a tongue with a* TANG.—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 163: "let thy tongue *tang* arguments of state." In both places the word seems to be used of a loud unpleasant sound, like *twang*. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Tang, *or* tack; an ill taste in meat."

133. Line 65: *while Stephano breathes* AT NOSTRILS.—Ff. read *at' nostrils*, which the Cambridge edd. print *at's nostrils*. But compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 254, 255: "He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd *at mouth,*" &c.

134. Line 73: *any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.*—Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 1. 29, 30: "As proper men as *ever trod upon neat's leather* have gone upon my handiwork." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Vache (*ou* Cuir de Vache) *Neats Leather.*"

135. Lines 83, 84: *I know it by thy* TREMBLING: *now Prosper works upon thee.*—Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 4. 54:

> Mark how he *trembles* in his ecstasy!

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1603: "All the spirits with much adoe being commaunded to goe downe into her left foote, they

did it with vehement *trembling*, and shaking of her leg" (pp. 58, 59).

136. Line 86: *here is that which will give language to you*, CAT.—An allusion to the proverb, that good liquor will make a cat speak. For *cat*, as a term of abuse, see Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 260:

> Hang off, thou *cat*, thou burr! vile thing, let loose.

137. Line 103: *I have no long spoon.*—Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 3. 64, 65: "Marry, he must have a *long spoon* that must eat with the devil." The proverb is frequently alluded to in the old writers.

138. Line 110: *moon-calf.*—Nares quotes Holland's Pliny, vii. 15: "A false conception called Mola, *i.e.* a *moone calfe*, that is to say, a lumpe of flesh without shape, without life, and so hard withall, that uneth a knife will enter and pierce it either with edge or point." Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has "A moon-calf, *partus lunaris*," and Boyer renders *Mole*, "a Tympany or Moon-calf." Drayton has a poem called *The Mooncalf*.

139. Line 126: *sack.*—See note 41 to I. Henry IV.

140. Line 144: *My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.*—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 136, 137:

> This man, with lanthorn, *dog*, *and bush* of thorn,
> Presenteth Moonshine.

The *bush* was the bundle of sticks for which the "Man in the Moon" was condemned to his exile, according to the story which identifies him with the Sabbath-breaking Israelite in Numbers xv.

141. Lines 175, 176:

> *sometimes I'll get thee*
> *Young* SCAMELS *from the rock.*

This is the reading of the Ff., but the word is quite unknown elsewhere. Ten substitutes have been proposed, such as *sea-mells*, *shamois*, *stannels*, *staniels*, but without any certainty or particular probability. Holt stated that *scam* was in some places used for a limpet, and that *scamels* was probably a diminutive. But he does not tell us where these places are. Since then, Stevenson, in his Birds of Norfolk (ii. 260), states that the gunners of Blakeney call the female Bar-tailed Godwit, *scamel*. But as these birds are not known to breed among the rocks, the identification is only partial—unless we suppose that Shakespeare made a mistake as to their habits, a supposition not so incredible as it has seemed to some.

142. Line 187: *trencher.*—Ff. have *trenchering*, no doubt a misprint through confusion with the *firing* and *requiring* of the preceding lines. The correction was made by Pope, after Dryden.

143. Line 190: *hey-day!*—Ff. print *high-day*, and in other places of Shakespeare *hoy-day*.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

144. Line 2: *sets off.*—This is Rowe's correction; Ff. have *set off*.

145. Lines 14, 15:

> *But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,*
> *Most* BUSIEST *when I do it.*

The only real difficulty in this passage is in the last imperfect line. F. 1 reads:

> Most *busie lest*, when I doe it.

The question is whether *lest* really belongs to the word *busie*, or whether it was meant to be another word, viz. *least*, or *left*. The numerous emendations, suggested by various editors and commentators, and what may be called the vast undisciplined army of amateur emendators, reflect more credit upon their ingenuity than upon their common sense. Among the various conjectures we may mention Spedding's

> Most *busiest* when *idlest*,

a very pretty antithesis; that of the Cambridge edd.:

> Most busy *left* when *idlest*;

and the most sensible of all, that of Bray:

> Most busy *when least* I do it.

Some are content to adopt the meaning of the latter reading, but to leave the words as arranged in the text, merely altering the punctuation of F. 1 by adding a comma after *busy* instead of after *lest*, reading thus:

> Most busy, *least* when I do it;

Ferdinand's meaning being that he is *most busy*, *i.e.* "most occupied with his thoughts when *idlest* with his hand." This is pretty nearly a paraphrase of the explanation of the line, as given by Verplanck and followed by Rolfe, who both adopted this arrangement of the words. This emendation (substantially) was proposed in Notes and Queries (7th S. vii. 504) by Mr. H. Wedgwood, who would read:

> Most busy least when I do.

He says that the reading "occurred to him in sleep;" but it was hardly necessary, one would have thought, to go to sleep to arrive at such a very simple conclusion. In Notes and Queries (7th S. vii. 403) Mr. R. M. Spence proposes quite a new reading:

> I forget
> But these sweet thoughts; do even refresh my labours
> Most busiest, when I do it;

which he explains thus: "In prose the whole passage would read thus: 'I forget everything but these sweet thoughts, and when I do so my busiest labours, instead of wearying, even refresh me.'" As far as the removal of the colon of F. 1 goes, and the inverted construction, awkward as it is, of *do even refresh my labours*—"my labours even do refresh me" this conjecture may be defended; but it seems to me that all these ingenious conjectures are utterly unnecessary Because the word *lest* or *least*, in connection with *most*, suggests some antithesis, it does not follow that any was intended: while Shakespeare is so fond of the use of the double superlative, *e.g.* in the well-known passage in Julius Cæsar (iii. 2. 187):

> This was the *most unkindest* cut of all;

and Hamlet, ii. 2. 122: "O *most best*,"—especially where he wants to be emphatic, as he does here,—that it really seems to me unnecessary to go beyond the text, as it stands in F. 1, for the true reading of the passage. It is most probable that Shakespeare intended to write the superlative of *busily*, an adverb which he uses in two passages, I. Henry IV. v. 5. 38, and Titus Andronicus, iv. 1. 45. Mr. Spence, in his communication already referred to, mentions *busiliest* as having been suggested by Mr. John Bulloch;

and he remarks "to form *his* word, he has had to knock out of the text an *e* and insert an *i*." But really it is difficult to imagine a more likely blunder for the printer to fall into, than to print *busielest* or *busie lest* for *bus'lyest* or *bus'liest*, as the word might have been written in the MS. Mr. Holcombe Ingleby (Notes and Queries, 7th S. vii. 504): "Were *busilest* analogous to the *easilest* in 'Cymbeline' I should prefer that reading, as requiring only the slightest alteration; but as the analogy will not hold, perhaps *busiest* is the reading to be preferred." I must confess myself I do not see any difficulty about the form *busilest;* but, however, *busiest* is perhaps the word which Shakespeare really intended to write when he found that the superlative of the adverb, *busiliest,* was not pleasant to the ear.

The reading we have adopted may seem, when compared with some of the various emendations given above, to be a little commonplace; but we prefer to rest under that imputation rather than to try and alter Shakespeare's text, when neither sound nor sense absolutely demands it. Speaking personally, if I ventured on any emendations in this passage it would be, in line 14, to substitute *ever* for *even*, by which slight alteration, perhaps, the sequence of Ferdinand's thoughts would be more easily followed. The meaning of the passage is clear: "I forget the task I have to do: but these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours—dull as they are"—or reading *ever* "do always refresh my labours;" then he adds, as a sort of after thought, "and they are most busy, *i.e. busiest* in refreshing them, when I am actually occupied in my labour." We might have expected *them* instead of *it,* but the change to the singular is very natural. Does it not refer to the *sore injunction* (line 11) or to the *mean task* (line 4) which her "crabbed father" enjoins him to do? Indeed if we give to *it* this meaning, and remember that it would include as a contrast to the *sweet* tenderness of his "sweet mistress," the equally sweet thoughts which her tender sympathy suggests, *it* is more forcible than *them.*—F. A. M.

146. Lines 37, 38:

> *Admir'd Miranda!*
> *Indeed the* TOP OF ADMIRATION.

There is, of course, a play here upon the meaning of the name Miranda. With *top of admiration* compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 76: "He, which is the *top of judgment.*" See note 74 to that play.

147. Line 53: *I am* SKILLESS *of.—Skilless* is used for ignorant in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 132, and Troilus and Cressida, i. 1. 12. In Twelfth Night, iii. 3. 9, we have "*skilless* in these parts," *i.e.* unacquainted with them.

148. Line 62: *This wooden slavery than to suffer.*—This line is wanting in a foot, which Dyce supplied by *tamely.* Pope read "than *I would* suffer," which not only improves the metre, but makes the construction more regular. But apart from this emendation being a sheer conjecture, the faulty construction is quite common in Shakespeare. Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 2. 33, 34:

> Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
> But in a dream of friendship?

149. Line 70: *hollowly.*—This word is used again in Measure for Measure, ii. 3. 22, 23:

> And try your penitence, if it be sound,
> Or *hollowly* put on.

150. Line 93: *Who are surpris'd* WITHAL.—Ff. print *with all,* which some editors retain, to the clear damage, I think, of the sense. The sense evidently is: "I cannot be so glad of this as they, but I am not only glad but surprised too."

ACT III. Scene 2.

151. Line 3: *Servant-monster.*—There is an allusion to this in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, 1614, Induction: "If there be never a *servant monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries."

152. Line 29: *debosh'd.*—This is the only spelling of "debauched" used by Shakespeare. Coles, Latin Dictionary, has: "To debosh, *corrumpo, ad requitiam adduco.*" *Deboshed* is still the vulgar pronunciation of the word.

153. Line 41: *mutineer.*—The more general form of the word in Shakespeare's time was *mutiner.* As such it occurs in Coriolanus, i. 1. 254. Cotgrave has "Mutinateur: m. A mutiner." Compare *muleters* in I. Henry VI. iii. 2. 68, and see note 223 to Antony and Cleopatra.

154. Line 79: *make a stock-fish of thee.*—The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave, s.v. Carillon: "Ie te frotteray à double carillon. I will beat thee like a stockfish, I will scourge thee while I may stand ouer thee."

155. Line 86: *I did not give the lie.*—F. 4 inserts *thee,* but unnecessarily. Trinculo's surly answer is more natural without the word than with it.

156. Line 96: THEN *thou mayst brain him.*—Ff. and most edd. read *there.* The emendation adopted occurred independently to Collier's MS. Corrector and to Dyce. It seems to me the correction of an obvious misprint. See too the subsequent "Wilt thou destroy him *then?*" There is no question of place, only of time—"the afternoon."

157. Line 101: *a sot.—Sot* is used here, as always in Shakespeare, in the sense of the French *sot,* a fool. The meaning we now attach to it is a secondary one. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, renders the French *sot,* "a Sot, or Fool, a silly Man, a simpleton, a block-head."

158. Line 105: *Which, when he has a house, he'll* DECK *withal.*—Hanmer reads *deck't,* but the confused construction was probably Shakespeare's.

159. Line 127: *while-ere; i.e.* erewhile, formerly—the only use of the word in Shakespeare. In the Ff. it is spelt *whileare.* Compare Spenser, Faerie Queene, i. 9. 28:

> That cursed wight, from whom I scapt *whyleare,*
> A man of hell, that calls himself Dispaire.

160. Line 131: *Flout 'em and* SCOUT *'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em.*—The first *scout* is printed in Ff. *cout.*

161. Line 132: *Thought is free.*—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 3. 73, and see note 25 to that play.

162. Line 136: *the picture of Nobody.*—Reed understands this as an allusion to "the print of *No-body,* as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of 'No-body and Some-body;' without date, but printed before the year 1600;" Halli-

well thinks it refers to a figure (consisting only of head, arms, and legs) illustrating a popular ballad, The Well-spoken Nobody.

163. Line 146: *a thousand* TWANGLING *instruments.*—See note 81 to The Taming of the Shrew.

164. Line 161: Trin. *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.*—Ritson would give the first clause to Stephano, and he has much appearance of reason on his side; but on the whole I think the F. reading the best, and Heath right in his explanation that the *Wilt come* is addressed to Caliban, "who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the musick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the dispatching Prospero, seems, for some little time, to have staid behind."

ACT III. Scene 3.

165. Line 2: *ache.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *akes.*

166. Lines 2, 3:

here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders!

Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 157, 158:

if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct *forth-right.*

Knight explains that there is an allusion to an artificial maze, "sometimes constructed of straight lines (forth-rights), sometimes of circles (meanders)."

167. Line 21: *A living drollery; i.e.* a puppet-show in which the performers are alive. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian, ii. 2: "I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty." The word is used again by Shakespeare, in II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 156: "a pretty slight *drollery;*" but this more probably means a humorous painting.

168. Lines 22, 23:

in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne.

Malone quotes Lyly's Euphues [ed. Arber, p. 312]: "For as there is but one Phœnix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia, where-in she buyldeth." Steevens cites Holland's Pliny, book x. ch. 2: "I myself verily have heard strange things of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird Phœnix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree [called in Greek, φοίνιξ]; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung again." Compare The Phœnix and the Turtle, 1–3:

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be.

169. Line 29: *islanders.*—F. 1 has *Islands;* the error is corrected in F. 2.

170. Line 39: *Praise in departing.*—This was a proverbial expression. Hazlitt (English Proverbs, p. 318) gives: "*Praise at parting,* and behold well the end."

171. Lines 44, 45:

mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls.

Evidently an allusion to the sufferers from *goître* among the Alps and other mountainous districts. Steevens refers to an account of them, accessible to Shakespeare, in Maundeville's Travels, 1503.

172. Lines 46, 47:

such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts.

Compare Othello, i. 3. 144, 145:

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Steevens quotes Holland's Pliny, bk. v. ch. 8: "The Blemmyi, by report, haue no heads, but mouth and eies both in their breasts;" and Malone cites Hakluyt's Voyages: "On that branch which is called *Caora* are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts."

173. Line 48: *Each putter-out of* FIVE FOR ONE.—Steevens says: "In this age of travelling, it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So, Puntarvolo, (it is Theobald's quotation,) in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour [ii. 1]: "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on. to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some *five* thousand pound, to be paid me *five* for *one*, upon the return of myself and wife, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople." Thirlby conjectured that the passage should be read: "Each putter-out of *one for five,*" a reading adopted by Malone; Theobald read "*on* five for one." But as it stands the meaning is obvious: "*at the rate* of five for one."

174. Line 52: Stage-direction. "Enter Ariel, like a harpy," &c.—Steevens quotes Phaer's translation of Virgil, Æneid, iii.:

faste to meate we fall.
But sodenly from downe the hills with grisly fall to syght,
The harpies come, and beating wings with great noys out thei shright,
And at our meate they snatch.

Milton adopts the same device in Paradise Regained, ii. 401–403:

with that
Both tables and provisions vanish'd quite,
With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard.

175. Line 65: *One* DOWLE *that's in my plume.*—*Dowle* is used for a fibre of down: the words *down* and *dowle* are apparently equivalent. Steevens (Var. Ed. xv. 128) gives the following communication from Mr. Tollet: "In a small book, entitled Humane Industry: or, A History of most Manual Arts, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following passage: 'The wool-bearing trees in Ethiopia, which Virgil speaks of, and the Eriophori Arbores in Theophrastus, are not such trees as have a certain wool or *dowl* upon the outside of them, as the small cotton; but short trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call Cott, the Græcians Gossypium, the Italians Bombagio, and we Bombase." The Clarendon Press ed. says that the word is still used in Gloucestershire. See Notes and Queries, Second Series, viii. 483: "the plumage of young goslings before they have feathers is called *dowle.*" Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has: "Young dowl, *lanugo.*" Boyer (French Dictionary) gives: "Dowl, *v.* Down, au premier sens."

176. Line 81: *heart's-sorrow.*—Ff. have *hearts-sorrow;* the reading in the text is Rowe's. The Cambridge edd. print *heart-sorrow.*

177. Lines 86, 87:

with good life,
And observation strange.

That is, says Johnson, "with exact presentation of their several characters, with observation strange of [rare attention to] their particular and distinct parts." The Clarendon Press ed. compares, for this use of *life*, Much Ado, ii. 3. 110: "There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the *life* of passion as she discovers it."

178. Line 92: *whom they suppose is drown'd.*—This is of course a mingling of two constructions, as in King John, iv. 2. 164–166:

the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

179. Line 3: *a* THREAD *of mine own life.*—Ff. print *third*, which, says Dyce, "is rather an old spelling than a mistake: in early books we occasionally find *third* for *thrid*, *i.e.* thread. (The form *thrid* occurs in Dryden, and, I believe, in still more recent writers.)" Sir John Hawkins quotes Mucedorus, 1619, sig. C_3:

To cut in twaine the twisted *third* of life.

180. Lines 13, 14:

Then, as my GIFT, *and thine own acquisition*
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter.

Ff. print *guest*, an obvious misprint for *guift*, as the word is printed in line 8.

181. Line 15: *If thou dost break her* VIRGIN-KNOT, &c. —Compare Pericles, iv. 2. 160:

Untied I still my *virgin-knot* will keep.

The allusion is to the Roman marriage ceremony, in which the husband untied the bride's maiden girdle.

182. Line 18: *No sweet* ASPERSION *shall the heavens let fall.—Aspersion* is used here in its primitive sense of sprinkling, from the Latin *aspergo.* The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Bacon, Advancement of Learning, ed. Wright, i. 6. § 9: "So in this and very many other places in that law, there is to be found, besides the theological sense, much *aspersion* of philosophy" (p. 47)—where the word, as in the text, means sprinkling.

183. Line 41: *Some* VANITY *of mine art.*—That is, some illusion. Steevens quotes from the then unpublished romance of Emare, 105:

The emperour sayde on hygh,
Sertes thys ys a fayry,
Or ellys a vanyté.
—Ritson, Romances, ii. 208.

184. Line 43: *a twink.*—Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 312: "in a *twink* she won me to her love." Nares quotes Ferrex and Porrex:

Of him, a pereless prince,
Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a *twinke*, a senseless stock I saw.
—Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. Reed, i. 148.

The word is still used in the Northamptonshire dialect.

185. Line 54: *Or else good night your vow!*—Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 303: "Is this your speeding? nay, then, *good night our part!*" We still use "good-bye to" with a similar meaning.

186. Line 57: *a corollary; i.e.* a surplus. Cotgrave has: "Corolaire: m. A Corollarie; a surplusage, overplus, addition to, vantage aboue measure."

187. Line 58: *pertly; i.e.* briskly. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 13:

Awake the *pert* and nimble spirit of mirth,

and see note 6 to that play.

188. Line 63: *stover.*—The word is still used for the fodder made of clover and artificial grasses. In the 16th century it had a wider application, and meant almost any kind of winter fodder. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry (ed. Mavor), p. 47:

Thresh barley as yet, but as need shall require,
Fresh threshed for *stover*, thy cattle desire;

and p. 60:

Serve rye-straw first, then wheat-straw and pease,
Then oat-straw and barley, then hay if ye please:
But serve them with hay, while the straw *stover* last,
Then love they no straw, they had rather to fast.

Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders it by "*pabulum.*"

189. Line 64: *Thy banks with* PIONED *and* TWILLED *brims.*—F. 1 reads:

Thy bankes with *pioned*, and *twilled* brims,

which we, in common with the Cambridge edd. and others, have followed, rather than accept either of the two proposed emendations for *pioned;* that of Warburton, *pionied*, or that of Steevens, *peonied;* both of which words are practically the same, as the peony is called indifferently *piony* or *peony.* Still more absurd is Steevens' proposed substitute for *twilled*, namely, *lilied*, between which and Rowe's suggestion, *tuliped*, there is little to choose. Capell adopted Holt's *tilled*, which is simply a pleonasm; because there is no doubt, though Shakespeare himself does not use the word elsewhere than in this passage, that *pioned* or *pyoned* meant "digged" or "tilled."

An immense amount of unnecessary ingenuity has been spent in seeking to bewilder the reader as to the meaning of this passage. Let us look at the context. Iris is addressing Ceres:

thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with *pioned* and *twilled* brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns.

Now it is quite clear that, if the banks of this stream exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of being ornamented with *peonies*, a flower which, whatever any writer may say, has never been really found wild in England—the only quasi-wild ones being, undoubtedly, casual plants escaped from cultivation—what need was there for "spongy April" to betrim them further? Shakespeare was far too observant, at least of the superficial features of the country—and, indeed, as has been shown in previous notes, he often looked a long way below the surface —to represent such a monstrosity as masses of *peonies*

occurring by the side of an ordinary English stream. *Lilied* might perhaps be allowed—if flags were lilies; but even the lily of the valley does not grow by the side of English streams; while the only member of the *Lilium* family found wild in England (*Lilium Martagon*, or Turk's-cap lily), is not native, and grows only in woods. Shakespeare had often walked alongside the streams of Warwickshire; and he had observed how the action of the water, as well as that of the water-rats or water-voles, makes holes in the banks; and by constantly turning fresh earth up to the surface, which fresh earth is kept moist by the action of the water, furnishes the most fertile ground for wild flowers to grow. Who has ever gone botanizing near a river, and has not instinctively sought for the richest and most luxurious specimens nearest the bank? Nature there supplies of itself the labour of tillage, which I take to be Shakespeare's exact meaning in this passage; namely, that the ground, prepared for the reception of the flowers, is filled with flowers by April, the first month in which our beautiful wild flora really commences to bloom.

As for *pioned* used for *digged*, see Spenser's Fairy Queen, bk. ii. c. 11:

> Which to outbarre, with painefull *pyonings*
> From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound.

Twilled presents far more difficulty than *pioned;* it does not seem to appear in any of the old dictionaries, from the Promptorium Parvulorum downwards. It is not even to be found in Johnson; and "was first added by Todd," according to Skeat, who further says: "The word is Low German, and has reference to the peculiar method of doubling the warp-threads, or taking two of them together; it was probably introduced by Platt-deutsch workmen into the weaving trade, which connected us so much with the Low Countries." I have not succeeded in finding any instance of the use of the word in any other of the Elizabethan writers, or even in those of the seventeenth century. Richardson gives "*Tewell.* Written by Holland, *tuill.* Fr. *Tuiau, tuijau,* a pipe, quill, cane, reed, canel (Cotgrave)." The Imperial Dictionary gives: "[Perhaps a corruption of *quill;* comp. *twilt* for *quilt*] A reed; a quill; a spool to wind yarn on. [Provincial.]" Compare *quill* (see II. Henry VI. note 65). If we take this derivation of the word, it might mean "banks covered with reeds," or banks "in which holes of tubular shape had been made;" either sense would agree with our explanation of the passage.—F. A. M.

190. Line 66: BROOM-*groves.*—"*Broom,* in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium,* of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it; and in places where it is cultivated, still higher: a circumstance that had escaped my notice, till I was told of it by Professor Martyn" (Steevens). Hanmer, thinking that *broom* could not be spoken of as a *grove,* conjectured "*brown* groves."

191. Line 68: *thy pole-clipt vineyard; i.e.* vineyard in which the poles are clipt, or embraced, by the vines. The word *clip* in Shakespeare is in all but three instances used in the present sense, that of embrace.

192. Line 78: *saffron wings.*—Compare Virgil, Æneid, iv. 700: "Iris *croceis . . . pennis,*" which Phaer translates:

> Dame Rainbow down therfore with *saffron wings* of dropping shours,
> Whose face a thousand sundry hewes against the sunne deuours,
> From heauen descending came.

193. Line 85: *to estate.*—See note 18 to Midsummer Night's Dream.

194. Line 89: *The means that dusky* DIS *my daughter got.*—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 116–118:

> O Proserpina,
> For the flowers now, that frighted thou lett'st fall
> From *Dis's* wagon!

Compare Virgil, Æneid, vi. 127: "*atri . . . Ditis.*"

195. Line 90: *her blind boy's* SCANDAL'D *campany; i.e.* disgraceful. Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 74–76:

> if you know
> That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
> And after *scandal* them.

196. Line 96: *bed-*RIGHT.—So Ff.; most editors adopt the reading "bed-*rite.*" The words are often confused: in line 17 *rite* is spelt *right.* But here, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks, the reading of the Ff. is preferable. "A *right* may be paid, but a *rite* is performed."

197. Line 102: *Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.*—Compare Virgil, Æneid, i. 46: "divum incedo regina;" and see Pericles, v. 1. 112: "in *pace* another *Juno.*"

198. Line 110: EARTH'S *increase, foison plenty.*—Most editors insert, with F. 2, *and;* but *Earth's* is probably meant to be pronounced as a dissyllable, as *moones* in Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 7:

> Swifter than the *moones* sphere.

The attribution of the second stanza of this song to Ceres was the conjecture of Theobald, who saw that each deity was to sing of her own offices.

139. Lines 123, 124:

> *So rare a wonder'd father and a* WISE
> *Makes this place Paradise.*

Some copies of F. 1 read *wise,* some *wife;* the later Ff. all print *wise.* Most editors, following a conjecture of Rowe, made independently of the reading of the later Ff., read *wife.* The Cambridge edd. in the Cambridge and Globe editions adopt this reading; Mr. Aldis Wright in the Clarendon Press ed. prefers *wise.* I give his note, which seems to me entirely judicious: "Both readings of course yield an excellent sense, but it must be admitted that the latter seems to bring Ferdinand from his rapture back to earth again. He is lost in wonder at Prospero's magic power. It may be objected that in this case Miranda is left out altogether, but the use of the word 'father' shows that Ferdinand regarded her as one with himself."

200. Line 128: WANDERING *brooks.*—The Ff. have *wind-ring,* which seems to be a misprint for either *wand'ring* or *winding.* The former, which I have adopted, is the reading of Steevens; the latter is Rowe's.

201. Line 130: *Leave your* CRISP *channels.*—This no doubt refers, as Steevens points out, to "the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of the water"—in other words, the curl of the ripple. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 106, where Hotspur says the Severn "hid his *crisp* head in

the hollow bank." Compare Milton, Paradise Lost, iv. 237: "the *crisped* brooks;" and Tennyson, Claribel, line 19: "The babbling runnel *crispeth.*"

202. Lines 155, 156:

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a RACK *behind.*

It has always been a subject of marvel to me that it could have ever entered the mind of any person to alter the word *rack* in this sublime passage: yet such sound Shakespearian critics as Hanmer and Malone—the latter of whom Dyce, in some moment of temporary mental aberration, follows—wilfully substituted *track* in the first case, and in the latter case *wreck.* It is difficult to say which is the worse suggestion of the two; perhaps *wreck,* as it seems to introduce a more jarring element of shipwreck or other violent convulsion, which is entirely out of and remote from the beautiful picture that Shakespeare has here drawn. It will be noticed, by the careful reader or reciter, that it is the *cloudy* or vapourish element which dominates the passage, and is emphasized by the word *insubstantial. Rack* is a word so commonly used in connection with clouds, even to the present day, that it will suffice to recall the beautiful passage in Antony and Cleopatra, which we must quote at length in order to show that Shakespeare undoubtedly uses *rack* in the sense demanded by the text:

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The *rack* dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water. —iv. 14. 2–11.

Compare also Hamlet, ii. 2. 506.

For the benefit of those who believe in the eccentric myth that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, we may add from the former the following passage: "The winds in the upper regions which move the clouds above, (which we call the *rack,*) and are not perceived below, pass without noise" (Naturall Historie, § 115).—F. A. M.

203. Line 164: *Come with a thought!—I thank thee, Ariel: come!*—Theobald supposed that *I thank thee* was addressed to Ferdinand and Miranda, and altered *thee* to *you,* a change which Dyce strongly upholds (reading, however, *ye*). But I do not see the slightest reason for the change; indeed, it seems to me a distinct change for the worse. Why should not Ariel be thanked for the entertainment he has provided? He deserves it far more than Ferdinand and Miranda for their polite good wishes.

204. Line 166: *We must prepare to* MEET WITH *Caliban.*—*Meet with* is used here in the sense of encounter. Johnson compares Herbert's Country Parson, ch. x.: "He knows the temper and pulse of every person in the house, and accordingly either *meets* with their vices, or advanceth their virtues."

205. Line 177: ADVANC'D *their eyelids.*—Compare i. 2. 408:

The fringed curtains of thine eye *advance.*

And see note 89.

206. Line 182: *the filthy-*MANTLED *pool.*—Compare Lear, iii. 4. 139: "drinks the green *mantle* of the standing pool." Compare v. 1. 67 of the present play:

the ignorant fumes that *mantle*
Their clearer reason.

207. Line 184: *my bird.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 116:

Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, *bird,* come.

See Beaumont and Fletcher, The Knight of the Burning Pestle, ii. iii., where the Citizen says to his wife, "Peace a little, *bird,*" a term of endearment which alternates with mouse, duck, chicken, lamb, cony, honeysuckle, &c. Compare Twelfth Night, note 49.

208. Line 187: *stale; i.e.* a decoy. Compare Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 90:

To cast thy wandering eyes on every *stale;*

and Ben Jonson, Catiline, iii. 10:

Dull stupid Lentulus,
My *stale* with whom I stalk.

Cotgrave defines one of the meanings of Estalon: "a *stale* (as a Larke, &c.) wherewith Fowlers traine sillie birds vnto their destruction."

209. Lines 189, 190:

on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost.

Ff. print *all, all lost,* which seems an obvious misprint, altered by Hanmer, on Malone's suggestion, to *are all lost.* Sidney Walker's conjecture, *all are lost,* seems to me preferable, both as sounding better and as more likely to have been misprinted.

210. Line 193: *hang* THEM ON *this* LINE.—Ff. have *on them;* the correction was made by Rowe. *Line* is used here for "*lime*-tree" (see below, v. 1. 10: "the *line*-grove"). Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has: "A line-tree, *tilea.*"

211. Lines 197, 198: *play'd the* JACK *with us; i.e.* the Jack-o'-lantern, or *ignis fatuus.* Compare Much Ado, i. 1. 185, 186: "But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you *play the flouting Jack?*"—where to "play the Jack" seems to be used in the sense of play the knave. See note 34 to that play.

212. Line 221: *O King Stephano! O peer!*—There is an allusion here to the famous song of King Stephen, two stanzas of which are quoted in Othello, ii. 3. 92. (See note 108 to that play.) The stanza alluded to in the text is thus printed in Percy's Reliques:

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne,
He held them sixpence all too deere:
Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.

213. Line 225: *a frippery; i.e.* an old-clothes shop. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, gives: "Fripery, *Subst.* (a street of brokers) *Friperie;*" Coles renders "a frippery, *officina vestiarium tritarium, forum interpolatorium.*" Compare Massinger, the City Madam, i. 1, where, on Luke entering "with shoes, garters, fans, and roses," young Goldwire says: "He shows like a walking *frippery.*"

214. Lines 231, 232:

Let's ALONE,
And do the murder first.

Theobald changed *alone* to *along,* and has been very

generally followed. But it seems to me that by this change a point is lost. Caliban turns to Stephano, and says: "Let you and me set off *by ourselves*, and leave Trinculo, if he will, with his 'luggage.'" This seems to me the sense of *Let's alone*, which is of course equivalent to "Let's *go* alone."

215. Line 249: *And all be turn'd to* BARNACLES *or to apes.—Barnacles* is used here for the geese into which the shell-fish of that name were supposed to turn. Collins and Phillipps (Var. Ed. xv. 155) quote passages from Gerarde's Herbal: I give the longer quotation contained in the Clarendon Press ed.: "In Gerarde's Herbal (1597), p. 1391, is a chapter 'Of the Goose tree, Barnakle tree, or the tree bearing Geese,' in which it is said, 'There are founde in the north parts of Scotland, & the Ilands adiacent, called Orchades, certaine trees, whereon doe growe certaine shell fishes, of a white colour tending to russet; wherein are conteined little liuing creatures: which shels in time of maturitie doe open, and out of them grow those little liuing things; which falling into the water, doe become foules, whom we call Barnakles, in the north of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree Geese.' Gerarde then goes on to tell what he had himself seen in 'a small Ilande in Lancashire called the Pile of Fouldres,' where branches of trees were cast ashore, 'whereon is found a certaine spume or froth, that in time breedeth vnto certaine shels, in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour.' In process of time the thing contained in these shells 'falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a foule, bigger then a Mallard, and lesser then a Goose; hauing blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such maner as is our Magge-Pie, called in some places a Pie-Annet, which the people of Lancashire call by no other name then a tree Goose; which place aforesaide, and all those parts adioining, do so much abound therewith, that one of the best is bought for three pence: for the truth heerof, if any doubt, may it please them to repaire vnto me, and I shall satisfie them by the testimonie of good witnesses.'"

216. Line 262: *cat-o'-mountain.*—Compare Merry Wives, ii. 2. 27: "your *cat-a-mountain* looks." Boyer gives: "Cat-a-Mountain, (a Mongrel Sort of wild Cat) *Chat-pard.*" The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Topsell, History of Four-footed Beasts: "The greatest therefore they call Panthers, as Bellunensis writeth. The second they call Pardals, and the third, least of all, they call Leopards, which for the same cause in England is called a Cat of the Mountain" (p. 448).

217. Line 264: LIE *at my mercy all mine enemies.*—Ff. have *Lies*, which is perhaps what Shakespeare wrote. Rolfe mentions that *Lies* is found plural in Shakespeare at least five times, in three of which the rhyme forbids any change.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

218. Line 10: *In the* LINE-GROVE *which* WEATHER-FENDS *your cell.*—On *line-grove* (*i.e.* lime-grove) see note 210. *Weather-fends*=protects from the weather. Boyer (Fr. Dict.) has "To Fend off, *Verb Act.* (to keep off) *Parer, detourner;*" and Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "To Fend, *defendo, protelo.*" The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, The Humorous Lieutenant, v. 4:

> And such a coil there is,
> Such *fending* and such proving.

"Fending and proving," however, was a familiar phrase, a sort of idiom. Boyer gives: "Don't stand fending and proving, (*or* justifying yourself) *Ne raisonnez pas tant, ne faites pas tant le raisonneur.*"

219. Line 16: *His tears* RUN *down his beard.*—F. 1 has *runs.*

220. Lines 23, 24:

> *that relish all as sharply*
> *Passion as they.*

This is the punctuation of F. 3 and F. 4; F. 1 and F. 2 insert a comma after *sharply*, in which case *passion* would be a verb. The reading of F. 3 seems to give the better sense.

221. Lines 33–50.—Shakespeare's indebtedness to Ovid, Met. vii. 197–219, in this speech, was first pointed out by Warburton. I give the passage from Golding's translation, which Shakespeare had evidently read:

> Ye Ayres and Windes: ye Elues of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
> Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye euerychone.
> Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)
> I haue compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
> By charmes I make the calme seas rough, & make the rough seas playne.
> And couer all the Skie with clouds and chase them thence againe.
> By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers iaw.
> And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
> Whole woods and Forrests I remooue: I make the Mountaines shake,
> And euen the earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake.
> I call vp dead men from their graues and thee, O lightsome Moone
> I darken oft, through beaten brasse abate thy perill soone.
> Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes the Sun at Noone.
> The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake
> And caused their vnwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
> Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortall warre did set
> And brought asleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were neuer shet.

222. Line 37: *green-sour ringlets.*—This alludes to the fairy-circles in the grass, once thought to be the scenes of elfin revels, caused really by a fungous growth. Rolfe quotes Dr. Grey (Notes on Shakespeare), who says that they "are higher, *sowrer*, and of a deeper green than the grass which grows round them." Compare, for allusions to the superstition, Merry Wives, v. 5. 69, 70:

> And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
> Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring.

223. Line 39: *mushrooms.*—F. 1, F. 2 have *Mushrumps*, the old spelling of the word.

224. Line 43: *the* AZUR'D *vault.*—S. Walker conjectured *azure*, but such participles used for adjectives are common in Shakespeare. See the long list in Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, § 294.

225. Lines 59, 60:

> *thy brains,*
> *Now useless,* BOIL'D *within thy skull!*

Ff. have *boile;* the correction was made by Pope. Compare Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 64, 65: "Would any but these *boiled brains* of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?" and Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 4:

> Lovers and madmen have such *seething brains.*

226. Line 62: HOLY *Gonzalo.*—Collier's MS. Corrector changes *Holy* to *Noble*, observing that Gonzalo was "in no respect *holy*." But, as Staunton observes, "the word '*holy*,' in Shakespeare's time, besides its ordinary meaning of *godly, sanctified*, and the like, signified also *pure, just, righteous*, &c." Compare Winter's Tale, v. 1. 170, 171:

> You have a *holy* father,
> A graceful gentleman;

and Coriolanus, iii. 3. 111–113:

> I do love
> My country's good with a respect more tender,
> More *holy*, and profound, than mine own life.

227. Line 64: FALL FELLOWLY *drops; i.e.* let fall companionable drops. For *fall* used actively compare ii. 1. 296: "To *fall* it on Gonzalo." On *fellowly* see Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, § 447, and compare "traitorly" in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 822. Johnson, in his Dictionary, quotes from Tusser:

> One seed for another, to make an exchange,
> With *fellowly* neighbourhood, seemeth not strange.
> —Ed. Mavor, p. 182.

Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "Fellow like, *socialiter*."

228. Lines 74–76:

> *Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.*
> *You, brother mine, that* ENTERTAIN'D *ambition,*
> *Expell'd remorse and nature;* WHO, *with Sebastian*, &c.

Ff. have:

> Thou art pinch'd for 't now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud
> You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
> Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian.

The text I have adopted is that of Dyce, who in the first line follows Theobald, in the second the reading of F. 2, in the third the emendation of Rowe.

229. Line 85: *I will disease me; i.e.* undress myself. The word is used again in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 647–649: "therefore *disease thee* instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman." "Uncase" is used in the same sense in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 707, 708: "Do you not see Pompey is *uncasing* for the combat?" and Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 212:

> *Uncase* thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak.

230. Lines 91, 92:

> *On the bat's back I do fly*
> *After* SUMMER *merrily.*

Theobald altered *summer* to *sunset*, very unnecessarily, as Shakespeare doubtless meant to say that Ariel *flies after* (*i.e.* pursues) *summer* on the bird of summer evenings, the *bat*.

231. Line 111: WHETHER *thou be'st he or no.*—Ff. have *Where*, as the word is no doubt meant to be pronounced. Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 1. 60:

> Good sir, say *whe'r* you 'll answer me or no.

232. Lines 123, 124:

> *You do yet taste*
> *Some subtilties o' the isle.*

Steevens observes: "This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty*. Dragons, castles, trees, &c., made out of sugar, had the like denomination." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Fabyan's Chronicle, ed. 1542, ii. 366, where the author, describing the feast at the coronation of Katharine, queen of Henry V., speaks of "a *sotyltye* called a Pellycane syttyng on his nest with the byrdes, and an ymage of saynte Katheryne holdyng a boke and disputyng with the doctoures."

233. Line 128: *And* JUSTIFY *you traitors.—Justify* is here used in the sense of prove, as in All 's Well, iv. 3. 64–66:

> *Sec. Lord.* How is this *justified?*
> *First Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters.

234. Line 136: *who.*—F. 1 has *whom;* the correction is made in F. 2.

235. Line 139: *I am* WOE *for 't, sir.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 14. 133: "*Woe, woe* are we;" Cymbeline, v. 5. 297 (F. 1): "I am *sorrow* for thee."

236. Line 171: Stage-direction.—Rolfe quotes from Professor Allen, who points out that Shakespeare may have introduced *chess* here because he knew "that there was a special appropriateness in representing a prince of Naples as a chess-player, since Naples, in the poet's day, was the centre of chess-playing, and probably famed as such throughout Europe."

237. Line 199: *Let us not burden our* REMEMBRANCE *with.*—Ff. have *remembrances*, which Pope corrected.

238. Line 226: *My* TRICKSY *spirit!*—The word tricksy occurs only here and in the Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 74, 75:

> that for a *tricksy* word
> Defy the matter.

Compare the verb "trick" in Henry V. iii. 6. 79–81: "and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they *trick* up with new-tuned oaths." Nares quotes the anonymous play of Grim the Collier:

> Marry indeed, there is a *tricksey* girl.

239. Line 230: *We were dead of sleep; i.e.* "on sleep," or "asleep." Dyce quotes, as an instance of the very common confusion between *of* and *on*, The Warres of Cyrus King of Persia, 1594, sig. A 4:

> This stout Assyrian hath a liberall looke,
> And, *of* my soule, is farre from trecherie.

Compare, too, Marlow, Jew of Malta, iv. 4: "Upon mine own freehold, within forty feet of the gallows, conning his neck-verse, I take it, looking *of* a friar's execution."

240. Line 234: *more.*—Ff. have *mo* and *moe*.

241. Line 236: *her.*—So Theobald, on the conjecture of Thirlby; Ff. print *our*.

242. Lines 243, 244:

> *more than nature*
> *Was ever* CONDUCT *of.*

Compare Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 116:

> Come, bitter *conduct*, come, unsavoury guide!

and Richard III. i. 1. 43–45:

> His majesty,
> Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
> This *conduct* to convey me to the Tower.

243. Line 258: CORAGIO, *bully-monster, coragio!*—Shakespeare uses *Coragio* again in All 's Well, ii. 5. 97: "Bravely, *coragio!*" Steevens quotes the word from Florio's Montaigne: "You often cried *Coragio.*" On *bully*, as a

familiar term, meaning "good fellow"—the only use of the word in Shakespeare—see note 144 to Midsummer Night's Dream. In Coles' Latin Dictionary the only meaning given to the word is "*vir fortis & animosus.*"

244. Line 271: *And deal in her command, without her power.*—It is rather difficult to see which of two or three contradictory meanings should be assigned to this line. Steevens understands it as meaning "that Sycorax, with less general power than the moon, could produce the same effects on the sea." Malone supposes that Prospero meant to say "that Sycorax could control the moon, and act as her Vicegerent, without being commissioned, authorized, or *empowered* by her to do so." Staunton—with more reason—interprets *without her power* as "beyond her power," and compares Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 156–158:

> our intent
> Was to be gone from Athens where we might,
> Be *without* peril of the Athenian law.

245. Line 279: *reeling ripe.*—This is best interpretated by Schmidt, who explains it in his Lexicon as "in a state of intoxication sufficiently advanced for reeling." Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 274:

> The King was *weeping-ripe* for a good word;

and Beaumont and Fletcher, Woman's Prize, ii. 1:

> My son Petruchio, he's like little children
> That lose their baubles, *crying-ripe.*

246. Line 280: *this grand liquor that hath* GILDED *'em.*—*Gilded* was a slang term for "made drunk." The term arose from certain jokes comparing sack with the *Aurum potabile*, or grand elixir, of the alchemists. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 36, 37:

> that great medicine hath
> With his tinct *gilded* thee—

where the reference is solely to the elixir. For *gilded* in the sense of drunk, compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Chances, iv. 3:

> *Duke.* Is she not drunk too?
> *2 Con.* A little *gilded o'er*, sir.

The expression is one of the many polite ways of conveying a well-understood fact which abound in every language. Compare the Cape Dutch euphemism, "to be *nice*," and, nearer home, the singularly merciful and graceful French idiom, "être dans les vignes du Seigneur"—a delightful phrase which somehow has never become naturalized among us, favoured as we are with labourers in that vineyard.

247. Line 289: *This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.*—Capell, improving the metre, but not rectifying the grammar so much as he thought, read:

> This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

As for the metre, the lines preceding conform to no regular rhythm, and the present one need be supposed no more regular than they. So far as grammar is concerned, the first *as* was sometimes omitted in Elizabethan English. See Abbott's Grammar, § 276, and compare I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 167–169:

> A mighty and a fearful head they are,
> . . . . . .
> *As* ever offer'd foul play in a state.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN THE TEMPEST.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Abstemious	iv.	1	53
Acquisition	iv.	1	13
Afore (adv.)	ii.	2	78
African	ii.	1	125
*A-ground	i.	1	4
*A-hold	i.	1	52
Angle[1]	i.	2	223
Aspersion	iv.	1	18
Backward (sub.)	i.	2	50
Barley	iv.	1	61
Barnacles	iv.	1	249
Baseless	iv.	1	151
Bass (verb)	iii.	3	99
Bat-fowling	ii.	1	185
Bedimmed	v.	1	41
Bed-right	iv.	1	96
Bell[2]	v.	1	89
Betrims	iv.	1	65
Blasphemous	i.	1	44
*Blue-eyed	i.	2	269
Bow[3]	iv.	1	80, 86
Bow, wow	i.	2	382, 383
Bowsprit	i.	2	200
Brained (adj.)	iii.	2	7
Broom-groves	iv.	1	66
Bully-monster	v.	1	258
Calf-like	iv.	1	179
Cellar	ii.	2	136
Charmingly	iv.	1	119
Chick	v.	1	316
Chirurgeonly	ii.	1	140
Closeness	i.	2	90
Cloud-capped	iv.	1	152
Cock-a-diddle-dow[4]	i.	2	386
Compensation	iv.	1	2
Confederates (vb.)	i.	2	111
Convulsions	iv.	1	260
Coral[5] (sub.)	i.	2	397
Corollary	iv.	1	57
Correspondent	i.	2	297
Courses[6]	i.	1	53
Cradled	i.	2	464
Cubit	ii.	1	257
Dams[7]	ii.	2	184
Dear-beloved	v.	1	309
Demi-puppets	v.	1	36
Deservedly	i.	2	361
Diversity	v.	1	234
*Dove-drawn	iv.	1	94
Dowle	iii.	3	65
Down[8]	iv.	1	81
Drowsiness	ii.	1	199
Earthed	ii.	1	234
Entertainer	ii.	1	17
Ever-angry	i.	2	289
Ever-harmless	iv.	1	129
Expeditious	v.	1	315
Extirpate	i.	2	125
Eye[9]	ii.	1	55
Fellowly	v.	1	64
Filberts	ii.	2	175
Firing (sub.)	ii.	2	185
Fish-like	ii.	2	27
Flat-long	ii.	1	181
Flesh-fly	iii.	1	63
Flote	i.	2	234
Fly-blowing	v.	1	284
Footfall	ii.	2	12
Footing[10]	iv.	1	138
Foot-licker	iv.	1	218
Fresh-brook	i.	2	463
Freshes	iii.	2	75
Fringed	i.	2	408

1 = a corner.
2 = cup of a flower.
3 = rainbow.
4 *cockaldidle-dowe* in F. 1.
5 Son. cxxx. 2.
6 = sails.
7 For confining water.
8 = a tract of naked hilly land; Venus and Adonis, 677.
9 = a tinge or shade.
10 = dance; used frequently elsewhere in other senses

WORDS PECULIAR TO THE TEMPEST.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Frippery	iv.	1	226
Furrow[1] (sub.)	iv.	1	135
Furtherer	v.	1	73
Furze	i.	1	70
	iv.	1	180
Gather[2]	v.	1	1
*Gentle-kind	iii.	3	32
Glut	i.	1	63
Goss	iv.	1	180
Grass-plot	iv.	1	73
Grind[3]	iv.	1	259
Hag-born	i.	2	283
Hag-seed	i.	2	365
Heart's-sorrow	iii.	3	81
Heath[4]	i.	1	70
Hey-day!	ii.	2	190
Honeycomb	i.	2	329
*Honey-drops	iv.	1	79
Horse-piss	iv.	1	199
Incharitable	i.	1	44
Inch-meal	ii.	2	3
Infest	v.	1	246
Insubstantial	iv.	1	155
Irreparable	v.	1	140
Jingling	v.	1	233
Lass-lorn	iv.	1	68
Legged	ii.	2	36
Level[5]	iv. 1		239, 244
Line-grove	v.	1	10
Log-man	iii.	1	67
Lorded	i.	2	97
Lush	ii.	1	52
Main-course	i.	1	38
Mallows	ii.	1	144
Man-monster	iii.	2	14
Marmoset	ii.	2	174
Meanders	iii.	3	3
Mill-wheels	i.	2	281

1 Son. xxii. 3.

2 = to become ripe.

3 = to afflict cruelly; used elsewhere in other senses.

4 = a plant; = a common, Macbeth, i. 1. 6: 3. 77.

5 = an instrument; used in other senses elsewhere.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Moon-calf	ii.	2	110, 116, 138
	iii. 2		24, 25
Mop (sub.)	iv.	1	47
Mountaineers[6]	iii.	3	44
Mudded	iii.	3	102
	v.	1	151
Muscles[7]	i.	2	463
Mushrooms	v.	1	39
Mutineer[8] (sub.)	iii.	2	41
Naiads	iv.	1	128
Nettle-seed	ii.	1	144
*New-dyed	ii.	1	64
*New-formed	i.	2	83
Ninny[9]	iii.	2	71
Noise-maker	i.	1	47
Oared (verb)	ii.	1	118
O'erprized	i.	2	92
O'erstunk	iv.	1	184
Oozy	v.	1	151
Open-eyed	ii.	1	301
Pailfuls	ii.	2	25
Paunch (verb)	iii.	2	98
Peg (verb)	i.	2	295
Pig-nuts	ii.	2	172
Pinch-spotted	iv.	1	261
Pioned	iv.	1	64
Plantation	ii.	1	143
Pole-clipt	iv.	1	68
Preciously	i.	2	241
Precursors	i.	2	201
Pricked[10]	iv.	1	176
Printless	v.	1	34
Puppy-headed	ii.	2	158
*Putter-out	iii.	3	48
Razorable	ii.	1	250
Release (sub.)	v.	1	11
Rifted[11] (vb. tr.)	v.	1	45

6 Used four times in Cymbeline.

7 = shell-fish.

8 *Mutiners* occurs in Coriolanus, i. 1. 254.

9 = a fool.

10 = erected, pointed; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

11 Used intrans. in Winter's Tale, v. 1. 66.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Roarers	i.	1	18
Rocky-hard	iv.	1	69
Rootedly	iii.	2	103
Rye-straw	iv.	1	136
Scamels	ii.	2	176
Scout[12]	iii.	2	130
Sea-change	i.	2	400
Sea-marge	iv.	1	69
Sea-nymphs	i.	2	402
Sea-sorrow	i.	2	170
Sea-storm	i.	2	177
Sea-swallowed	ii.	1	251
Sedged	iv.	1	129
*Servant-monster	iii. 2		3, 5, 9
*Short-grassed	iv.	1	83
Shroud[13] (vb. intr.)	ii.	2	42
Sicklemen	iv.	1	134
Side-stitches	i.	2	326
Siege[14]	ii.	2	110
Sight-outrunning[15]	i.	2	203
Sour-eyed	iv.	1	20
Speech[16]	i.	2	429
Spell-stopped	v.	1	61
Spendthrift[17] (sub.)	ii.	1	24
Spriting	i.	2	298
Stare (sub.)	iii.	3	95
*Still-closing	iii.	3	64
Stover	iv.	1	63
Strengthen (vb. intr.)	v.	1	227
*Strong-based	v.	1	46
Sty (verb)	i.	2	342
Subject[18] (verb)	i.	2	114
Substitution	i.	2	103
Supportable	v.	1	145
Taborer	iii.	2	160
Tang (sub.)	ii.	2	52
Temperance[19]	ii.	1	42

12 = to sneer at.

13 = to take shelter; used repeatedly elsewhere in a transitive sense.

14 = excrement.

15 *sight out-running* in F. 1.

16 = language, tongue.

17 Used adjectively in Hamlet, iv. 7. 123.

18 = to make subject; = to expose, As You Like It, ii. 3. 36.

19 = temperature, climate; used elsewhere in its ordinary senses.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Thunder-claps	i.	2	202
Thunder-stroke	ii.	1	204
	ii.	1	112
Toothed[20]	iv.	1	180
Topsail	i.	1	7
Totally	ii.	1	57
Trash[21] (verb)	i.	2	81
Troll	iii.	2	126
Turfy	iv.	1	62
Twilled	iv.	1	64
Unbacked[22]	iv.	1	176
Undrowned	ii. 1		237, 239
Uninhabitable	ii.	1	36
Unmitigable	i.	2	276
Unnecessarily	ii.	1	264
Unrewarded	iv.	1	242
Unshrubbed	iv.	1	81
Up-staring	i.	2	213
Urchin-shows	ii.	2	5
Useless[23]	v.	1	60
Vetches	iv.	1	61
Villanous (adv.)	iv.	1	250
Waist[24]	i.	2	197
Wallets[25]	iii.	3	46
*Waspish-headed	iv.	1	99
Watch-dogs	i.	2	383
Wave-worn	ii.	1	120
Wearily	iii.	1	32
Weather-fends	v.	1	10
Wesand	iii.	2	99
While-ere	iii.	2	127
Whist	i.	2	379
Wide-chapped	i.	1	60
Wondered[26]	iv.	1	123
Yards[27]	i.	2	200
Zenith	i.	2	181

20 Venus and Adonis, 1117.

21 = to lop; = to restrain, Oth. ii. 1. 312.

22 Venus and Adonis, 320.

23 Lucrece, 859.

24 Of a ship.

25 = protuberances; = a knapsack, Troilus, iii. 3. 145.

26 = wonder-working.

27 Of a ship.